

## Harry and the New Time Line (2) - The sequel to Harry and the Changed Time Line (1)

Prologue – Old memories shared

*- if you have already read this small prologue as epilogue of the prequel, just skip it please :-)*

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It was one evening sometime early in the year 1996. The Snapes' fireplace at Hogwarts, where Severus was living happily together with his wife, his son and his two daughters, flared.

"Severus, could you please come to my office for a while," he could hear Albus' voice and groaned. He was just doing an experimental potion together with his 15 and 13-year-old children.

"I'll be there in five minutes Albus."

He went up to the Headmaster's Office and wondered about the solemn face of his old mentor and friend. Minerva, Albus' wife and Deputy Headmistress as well as Madam Pomfrey, the nurse, and Remus Lupin were there as well. A moment later, Lily entered the room as well.

"I have called you here to show you a few, no, frankly speaking a lot of memories which were put in my pensieve 20 years ago, when a certain Harry Pane visited us from the future. You do remember him, don't you?" His friends nodded eagerly. Of course they remembered him well, their Great Grandchild, son and in Severus' case his best friend forever.

"Until now I have never told anyone, but while he was here, I let him put lots of memories from his future in a pensieve. He will come back in September and will be in a lot of trouble, because being in the past he has changed the future very much. When he comes back he will still have his old memories of his own time line and will have difficulties adapting to the new realities, which for all of us here is the normal time line. Although now he is living here with us in this time line, when he returns from the past, he will not have the memories of this time line at first. Therefore, I want to use the next few months

until the summer to show you all my memories about his old time line in order for you to be able to understand and help him dealing with his problems. As he spent two whole years in the past, viewing the memories will take a lot of time, so I would like to ask you to come here every evening at a fixed time, for example curfew, to watch for about two hours. Will the five of you be willing to do this for Harry?"

The five nodded their agreement. "Of course Albus."

"I appreciate that very much, thank you, because apart from me, the five of you are the only ones who have not been obliviated about him, as you were the closest to him.

## Chapter 1 – Back to the Future

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It was the 9th of September 1996, shortly after dinner at Hogwarts. Albus, Minerva, Remus and Poppy were sitting in the Headmaster's Office, waiting for the fireplace to flare. With a knock on the door, Lily and Severus arrived.

"No sign yet?" Severus asked and Dumbledore shook his head.

"Do you think he'll be well enough that he can stay in his own room in our quarters?" Lily asked worriedly and glanced over to the others. Pomfrey reluctantly said,

"I don't know, but I can imagine that he doesn't feel well at all. He was ill when he left in the past, and I don't know how many minutes or even hours this floo travel will take, maybe he isn't even conscious."

Suddenly the fireplace flared green, and a boy was thrown out of the fireplace. He collapsed on the floor and vomited. Lily immediately scourgified the vomit, while Poppy waved her wand over him a few times, until she glanced at Lily and said,

"I'm sorry Lily, but you cannot take him with you, I have to take him; he is only half conscious and seems to be very ill."

"Poppy, maybe we should all stay in the Hospital Wing for the night, because someone has to stay with him for the whole night anyway; so maybe we could take turns?" Dumbledore suggested. Pomfrey agreed immediately.

"That's a good idea; let's go, so that I'll be able to help him." Poppy guided them to a second section of the Hospital Wing, which was rarely used and therefore empty but contained six beds, where she put Harry on a bed. Suddenly he started to convulse and his body seemed to change; his face was stretching and his hair becoming smoother and longer; the whole change only took a few minutes, but he seemed to be in terrible pain. Everyone stared at him as if they were frozen. He suddenly looked very different; he still had the features of James and Lily, but these were completed by a new,

different look. Poppy glanced at Severus, "Can you please help me to get two potions into him, the fever reducer and a pain reliever?"

"Of course Poppy," Severus said and used two fingers to open Harry's mouth and massaged his throat in order to get the potion down that Poppy was pouring into his mouth. Lily sat next to Harry on the edge of his bed and carefully stroked his flushed face.

"Hello Harry, my dear. I am so glad to have you back. Come on, open your eyes my child, I know you can do that. Come on Harry, we are all here and want to see your eyes."

*cocoCOCOcoco*

Harry's mind was very clouded. He was feeling sick and in pain and feverish, but suddenly the pain went away, and he felt cooler and much better, and then something penetrated his ear. This voice, he knew it, and he knew he loved it – yes! It was his Mom's voice. She was here! He was getting excited, his breathing became faster, and ... he opened his eyes... and shut them immediately. It was too bright.

"He's awake! Maybe he heard me. Harry, wake up my son, it's me, mom."

"It's probably too bright, and the light hurts his eyes," Severus said and extinguished the light with his wand.

"Alright now Harry, try again," he said, and Harry mumbled,

"Severus."

"Yes Harry, come again, try to open your eyes," and Harry obliged. He blinked and glanced at the people around his bed.

"Wow, mom and Severus, Remus, Poppy, Granny and Granddad. Wow, you look older than – he looked at his watch – 4 hours ago." Everyone laughed.

"No wonder Harry, for us 18 years have passed during your 4 hours!" his grandmother said happily. Harry glanced at his family and said,

“Um... I have his Runespoor’s egg in my robes Hagrid gave me; could someone take it to Hagrid and ask him to look after it please, until I am well enough?” Everyone laughed at his worries, and Severus assured him, he would take the egg to Hagrid in the morning. Poppy bent down to Harry and asked,

“Now Harry, tell me how you feel. Do you need any other potions? If not I suggest that you take a dreamless sleep potion and get a good night sleep until the morning.”

“I feel dizzy and a little queasy.”

“Alright Harry, I will give you two potions, and then you’ll sleep for the night, and everything we can take care of tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow? Do I have classes tomorrow?”

“No Harry. For at least a week definitely not!” Poppy said while she helped him to sit up a little to drink two potions. Then she tucked him in and motioned the others to the other beds. They took shifts to sit on the edge of Harry’s bed, but he was in such a deep sleep, he didn’t even stir once during the night.

cocoCOCOcoco

When he woke up in the morning, he was back to his old room, the one where he had stayed in the past during his 7th year. ‘Was it only a dream? Am I still in the past? But I thought I had come back to the future’ he thought, before he noticed someone sitting at his bedside. It was...

“Amelia Bones?” he asked confused.

“Yes Harry, it’s me. How are you? At breakfast Remus told me everything about your journey, and as I just have a free period, I thought maybe you would like some company.”

“Sorry, Amelia...um... may I still call you Amelia?”

“Of course Harry.”

“I’m a bit confused. What are you doing at Hogwarts? I mean... in my old future... , before I went back to the past, you were working at the ministry and were just about to become Minister of Magic.” Amelia laughed.

“Nice story, Harry, but no, I had thought about working at the ministry, but then Remus proposed to me immediately after my 7th year, and Albus offered me the position of Muggle studies professor, so I stayed at Hogwarts all the time.”

“Wow, Amelia – you are married to Remus?!” This was exciting, and his eyes were twinkling merrily. “Congratulations, Amelia. You can’t imagine how happy I am for both of you. You know, in my old future, Remus was still a werewolf and not allowed to marry or have children. This is just too great!” he beamed.

“We have two children Harry, and we are your godparents. You don’t remember anything of this time line, do you?”

“No... should I?”

“Yes and no. Poppy did a lot of research about this, so she will be able to explain better. Wait a moment, and I will get her for you.”

cocoCOCOcoco

Madam Pomfrey came and sat down next to Harry. “Good morning Harry, are you feeling well enough to listen to me for a while?” When Harry nodded, she continued,

“After you were gone 18 years ago, Albus asked me to do research about time lines and even instructed me to study psychology to be able to help you when you arrived here. You have in fact lived in two time lines. Currently, all your memories are stuck in your old timeline. However, during the last sixteen years you have also lived here in the timeline everyone else remembers. No one except from you remembers your old time line. There are only six persons who know a lot of it – Albus, Minerva, Lily, Severus, Remus and I, because Albus had put many of your memories in a pensive, and we spent two hours a day for the last six months watching your old memories. However, at the same time you were here at Hogwarts together with us, with

your mother etc., spending your time in this, our timeline. Do you understand everything so far?” Harry nodded confused.

“Alright. Now, what we have to do, apart from getting you back to health, is to restore your memories of the new (if you want to call it that) time line back – you will never lose your old memories however, you will keep both memories of both timelines for your entire life. Do you understand?”

Harry grinned, “crystal clear Madam.”

“Good. It is the same thing with your health. In the old time line, your health was very poor, in the new timeline about normal. So from now on it will probably be not very good, but not too bad either, but as far as I can imagine a little worse than normal, although better than in your old timeline or in the past.” Harry groaned.

“And it’s the same with your appearance and your genes. They are different than before, but neither like in the old, nor like in the new timeline, but a mix of both of them.” Harry looked slightly confused.

“Sorry, Madam Pomfrey, I didn’t get the last point right now, but would you mind giving me a headache potion?”

“Alright Harry, we have talked enough for today anyway. Let me check on you first, because you’ll need more than just a headache potion.” She checked on him and gave him several potions before she sat down again and said, “You were ill before you came back, right?” Harry nodded. “This infection is not gone yet completely, but it seems not to be the only problem. The reason for your fever to be so high is probably that your immune system has not yet adapted to the changes your body had to undertake when you came here. I will keep you here for a few days; when you are better you may stay with your parents for a while until I can allow you to go back to your dormitory and to classes.” Harry was too tired to question anything he had been told; he turned his head and was asleep in seconds.

cocoCOCOcoco

When he woke up, his mom was sitting on the edge of his bed. He smiled happily and moved his head on her lap.

“Hi Harry, do you feel a little better today?” She glanced inquiringly at him.

“Yes mom, a lot better. Are classes already over?”

“They will be over in ten minutes, but I have a free period during the last class, so I’ve been sitting with you for a while.”

“This morning Amelia was here. She is married to Remus – you know, I just couldn’t believe it – I’m so happy for Remus.”

“I know Harry, he was a werewolf in your old time, I know. Albus made us watch all your memories. And they have two daughters; the older one is your age and also your best friend, Anna.” Harry frowned. He had heard that name before now, hadn’t he?

“Sorry, I can’t remember anything yet. Pomfrey told me, my memories of the new time line would come back soon, but so far I can’t recall anything.”

“That’s totally clear Harry. However, Poppy is the one to help you; she really researched it during the last eighteen years with the intention of helping you as much as possible. You will be okay, although it might take some time. And there will be things you’ll recognize.”

“Which house am I in?” Harry asked reluctantly.

Lily laughed. “Why, Merlin of course,” she said, “and I am your Head of House.” Harry smiled and thought, ‘should I ask about my father? I’m really angry at James and Sirius, but on the other hand I cannot go hating my father forever...’ He sighed, and Lily asked worriedly, having watched his expression turning from a laugh to a frowning sigh,

“Harry? Are you feeling sick? Or what’s wrong?” He summoned all his self confidence and asked hesitantly,

“And where is dad? Is he staying at Hogwarts too?”



“Of course, Harry, you know that, don’t you?” his mother asked back and Harry shook his head. At this moment a well-known voice came from the doorway,

“I’m here my boy.” When Harry heard the voice, he took a small glance in the direction of the door, his eyes filled with shock... and he fainted.

## Chapter 52 – Harry WHO am I?

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After about an hour, Harry began to stir. He tried to recall what had happened, but just couldn't remember and slowly opened his eyes. His mother and Severus were sitting on the edge of his bed, each on one side of him.

"Harry, I'm sorry dear, we didn't want to surprise you so much. I take it, that it was a shock for you to see who your father actually is?" Harry glanced disbelievingly at them and whispered hesitantly,

"So is it true? The two of you are my parents?"

"Yes Harry; I'm sorry, from your stories I knew in your old time line I was married to James. And please believe me, I would have married him in order to ensure for you to be born, but Albus told me, I could marry anyone, because you would be born as my son anyway, I decided to marry the person I really love. Can you understand that?" Harry beamed at his parents.

"Of course, Mom – on the contrary, I'm very happy with it! It just couldn't be better in fact. Over the whole summer, when I was here in my room in the Hospital Wing, I have thought how I could live together with a father whom I would not be able to respect at all, because of what James and Sirius did to me. However, to know I have a father I can love and respect whole heartedly is the best surprise present you could give me. I am very, very glad, Mom and ...Dad. Although maybe it will take some time to get used to calling Severus 'Dad' I'm afraid." Severus smiled at his son.

"Harry, are you ready for some more surprises?" Harry glanced at his father and nodded curiously.

"You have two sisters, Julia, who is 13 years old, and Marina, who is 5." Harry excitedly sat up and looked from one to another.

"I have two sisters?" he asked incredulously.

“Yes Harry,” Severus said. “But unfortunately that is about the only thing we are allowed to tell you, because as you have surely been told, Poppy is the expert, and she insists that you have to get your memories of the ‘new time line’ back by yourself, so that they can mix with your ‘old time line’s’ memories. We can only help you when you become aware of memories and you need help, but we may not tell you a lot. But don’t worry, we will help you as much as we can, you are not alone. And your sisters and your best friends will try to assist you too.”

“So have I lived my whole life, sixteen years, with you in the ‘new’ time line?”

“Yes, my son,” Lily said and smiled at him proudly.

“Who are my best friends?”

“Anna Lupin, Hermione Granger and Ron & Ginny Weasley.”

“Do they and my sisters know that I went to the past?”

“Yes, but we only have told them the day before yesterday, when you were actually gone.”

“So what is my actual name? Harry Snape?”

“Harry Snape—Dumbledore in fact, Harry. As Lily wasn’t able to assume his name because of her parents, Albus wanted you as the heir of Merlin and Dumbledore, to assume his name.”

“I see” Harry mumbled. “Sorry, I’m tired; just one last question. Are you still Charms and Potions teachers?”

“Yes Harry”, Severus answered, “and your mother is Head of Merlin, and I am Head of Slytherin, but you and Julia are in Merlin, and you are a prefect and Merlin’s Quidditch captain as well as the captain of the Hogwarts Quidditch team.” Harry groaned.

“That sounds like I’ll be busy during this school year.”

“No Harry, in fact you can take it quite easy as you have already taken all your NEWTs, and all very well, so there is no need to do everything again, if you don’t want to. But I don’t want to discuss this now, as you seem to be very tired.” He handed Harry a potion and said “Drink, it’s a fever reducer and a headache potion, you look as if you needed both. And now try to sleep; we will talk more later on.” Lily and Severus both gave Harry a kiss on the forehead and stood up only to sit down at a small table at the side of the room.

cocoCOCOcoco

*A boy of about 14 was sitting on a sofa in front of a large fireplace, and a small girl came running in his direction, climbed on the sofa and onto his lap saying*

*“Hawwy, you weed the dwagon stowwy for Mina pwease”. He smiled fondly at her and took a small book from her with a wizzarding story, in which a boy called Harry fought a dragon in order to save a school the dragon had attacked, because children had taken away her eggs. When he finished reading the story, the little girl said,*

*“Thank you Hawwy, you weed again pwease, pwease Hawwy!” But he didn’t read the story again but threw her into the air, caught her again and proceeded to tickle her, until his mom came and called them,*

*“Harry, Marina, come, we have to go to the Great Hall, it’s nearly dinner time!”*

With a gasp, he was sitting upright in bed. ‘What was that for a dream? Who were the little girl and the boy? His mom had called her a name, what was it?’ He shivered and let himself fall back into the cushions. ‘Why did his head hurt so much?’

“Harry, are you alright?” suddenly a voice asked, and he looked around to see his great grandmother sitting at the table in his room grading essays.

He groaned and shook his head slightly. “I just had a very strange dream; I have never had such a dream before.” He told her about the dream. “And now I’m freezing and have a bad headache; it’s like after

one of the visions of Voldemort,” he added reluctantly. Minerva sighed.

“That was not a dream or a vision; that must have been a memory of you and your little sister Marina. During the next weeks or months you will probably have lots of these dreams; they will bring your memory of ‘this new’ time line back, so it is a very good thing that they happen, but Poppy already told us that unfortunately they would probably be quite uncomfortable. I will call Poppy; I’m sure she can help you.” She went to get Pomfrey, who came immediately, checked on Harry and said very pleased,

“Now Harry, it is very good, that your memories have already started to come back. I know you won’t feel well after these memories, because they will probably cause you headaches and fevers; therefore after experiencing a new memory you always have to either come to me, or if you are in your quarters, go to your father to get a potion and lie down, until you are better.”

“Alright” Harry said. “Um... could I get a potion now?” Pomfrey nodded and left the room, only to return a few seconds later with two potions she handed to Harry.

“I will ask your father to make a special potion for you, so that you don’t have to drink two phials but only one in the future.”

“How long do you think it will last, until I have all my memories back, Madam Pomfrey?” She sighed.

“Harry I don’t know that exactly, but it will probably take a few months; but even in the worst case it should be over in a year.” Harry groaned.

“So when can I go back to classes?”

“In the first place you are still affected by your illness and by the changes your body went through, and you need a few more memories in order to feel well around the school. I’d say when you are back to health, we’ll try to let your mother take you to your quarters for an hour for the first time to see your room, meet your sisters and so on. And the next time perhaps you can stay longer. We

can also have your friends whom you remember from your old time line visit you here, one by one, to talk to you. About going back to classes I think it would be better to wait a little, at least until you know your friends well enough to be able to confide in them if you had a memory return in classes, because this will happen as well, and maybe they'll have to help you to come back here. As long as you don't remember them and haven't had the opportunity to speak to them, you probably won't feel comfortable enough to rely on their help, which you will definitely need."

cocoCOCOcoco

On Sunday morning Pomfrey came and told Harry he was well enough to get up, but he was not allowed to go anywhere on his own; maybe he could start unpacking his trunk she suggested. He did as he was told and had just started to read one of the books he had received for his birthday in the past, only five days ago, when his father entered his room.

"Harry, would you care to accompany me to my private lab to brew a potion?" Severus asked watching amazedly as Harry's eyes started to twinkle happily.

"Yes dad, I'd like that very much," Harry answered and together they headed to the dungeons. Severus stopped in front of a door, which was guarded by a portrait of a younger wizard who immediately started talking in Parsel tongue, when he saw Harry.

&Hello Harry, how are you?&

&Hello. I'm fine, thanks.&

Fortunately Severus saved Harry, who was starting to feel uncomfortable because he didn't know the wizard, and told the portrait,

"The password is 'back to the future', now open please, we're in a hurry." The portrait opened and revealed a huge living room with a grand fireplace. "Harry, this is our quarters. The second room on the left side, the one with the green door is yours. Do you want to have a look? You need not worry; your mother and your sisters have gone to

Hogsmeade for the morning, so you won't meet anyone. If you feel up to it, you can stay for lunch later. On Sunday, we always have lunch all together here in our quarters. I will go to the lab, which is the room with the blue door." Harry went to his room – and looked around in awe. Apart from his room in the Hospital Wing Poppy had assigned him a year ago, he had never had his own room, and this room was just beautiful. The huge four poster bed with dark blue drapes on which a golden snitch was moving around, looked so comfortable and inviting, that he just had to try it out – and fell asleep immediately. When Harry didn't show up in the lab, Severus decided to look for his son; who knew what kind of problems he would happen to face. But when he went to Harry's room, he saw his son fast asleep on his bed. He decided to let him sleep and carefully tucked him in, before he went back to his lab. In case, Harry needed him, he left both doors open, but Harry didn't make a sound, and suddenly Severus heard Lily and his two daughters entering the quarter.

cocoCOCOcoco

Harry's sleep was interrupted abruptly, when something heavy jumped on his stomach, shouted joyfully "Harry!" and suddenly screamed in fear.

Harry was torn out of his sleep and would have certainly jumped, if the weight on his stomach hadn't been there, when he got a glance of an unknown, screaming face. Fortunately at this moment both his parents came rushing into the room to see a shivering, shaking Harry lying in bed with his little sister sitting on his stomach screaming like hell. Severus immediately took Marina off Harry and told her,

"It's alright, my little teddy, that's Harry. I know he looks a bit different, but that's okay – it's him. But Harry has been a little sick and is not yet back to his normal self, so you must be patient with him, alright? And maybe sometimes he will have difficulties remembering things, but you will help him to remember, right Marina?" She nodded eagerly. Of course, she would help her adored big brother.

"Of course I will help him, Daddy. You know I'm already five and a big girl!"

“That’s good my teddy. Now, can you come with me to the lab and get a potion for Harry?” She nodded enthusiastically and followed her father out of the room, where Lily was sitting next to Harry on the bed with the still shivering Harry in her arms.

“Harry, it’s alright dear. That was your normally sweet little sister Marina. You know, that you look different than before, don’t you? In your old time line you looked like James Potter; in the new time line, which is the one Marina knows, you look like a combination of Severus and me. But now you look like a mixture of Severus, James and me – and as you even don’t need your glasses anymore, you look very handsome, but Marina has to get used to it first, and as it was the first time for her to see you, it seems to have been a shock.” Harry, who had calmed down a bit, nodded and said,

“It’s alright mom, I just was fast asleep and suddenly something jumped on my stomach just to yell at me, so it was a slight shock.”

“I believe that; sorry for not realizing what she was up to; I thought you were in the lab with Severus; that’s why I didn’t care where she was going.”

At this moment, Marina returned and handed a potion to Lily. “Thank you, my dear. Now go to your room and play for a while please; Harry needs to take the potion and rest.” She handed Harry the calming draught and carefully stroked his face, while she pushed him back onto the cushions and tucked him in.

“There is still an hour until lunch; try to sleep, and I will wake you up at lunchtime; if you don’t feel up to facing your sisters then, you don’t have to.”

“Alright mom, thank you,” Harry mumbled and fell asleep immediately.

cocoCOCOcoco

Woken up by his mother, Harry decided that he would like him to have lunch with them and decided to face it, although he was not very hungry. He glanced secretly at his two sisters; Julia had her father’s black eyes and looked exactly like Severus, while Marina had green



eyes like her mother and brother. Harry noticed just how cute she was and smiled happily.

“Harry, why do you look different than you did before?” Julia asked him curiously, and Harry still wondered what to tell her, when Severus came to his rescue and explained to his daughters what had happened to their brother and that it was only because of him that they were alive. When Harry looked at the older of his sisters, a memory suddenly emerged.

*He was still small, maybe 6 or 7 years old, and was seated next to his sister of about 5 years. A simmering cauldron was standing in front of them, when Julia suddenly threw something in the potion and he heard his father cry ‘get down’, before Severus jumped onto his kids and forced them under the table to save them from the exploding cauldron.*

When the dream ended, he found himself back in the kitchen of their quarters. He put his head down in his hands, breathing heavily and shivering again. Severus got up immediately and knelt in front of Harry.

“Was it a memory?” he asked, and when Harry nodded, he said,

“Come, let me take you back to your room.” He accompanied him to his room, followed by Lily and the girls, who were glancing at Harry worriedly. Severus helped Harry to drink a potion, which had a slight taste of strawberries and told him,

“I’ve just invented this potion for you; it’s kind of a mix of fever reducer and headache potion.” Julia asked worriedly,

“Harry, what happened?”, and Severus told her to come back to the kitchen, and he would explain everything. Lily hugged Harry fiercely and stayed in this position until he was asleep. When he woke up an hour later, he felt much better and left his room to look for the others.

cocoCOCOcoco

Julia was sitting in front of the large fireplace doing Transfiguration homework. When she saw Harry, she called him over immediately.

“Oh Harry, good that you’re awake! Can you help me?” He shrugged and said,

“Sure, what do you have to do?” and sat next to her on the floor. They worked on her Transfiguration homework for about an hour, until their mother entered the room with Marina in tow, who disturbed the calm and shouted,

“Harry!” and threw herself onto him. Lily’s face showed a very relieved expression, when she saw her two older children quietly doing homework together, as it always had been. Now Harry was hugging his little sister and was whispering into her ear making her laugh merrily. While Harry had been asleep, Severus and she had explained to the children as much as they would be likely to understand about his journey into the past to save her life and his resulting memory problems. Both children seemed to have understood, that he was still the nice, adorable brother he had always been, and that he would get headaches and fevers when a memory returned, so that they had to help him and call Severus or her immediately. Marina suddenly got up from Harry’s lap and came to her to whisper,

“Mommy, Harry is still very warm; is he still sick?” Harry and Julia laughed, but Lily tried hard not to giggle; instead, she went over to Harry, felt his forehead and nodded to Marina.

“Yes Marina, thanks for telling me. Harry, what are we going to do with you? Should I take you back to the Hospital Wing, or do you want to stay here should Poppy let you?” Harry thought for a moment and said,

“If I’m not too much of a burden, I would like to stay here”. Lily looked sternly at him and asked,

“Am I somehow similar to Petunia? You are not, nor will you ever be a burden to me. Alright, let’s walk up to the Hospital Wing and ask Poppy if you may stay here.” Harry groaned.

“Do we have to walk there? Can’t you just fire-call her?” Lily sighed and said,

"I'll ask her at dinner then. It's nearly time to go anyway. What would you like to eat Harry? Shall I call Dobby to bring something for you? Or do you want me to make you something?"

"No, Mom thanks. I don't feel too well, and I would just like to go to bed for a while." Lily frowned and said hesitantly,

"Harry, I know you still have the problems with your immune system. Severus has been working on this for years and has finally developed a first stage potion he wants you to try out, but Poppy told us that we have to wait for a few weeks if not months, because there is a slight possibility that the potion could interfere with your memory problem. Therefore you need to have a certain portion of memories back before trying out the potion."

*cocoCOCOcoco*

When Harry woke up, his sister Julia was sitting on the edge of his bed, smiling fondly at him.

"Hello Harry. Did you sleep well?" Harry groaned.

"Except from having another memory, yes."

"Oh", Julia glanced at him worriedly. "Are you alright? Shall I get mom or dad?"

"No, I'm fine, thanks." He sighed.

"Harry, is it true, that you don't remember anything of us?" she asked anxiously. Harry gave her an assuring smile.

"You know, Julia, I'll be slowly getting all my memories back. But what is much more important, I have my feelings; and I feel that you and Marina are very close to me and I love both of you very much." With that, he blushed horribly, and Julia laughed with tears in her eyes. Then he continued,

"Julia, please help me. I know you aren't allowed to tell me a lot, because the memories have to come back by themselves, but there are a few things I need to know, alright?" Julia nodded enquiringly.

“We’re both in Merlin House, right?” She nodded. “I’m in 6th year and a prefect and Quidditch captain; you’re in 4th year?”

“Yes Harry,” she said smilingly. He thought for a moment.

“Have Quidditch tryouts already taken place?” She shook her head.

“We don’t need complete tryouts this year, because only the keeper was a 7th

year, and the keeper of the reserve team is on the first team now. So we only need a keeper for the reserve team.”

“Ah, alright. So we always have two teams, like I had in the past. I’m also captain of the Hogwarts’ team, right?”

“Yes, but the situation is similar. So I don’t think tryouts have to be your first priority. I’m on both teams, Merlin on the 1st, Hogwarts on the 2nd team, and we’ve always talked and planned together, so I’m quite familiar with your plans and tactics.” She gave him an encouraging glance, and Harry relaxed a bit.

“Oh, that’s good. So I’m not missing anything important. Do you know when the first games will be?”

“Hogwarts team has a match against the teachers on the first Sunday in October, which will be in two weeks time. Do you think you will be able to play?”

“I – will – play!” He said determinedly. “Um... Do all the students know what happened to me?” Julia sighed.

“No Harry. Mom has talked to Merlin House; they all know; and she has told them that you need to get a few memories back, before you will be able to join them. She also told them, that you have already taken your NEWTs in the past, so that it might be that you’ll join them for Quidditch practise or in the common room even before you are allowed to attend classes.”

“Alright. I want to hold Quidditch practises as soon as possible. Is the team training without me?” She shook her head.

“No Harry, but you could first of all ask mom, when you may go to practise, and secondly you can write a parchment for me to put on the wall on the common room about resuming the practise. And if you are not allowed to fly or even to observe, I will tell them that we just have to train on our own for the meantime.”

“Yes, you just play first team against second team matches, and the second team’s seeker can replace the keeper until I’ll be back. When should the first match be?” She laughed.

“You know we have a very meddling Grandfather, don’t you?” Harry smirked.

“Our first game is not before the end of November; I’m sure he knew why he fixed it that way!” Suddenly their conversation was interrupted, when Lily entered the room. She smiled from one to the other and said,

“I’m so glad that you get on so well in spite of everything that happened – I’m very proud of you, my children.” Harry blushed and asked,

“Um... mom, eh... was that why you came here, um... I mean just to tell us that?” Lily and Julia laughed.

“No, Harry, I just came to discuss several items with you. Do you feel well enough to come out to the living room?”

“Oh sorry, yes, of course Mom,” Harry said and got up immediately.

## Chapter 53 – Family and Friends

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Harry sat down on what seemed to always have been his favourite spot on the sofa, directly in front of the fireplace and looked questioningly at his mother who had watched him and was smiling lovingly at her son. “What are you laughing about mom?”

“Do you know that this spot has always been your favourite place?”

“Yes, I know, but I’m not sure why I know. It’s not as if I had seen a memory, I just have that feeling.” He threw an unsure glance at Lily, who had sat down next to him on the sofa putting an arm around him.

“Alright my dear. First, Poppy has allowed you to stay here if you feel well enough and are comfortable here. However, we, meaning Severus or I, have to keep an eye on you and call her if something is wrong. Also she wants you to come down to her office once a day for about an hour, just to talk to her. You know that Albus made her study psychology, so that she would be able to help you not only in questions of health but also with mental problems, when you came back from the past. Of course, you can talk about everything with Severus and me as well, but she might be more able to help you than us. Is that alright with you?”

“Yes, of course. When do I have to go, I mean at what time?”

“She proposed that you should come during lesson time, for example straight after breakfast; or any time between breakfast and dinnertime.”

“Alright. Am I going to have breakfast in the Great Hall with you?” Lily sighed.

“Harry, I have thought about it. The fact, that you get along so well with Julia will help a lot I think, especially as you are in the same house and have always been sitting together. Now, do you remember Anna and Ginny?”

“Anna as in Anna Lupin? I don’t know her, because she just didn’t exist in my old time line. And Ginny as in Ginny Weasley? Of course, she was a very good friend, as were Hermione and Ron.”

“Then you will have to meet Anna as soon as possible, because she is your very best friend, and I think it would be better to meet her alone the first time, as you will definitely need her help.”

“She’s in Merlin House with me, right? And Ginny, Ron and Hermione are in Gryffindor?”

“No Harry, Ginny is in Merlin, Hermione in Ravenclaw and Ron in Hufflepuff.” Harry was stunned.

“Wow” he managed to say. “So when can I meet Anna? I want to join the others as soon as possible, although I’m not confident that I’ll be able to do so for a whole day, but at least for some time every day; and I want to play Quidditch as soon as possible.”

“Alright. If you are well enough, tomorrow morning, I will invite Anna here for breakfast. Normally we all eat in the Great Hall, but I’m sure Albus will excuse us this time. Ginny won’t be a problem, because you know her, and when you manage to assimilate to Anna as easily as to your sisters, you’ll be able to start eating meals in the Great Hall during the next few days. And then Quidditch won’t be a problem.” Harry nodded with a hopeful look on his face. “The third point is, that Granny and I have something to discuss with you, but we would like to have this talk when you are lucid and well enough. So at the next opportunity when you really feel fit in the evening we should call her here for a discussion.”

“We could talk now. I – am – lucid!” Lily frowned.

“No Harry, well enough means without a headache or fever, which you both seem to have. Maybe tomorrow; it is a very important discussion, so I will decide when we are going to have it.” Harry gave her a curious glance and nodded dully.

*cocoCOCOcoco*

In the morning, Lily deemed Harry fit enough to have breakfast with his friend Anna, herself, Julia and Marina. After floo-calling Dumbledore to excuse herself and the two Merlin students from breakfast, she floo-called Amelia to invite Anna for breakfast and was considering calling Dobby for breakfast but decided to make breakfast by herself. Harry was very excited. He had slept very well, because he had only received one new memory late in the evening, when his father was still up to calm him and give him potions, so that he felt quite fit when he woke up. However, as he didn't have any memory of his friend Anna so far, he couldn't remember her at all. Hopefully he would get along with her. But all his worries were unfounded. When Anna arrived, his positive feelings, which came up the moment he saw her, helped him to overcome his anxiety towards the unknown girl, who on her part tried to behave as if nothing had happened. When she asked him,

"Harry when are you going to come back to Merlin and to classes and everything else?" Lily answered for him.

"He will have to stay here with us for a while. Concerning classes, we still have to decide several things, but joining you for dinner and maybe Quidditch practise should be possible during the next few days. It depends on his physical and mental condition."

"Alright Harry, don't forget, I'm waiting for you; and if you ever need me to come here, send Julia to get me." She beamed at him, happy to have her best friend back.

"I will do so Anna. Maybe I can even join you for lunch today."

"Harry", Lily interrupted him, "Today I want you to go to Poppy's office, when we go to classes in a few minutes, and stay there until I come and get you. I have a free period during second class, so I will stay here with you and Marina. And in the afternoon Albus is going to stay here with you. Normally I have Dobby looking after Marina, but considering your condition I want an adult to be near by and not only a house elf. Alright, Anna and Julia, are you ready? What do you have first?"

"Potions," Anna said, and Julia replied,



“Transfiguration.”

cocoCOCOcoco

During his time with Pomfrey, he got his next memory back.

*Harry was circling above the Quidditch pitch looking for the snitch, which was hiding between the low lying clouds, when he suddenly saw a boy falling off his broom. Harry raced down in a blink and gripped the boys' arm to pull him onto his own broom, but at that moment a Bludger hit the end of his broom, so that finally both of them tumbled the last few meters down to the ground.*

*“Harry, are you alright?” he could hear his mother’s voice and was just going to say ‘no’, because he had the impression everything hurt, when he remembered he had still to catch the snitch and replied,*

*“Yes, I’m fine” and climbed on his broom only to grasp the snitch a few minutes later. The memory ended with Dumbledore handing the Quidditch Cup to Harry, who then gave it to his mother.*

Poppy put him to bed immediately and made him drink the potion with the slight strawberry taste. He slept until he was woken by his mother and Poppy having a discussion.

“Yesterday we had the problem that the next memory kept coming before he was recovered from the one before, so that he had quite a fever for the rest of the day.”

“In such a case either you or Severus have to stay in your quarters with him. Should Albus have something to say about you or Severus needing someone to take over a class or missing a meal in the Great Hall, just send him to me!”

“This morning he said he would like to join his friend Anna for lunch in the Great Hall. Do you think it will be alright to take him there?”

“Here Lily, take this with you. I charmed a magical thermometer for him. If there are any questions if he can do this or that, you take his temperature with this like with a normal thermometer while thinking about what he wants to do, and it will show you in colour and text not

only the temperature but if he can be allowed to do it. It will be very handy, because he has to realize that there is no way to contradict the result but that he just has to accept it.” When they tried it out before going to lunch, ‘38.5’ appeared in orange letters and Pomfrey’s voice announced ‘I don’t like it, but you may go if you come back immediately.’ Harry groaned ignoring the disapproving glance his mother threw at him and said,

“I hate it. Does she think that’s funny?” Lily snorted and said,

“I don’t think it’s a question of funny but of experience she has had with you in the past! Now let’s go, if you are sure you want to come.”

*cocoCOCOcoco*

When they arrived in the Great Hall, Marina took Harry’s hand and turned to her mother,

“Mommy, I’m going to have lunch with Harry today. See you later!” and pushed Harry in the direction of Merlin table. Arriving at their house table Harry was pulled into an embrace from two sides; after the first shock, he recognized Anna on one side and Ginny on the other.

“Oh Harry, I’m so glad you could come,” Anna said, and Ginny asked,

“Finally they let you come. Is everything okay now?” Harry shook his head and told her about his memories, which were more or less slowly, coming back and were annoying him a lot. Then he asked Anna and Ginny,

“Sorry for asking, but is any of you on the Quidditch team?” Ginny frowned and said,

“Yes Harry, we are both chasers, together with Julia.”

“Alright, I want to resume Quidditch practice. Sorry, Marina, I have to discuss something with Ginny and Anna; you have to wait for a moment. Anyway, I want to continue with team practise, but my problem is that I won’t know in advance whether I’ll be able to attend.” Ginny interrupted him and asked,

“Why? Who decides? If you are not well enough to play, maybe you could come and at least observe the practise?”

Harry sighed and explained, that his health condition had been quite bad in the past and he had betrayed Poppy or ran away or just did anything to play Quidditch. “And now she has given my mom a thermometer which says definitely if I am allowed to do something or not, and she has been ordered to check on me just before I intend to go somewhere. So it will be nearly impossible to fake it or do anything about it. I can only promise that I will do anything to be able to play in the match, even if I get grounded for months afterwards.” The girls were laughing now. “So I think I should have a Co-Captain. Would any of you be willing to take the position? Or both together as Deputy-Captains if you want to? Or... is one or both of you playing in the Hogwarts team as well?”

“Yes Harry, Ginny plays in the first team,” Anna explained.

“Oh, alright. Then I would like to have Ginny as Co-Captain for the Hogwarts team please and Anna as Co-Captain for the Merlin team. Will that be agreeable to both of you?” Both of them grinned at each other.

“Of course Harry, thank you,” they answered at the same time, before Ginny said,

“Harry, don’t forget this is lunchtime. You have to eat and not to talk the whole time.” But Harry ignored her and asked,

“When are the practise times for both teams?” Anna explained,

“For the Merlin team each Monday, Wednesday and Friday after dinner and for the Hogwarts team every Sunday after breakfast.”

“Alright. As I don’t know if I’ll be allowed out once more today, I will prepare two parchments to be put up in the common rooms tonight, and either bring them to dinner or let my sister give them to you. Can you please hang the parchments on the wall in the common rooms tonight? We will start practise on Friday this week and on this Sunday.” Both nodded.

“Alright, but that’s enough about Quidditch. Now eat Harry, lunch will be over soon,” Ginny urged him and Marina piped up,

“If you don’t eat, I’ll tell mom!” Harry sighed and glanced disapprovingly at his little sister, before he said quite upset,

“If YOU do something like that, please remember that this will be the last time you lunch together with me in the Great Hall. Is – that – completely – clear?”

Marina nodded and only said,

“Yes, but haven’t you noticed that Granny is watching you anyway?” Harry groaned.

cocoCOCOcoco

At this moment, Lily came over to them and glanced sternly at Harry. “Harry I don’t appreciate this; tonight we will have dinner at home and I expect you to eat.” However, Harry contradicted immediately,

“Sorry Mom, but I have to meet some of my friends because I want them to put an announcement on the common room wall concerning Quidditch training, and I have to hand the parchment over tonight, because I want to resume training on Friday.” Ginny interrupted him.

“I have a free period before dinner. Might I perhaps visit Harry and get the parchment from him then? Lily nodded and said,

“You can come and ask Professor Dumbledore, who will be staying with him, if you can see him, alright? Otherwise, he can give it to me, and I will take it to the common room tonight. Now Harry, take Marina and go over to Granddad; he will stay with you until classes are finished.” Marina took Harry’s hand and pulled him over to the Head Table, before she jumped on Dumbledore’s lap, while Harry exchanged a few words with his father.

Back in their quarters, Harry took parchment and a quill and wrote the announcement for the Quidditch team. Afterwards he asked his Grandfather,

“Granddad would it be possible for you to announce at dinner, that the Hogwarts team will resume its practise on Sunday after breakfast? Otherwise I have to write to the four captains.” Dumbledore nodded and said,

“Alright. I will announce it at dinner today. Have Poppy and your mother approved that you participate?” Harry glanced at him mischievously and said,

“I didn’t ask them, but why should I not?”

“Because it could be very dangerous, if you got a memory back while you were flying.”

“Oops, I didn’t think about that at all,” he admitted. “But I can tell you now, I – will – participate – in the matches! For the practise, it will suffice if I watch it. But I will not miss a game, and I don’t care what Pomfrey, Granny or Mom say about it!”

“Harry, can you play with me now?” Marina seemed to have woken up from a short nap and wanted Harry’s attention.

“Alright Marina, what do you want to play? Shall I read you a book?”

“No, I want to do a puzzle, can you help me?” She showed him a puzzle of Hogwarts with 100 pieces and Harry smiled and emptied the box on the table to play with his little sister. Dumbledore smiled amused by the interaction of the siblings and continued to read his book.

cocoCOCOcoco

A while later Ginny arrived and asked if Harry was allowed and up to accompany her to Merlin House to put the announcement on the wall, and Dumbledore asked Harry if he felt well enough to go. Harry couldn’t believe his luck and said,

“Yes of course, Granddad, I’m fine,” and was allowed to go, but Ginny was told she had to bring him back before dinner. When they were on their way Ginny said contemplatively,

"I thought Pomfrey said they had to check on you before you're allowed to go anywhere?" Harry giggled and said,

"Yes, but unfortunately she forgot to tell Dumbledore, and my mom seems to have forgotten too! I am so sorry," he said sarcastically and smiled mischievously. Ginny frowned.

"Harry, why are you always getting yourself into trouble? Anyway, we must hurry up, because we should be back, before your mother's last class finishes."

Harry smiled happily when he saw Tori, who seemed to be even happier to see Harry and started to trill immediately.

#Oh welcome back home, my next Head of House.# Harry frowned at him and asked,

"Do you understand me when I talk to you like this, or do I have to transform?"

#I can understand you Icicle, but I would love to see your phoenix form again.# Harry glanced at Ginny and excused himself,

"Sorry Ginny, I'll be back in a minute," and transformed into Icicle.

#My mom is your Head of House, not me, and you know that.#

#Yes, but I think you will take over quite soon, and I'm looking forward to it.#

#Why? What is my mom going to do?#

#Ah, I cannot tell you, because Fawkes told me and he shouldn't have.#

#Alright, I'll see you, I have to transform back.# Slightly worried because of what Tori had said – *was something going to happen to his mom in the near future?* –, Harry changed back into his human form and apologized again to the stunned Ginny.

“Wow, Harry, that’s beautiful! A phoenix! But I always thought a phoenix looks like Fawkes, although you are very pretty.”

“Fawkes is a fire phoenix, and I’m an ice phoenix like Merlin was, that’s the only difference. By the way, what’s the password?” Ginny smiled and said,

“Quidditch Victory,” and entered the Common room ignoring Harry’s astonished glance.

cocoCOCOcoco

As soon as they entered the room, several known and unknown faces surrounded Harry. Fortunately, the last classes were still ongoing, so there were only about a dozen students in the common room, but it was not easy for Harry. He went to put up the Quidditch parchment first to get rid of it and to gain some time as well, before he had to talk to anyone. A girl he remembered as Susan Bones, the niece of Amelia asked,

“Harry, is it true what your mother told us? That you went to the past, to the time of your parents, vanquished Voldemort to save all their lives and just came back after spending two years in the past?” Harry sighed.

“Yes Susan, it’s true. And I have changed so much, that there are two different time lines in existence. Currently, I only remember my old one, so I only remember the people I met in the old one like you for example or Ginny here. But my memories of the new time line are slowly coming back and merging with the others, so that in a few months I’ll be alright again. I even have a different father in the new time line; therefore I have a different appearance than before, because I now have traits of both fathers from both time lines.” Everyone looked in awe at Harry. “I’m sorry, it must be difficult to understand; even for me it is difficult to comprehend, but I need all your help to get used to everything here.”

“Harry, when are you going to do tryouts?” Harry frowned.

“I don’t think we need tryouts, do we?”

“But we need a new keeper,” said a boy whom Harry didn’t know.

“Yes, but the keeper of the reserve team will become the first team’s keeper anyway; so we only need a keeper for the second team. We can do tryouts maybe this Saturday, but I have to check with Anna, because I’m not sure if I can participate. Ginny could you ask Anna later, when you meet her, and if it is alright for her, could the two of you arrange it please? And inform me please, because I will try to come in any case.” Ginny nodded her consent.

“Thank you Harry. By the way, my name is Bob, and I hope I’ll be able to make the team.”

“Which year are you in Bob?”

“Second year.”

“Alright. Good luck then for the tryout!”

A girl whom Harry hadn’t met before caught his attention. “Your mother also told us you were the one who discovered and re-founded Merlin House twenty years ago.”

“Yes, that’s true,” Harry said, before he was suddenly pulled into a memory.



## Chapter 54 – More than Friends?

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*He was 11 years old and standing in the Great Hall together with Anna, Hermione and Ron in front of his Grandmother waiting for the sorting.*

*When he heard “Harry Snape-Dumbledore”, he went to his Grandmother who put the Sorting Hat on his head.*

*‘Oh, you again Harry, and a new name again. Oh my, where shall I put you? I can put you in Gryffindor of course, Slytherin would be great as well, but I think you are predestined for MERLIN’*

*He gave the Hat back to McGonagall and walked over to the Merlin table, where Anna greeted him happily. When he threw a glance at the Head Table, he saw that his parents and grandparents smiled fondly at him.*

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And Harry was back in the Merlin common room. He put his head in his hands and groaned. Why had this to happen here? Ginny put her hands over his and asked worriedly, “Harry, was that a new memory?”

“Yes”, Harry mumbled, glancing around self-consciously to see if he had again managed to attract everyone’s attention and letting out the air he was holding when he noticed that everyone seemed to be otherwise occupied. “I just watched my third sorting. Sorry, I have to return to our quarters now; will you come with me?”

“Of course, Harry, are you well enough to walk? Should I get someone for you?” Harry slightly shook his head and asked,

“Ginny, I’m sorry; I’ll flash us, okay? Just grab my tail feathers please.” He transformed and flashed them away. In a flash of ice, they arrived in Harry’s bedroom in his parents’ quarters. Harry just lay down on his bed and mumbled,

“I’m sorry Ginny.” Ginny sat next to him and gave him a small kiss on his forehead, before she resumed stroking his cheeks.

“Harry, I’ll go and tell your Grandfather that we’re here, alright?”

“Yes and get the strawberry potion from him please.” She threw him a confused glance and left the room. Needless to say that Dumbledore was stunned when she suddenly appeared out of Harry’s room.

“Sorry Professor, but Harry had a memory vision and felt unwell, so he flashed us back into his room. He wants a strawberry potion or something like that.”

“Granddad, Harry is very warm; I have to get mommy or daddy for him,” Marina announced and was on her way in the direction of the connecting door to her father’s office. Dumbledore and Ginny had to try hard not to laugh. The Headmaster called his excited granddaughter back, fetched a potion from Severus’ lab and handed it to Ginny.

“I can take over though, if you have to return to your house,” he said to Ginny questioningly.

“No, Headmaster, please, may I stay with Harry for a while?” she begged and Dumbledore smiled amusedly. He had not yet forgotten Harry’s outburst in the Hospital Wing 19 years ago when he was delirious from a basilisk’s bite and had claimed Ginny as his girlfriend.

*cocoCOCOcoco*

“Yes my child, you may – at least until his mother returns and sends you away.” And Ginny went back to give Harry his potion and cuddle him for a while. Harry felt very happy having her here; it was the first time for him to be alone with Ginny after coming back from the past. They talked about several topics, and Harry asked about her family.

“By the way, Ginny, what are the twins doing? They have finished Hogwarts this summer, haven’t they?” Ginny sighed and on Harry’s enquiring look answered,

“Through my father’s connections, they got jobs at the ministry. They are working on wand registration and detection of magic in muggle areas, and on one hand I think they are lucky, because they are able to work together the whole day, but on the other hand I can see that

they are very unhappy because they are not interested in their jobs at all.” Harry frowned and she added,

“You see, they have spent a lot of time thinking of jokes and didn’t invest enough time in their studies; therefore their NEWTs were not very good. I don’t know how I could help them.” Now Harry grinned a little and seeing the confused glance she shot at him, he told her,

“Don’t worry, Gin. I know how to help them. In my old time line, they had their own joke shop in Diagon Alley, and this is exactly what I am going to suggest to them the next time I see them.” Ginny was stunned hearing this and carefully asked,

“But to do something like that they would need quite a lot of money in the first place, wouldn’t they?” Harry gave her a small smile and said,

“I helped them in my old time line, and I promise that I am going to help them this time as well. Just don’t tell your other brothers or your mother about it please.”

*cocoCOCOcoco*

When Lily returned to their quarters, Marina immediately sent her to Harry’s room, and she found Ginny sitting on the edge of Harry’s bed with Harry fast asleep, his head on her lap.

“I’m sorry Professor,” Ginny apologized immediately, and when Lily looked at her inquiringly she added, “...for being in your home uninvited.” Lily shook her head.

“You don’t think I would mind you being here when Harry obviously needed you, do you? As Harry’s friend, you are always welcome in our home. Anytime,” she answered and added, “We are going to have dinner here tonight; would you like to join us?” Ginny smiled at her and said,

“I would like that very much, thank you Professor. But do you think Harry will be well enough to join us?” Lily nodded positively. Dinner took quite a time, because Lily made Harry eat everything she had put on his plate, which was not much, but at least much more than

Harry would have eaten otherwise. When he finally finished eating, Harry asked innocently,

“Mom, may I accompany Ginny to Merlin House?” Lily glared at him and said,

“I don’t think you should do such a thing, but we can ask Poppy’s toy. Come; sit here onto the sofa for a moment.” Harry sat down and Lily put the blue thermometer, which looked like a toy under his tongue. When she took it out after a minute, it flared red, and Poppy’s voice could be heard, ‘You can’t go anywhere so go to bed instantly.’ Harry groaned, Lily glared at him, and Ginny threw him a smile and said,

“Come on sweetie; let’s go to your room. Professor, may I stay with him for a few minutes?” Lily smiled at her and said,

“Yes, but only a few minutes; he should try to rest. I will come and throw you out in a quarter of an hour.”

*cocoCOCOcoco*

Ginny nodded and pulled Harry into his room, made him lie down and tucked him in, sitting next to him on the edge of his bed. Harry enjoyed Ginny’s presence a lot, but he wondered, ‘What kind of relationship do we have in this time line? In my old time line I was about to ask her to be my girlfriend, but in this time line I don’t know,’ Harry thought and – maybe because of the fever not exactly his normal self – decided to ask her.

“Um... Ginny... eh... you see... I don’t remember a lot from this new time line, and...eh.... you know, in my old time line you were kind of my girlfriend, um... but I don’t know about this time line, but...” Ginny interrupted him and smiled.

“It’s not exactly as if you had asked me so far, but...” Now Harry interrupted, her,

“But you wouldn’t mind if I asked you?” Ginny smiled fondly at him and suggested,

“Why don’t you just try and ask me?” Harry sat up in his bed and asked,

“Ginny, I would like you to become my girlfriend. What do you think?” Before he could lie back again, Ginny pulled him in a big hug, gave him a kiss on the cheek and said,

“I would like that very much Harry, thank you!” They were just repeating their hug kissing each other, when Lily entered the room and asked exasperatedly,

“What are you doing here? Do you call this resting?” Harry caressed Ginny and said softly,

“Don’t worry Ginny, everything is alright,” before he turned to his mother and happily told her,

“I’m sorry, mom, but Ginny has just agreed to be my girlfriend!” Lily glanced at them, surprised but also very happy, that her son had found a girlfriend whom she liked very much and said,

“Congratulations, you two, that’s really good news tonight! I am very happy for you. But nevertheless I am afraid Ginny has to leave for tonight; you may come back any time tomorrow to visit Harry.”

cocoCOCOcoco

As soon as Ginny had left the room, Severus came in and sat next to his wife on the edge of Harry’s bed.

“Harry what happened today? Can you tell us what your memories were about?” Harry sighed.

“The first one, this morning, was about a Quidditch game; I was looking for the snitch when someone fell from his broom; the second one in the afternoon was about my third sorting and the third one was about playing with the Weasley kids when I was about three or four years old.”

“Alright,” Severus sighed and seemed somewhat relieved. “So all memories were quite normal ones. You know, there could be

memories where you just don't know who the people are or where you are. In this case it is important that you don't panic, but talk to Lily or me and ask us, or Granny or Granddad, or even Aunt Poppy, as you used to call her in the new time line; each of them would be able to help you my son." Harry gave his father a big smile.

"Um... about these memories... Um... is it possible to prevent them? Sorry, don't take that wrongly, I don't mean completely, I just mean for example during Quidditch training, or during the night at least for a few hours to be able to sleep." Severus sighed and said pensively,

"During the night shouldn't be a problem. With Dreamless sleep potion you shouldn't get any new memories. Like last night; when you were awake after the first memory, I gave you a dreamless sleep potion. But while you are awake... hmm... Maybe I can develop a potion. Let me think about it Harry. I will try to do some research on a potion like dreamless sleep but without you sleeping. If you are well enough you might be able to help me however." Harry beamed at him.

"Thank you so much Dad!"

"You are very welcome Harry. Now try to sleep; we are just outside; if you need us, call and we will be here. Good night Harry." Severus gave Harry a kiss on the forehead and noticed the heat he was radiating.

"Harry, did you take the strawberry potion after each of your memories?" he asked, slightly shocked.

Harry nodded and said sadly, "Yes, at least after the first two memories, but I don't think it works very well." Severus threw Lily a questioning glance, and she said,

"He has had a fever practically constantly during the last two days since the first memory in spite of taking the potion twice today." Severus frowned and asked,

"When did he get the potion for the last time?" Lily shrugged and asked,

"Harry?" Harry thought for a moment and said,

“Justs shortly before you came home, Mom.”

“So that’s about four hours ago,” Lily said and added, “But when I took his temperature after dinner, it was well over 40 degrees.” Severus frowned and said,

“Now Harry, I will give you a strong fever reducer and a dreamless sleep potion, and I’ll stay here with you tonight. If you have any problems, just wake me up, alright?” He left the room and returned a minute later with two potions he handed to Harry, then helped him to lie down and tucked him in.” Severus enlarged Harry’s bed a little and lay down next to him; he stayed with Harry for the whole night, but Harry didn’t even stir, and in the morning the toy thermometer displayed a green number and told him he could go to breakfast.

*cocoCOCOcoco*

After breakfast Severus came to Merlin table and said, “Come on Harry; Albus is taking over my morning lessons, so that I can spend some time with you. First we will go to see Poppy.” Harry groaned but looked gratefully at his father. When they arrived at the Hospital Wing, Severus told Pomfrey about Harry’s problems and asked what could be done about it and how long and in which intensity she thought these memory visions would occur. Poppy’s face had become very serious and she said,

“As far as I know, these memories could continue to come back until about the next summer, but of course I don’t really know; it is only an assumption. Moreover, as the memories cover a time span of sixteen years, I can imagine that they will become more frequent, and depending on each memory, it will be more or less intensive. But you cannot give him a stronger fever reducer so often every day and over such a long time; he will have to live with the ‘strawberry potion’, and only when his fever is much too high like yesterday evening, you may give him a stronger potion.” Harry moaned and asked,

“But how am I supposed to attend classes with my head in a white dull cloud all the time?” She glanced at him sadly and answered,

“I’m sorry Harry, but maybe you won’t be able to do a lot; although probably it won’t be as bad all the time as it was yesterday.”

“May I attend Quidditch practise?” She sighed and said,

“When your blue toy tells you it’s all right, then you may.” During the next few days, Harry spent much time in their quarters dealing with very frequent and intensive visions about his second childhood. His parents had taken turns staying with him, while Dumbledore was covering their classes. Ginny turned up every evening after dinner and spent the time until curfew talking and even studying together with Harry, who then helped her with her Potions and Transfiguration homework. On Saturday morning, he finally felt better and joined his friends for the meals in the Great Hall.

To keep from getting depressed over his memory problems, he had thought intensively about pranks, and this was exactly the right time to play a prank on everyone. As soon as he entered the Great Hall at lunchtime, he wished himself invisible and contemplated if he should include the teachers in the prank or not.

He immediately went over to Merlin table and quickly wished each single person in the Great Hall as well as everyone entering the Great Hall through any of the doors to become invisible. In spite of the charm, he – and the teachers – would be able to see everyone. At first, he wanted to make everything invisible for the teachers as well, but finally he decided against it in order not to have all the fun just for himself, and to share it with his parents. As soon as they would leave the Great Hall, they would become visible again automatically.

He called Ginny, Anna and Julia to the other side of Merlin table, pulled them over to the seats next to him and whispered to them what he had done. Ginny glared at him and said,

“And you can see everyone and have a lot of fun, right?” Harry grinned, invisible to her of course and wished for Ginny, Julia and Anna to be able to see everyone. Then he quickly walked over to his father and quietly explained to him and Dumbledore what was wrong with the students, who were squeaking, yelping and bumping into each other throughout the Great Hall, so that the teachers were already wondering what was wrong.

The four friends at Merlin table had a lot of fun watching the other students and had to try hard not to laugh too loud. Harry proceeded in



telling a joke so that they would be able to laugh properly together with other friends at their table.

cocoCOCOcoco

“Dad, please, may I go to Quidditch practise after breakfast today?” he asked his father on Sunday morning. Severus frowned and said,

“Alright, but I will watch the practise.” Harry threw his father a big smile and beamed,

“Thank you Dad.” After breakfast in the Great Hall, they went to the Quidditch pitch and Harry addressed his two teams.

“I’m glad we can resume our practise today. We need a new keeper for the second team. Therefore, I would like you to bring the keepers of your House team for a keeper tryout on Sunday in two weeks time. Unfortunately, I was sick for the whole week and couldn’t have tryouts during the week; therefore I have asked our Merlin keeper to assist our second team today. But he is not on the team; he is only assisting today, and I can ensure you that he is very good. As you know, we have our first match next Sunday against the Teachers team. During this week before the match, we’ll practise every evening straight after dinner. It may be that I cannot be here for every practise, but from now on Ginny Weasley will be my Deputy Captain, so even if I am not here, she will lead the training. And the last item, before we start: Please excuse my father; he is watching today not as a spy for the Teachers team, but because my medical condition is not very good yet and otherwise I wouldn’t have been allowed to play today.”

It took Harry only 30 minutes to catch the snitch and he gathered the teams for a short break in which he called the second team’s seeker over and told him to train catching the snitch, while he would be observing the practise from the ground. With that, he released the snitch again and sat next to his father in the stands, who shot him an astonished glance. This time the game lasted nearly two hours, until the reserve seeker caught the snitch, but in the meantime Harry had made many mental notes for advising the team after the practise. The Merlin keeper had done very well – hopefully he would win the tryout, but it would be unfair to just keep him without giving the other house

teams the possibility of getting their keeper onto the team. Suddenly Ron, who was the first team's keeper asked,

"Do we have to do tryouts at all? The Merlin keeper, I mean Tobias has done so well today; I watched him, and he is really very good – couldn't we just keep him?" Harry sighed and said,

"Frankly speaking I think so too. The only reason for me not to decide this from the beginning is, that he is from my own house, and that I don't want the players from the other houses to think that I favour my own house. What do the others think about this matter?" The Slytherin team captain spoke up,

"He is really very good; Look at the score; he held everything today. I can't imagine that my keeper would have been able to hold everything. Therefore I think we don't need tryouts."

"Alright; thank you, Zabini. Now, what do the Ravensclaws and Gryffindors think?" A girl who looked like a very small second year from Ravensclaw said,

"Why don't we just vote? Those who think we don't need tryouts raise their hands please!" Everyone except from the Merlin keeper and Harry raised their hands. Harry sighed contently.

"Thank you very much everyone. Now Tobias, will you accept the position of keeper for our reserve team?" He beamed at Harry and answered,

"Of course; thank you very much everyone!"

cocoCOCOcoco

When Harry finally dismissed the team, it was already lunchtime. Severus put an arm around Harry and said,

"As you know it is Sunday, and on Sundays we always have a family lunch at home. Go and change; I'll wait here for you." Harry thought for a moment and said,

“Wait Dad, let me just grab my things, I will take a shower and change at home. Where is Julia?”

“She has already gone to the changing rooms, but we don’t have to wait for her; she’ll be all right.”

When they were sitting at lunch, Harry saw his first memory for the day.

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*A very small Harry, maybe 2 years old, was flying after Severus around the Quidditch pitch on a toddler’s broom, happily laughing to his mother, who was watching from the ground. A moment later, his father motioned him to land on the ground only to place toddler Harry in front of himself on the big broom. Now they were flying together, higher and faster than toddler Harry could have imagined, but he seemed to enjoy every second. When they finally landed, Lily’s face was white with fear, so that Severus apologized immediately and Harry said to his mother,*

*“Don’t wowwy Mommy, Hawwy’s awwright. Daddy’s vewwy funny. Next time Mommy fy wif Daddy too.”*

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With that, Harry was back to the present, smiled at the worried faces around table and told them about the cute memory he had seen, before his father handed him a strawberry potion. When lunch was finished, Harry went to lie down on the sofa, Marina climbing onto him only a second later. Cuddling his little sister Harry slept for an hour, before he was captured in the next memory.

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*Toddlers Harry and Julia were running around the living room in their quarters, while Severus and Lily were sitting on the sofa in front of the fireplace discussing what to do.*

*“Severus, do you really have to work today?”*

*“I’m sorry Lily, but I have to try to invent a better potion to help Harry as fast as possible; the other potion obviously doesn’t work, although*

*he is trying to hide it; let me work for let's say two hours; afterwards we can do what you like."*

*"All right, Severus. Can we go to Hogsmeade? I would like to go to the book store." Severus hugged her and gave her a kiss, before he got up, raced after the children only to capture each of them in his arms, and said,*

*"Be good to mummy; in two hours we will go to Hogsmeade, and if you behave, you will get a new book."*

*"Oh, yeah, I want de one of Hawwy wif de dwagon" Julia shouted happily, while Harry said,*

*"No, I want a book about plants for healing potions, which we can find in the forest."*

*"No Hawwy, want book Hawwy can wead to Juia."*

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"Harry! Harry, HARRY!" Suddenly Harry was shaken awake and groaned.

"Oh Marina, get off of me please, my head hurts!" He leaned back and tried to sleep but was startled when a cool hand touched his forehead. When he opened his eyes, his mother was sitting next to him on the edge of the sofa smiling worriedly at him. Now Marina came, a book in her hands and said,

"Harry, I'll read a book for you – you know my favourite book of the boy called like you and the dragon!" Harry could only groan, and Lily said softly,

"I'm sorry, my sweetie, but Harry is not well enough to have a book read to him; could you get Daddy for me for a moment please?" A minute later Severus rushed over to them with a concerned look and asked,

"Another memory?" But before Harry could even nod, he was pulled in the next memory.

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*Harry, Anna and Julia were straying through a corridor at Hogwarts, carefully watching left and right, and Julia was reading a parchment. They seemed to be about ten years old, Julia a little younger of course.*

*“Now Julia, does the map show anyone nearby?” Anna asked and Julia shrugged.*

*“I’m still looking for Filch and Mrs. Norris, but I can’t find them. Here, maybe you have better eyes.” Harry laughed.*

*“You don’t have to search for them; you can find them with a spell.”*

*“And how do you know that?” Anna asked. “And more importantly, how are we going to do the spell without a wand? None of us has a wand yet.” Harry smiled and wished to see Mrs. Norris on the map, and suddenly the map re-centred itself and Mrs. Norris appeared a little ahead of the children.*

*“Alright. Let’s fix it here, and Harry can charm it to hit her,” Julia suggested, and the girls fixed a bucket filled with ice-cold water to the ceiling. Now Harry wished the bucket to empty itself just above Mrs. Norris, and the three mischievously grinning students ran away. A few minutes later splashing sounds and angry cat’s meowing from far away penetrated their ears. Grinning they ran until they reached their quarters in the dungeons only to draw a very suspicious look from Lily.*

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Harry slowly opened his eyes and searched for black eyes to ask, “Can I get a potion please?”, and Severus nodded and held out the phial for him immediately.

cocoCOCOcoco

“Severus, let’s get Poppy to check on him; maybe she can do something else,” Lily suggested and floo-called Poppy, who was at Harry’s side within a minute and said,

"I am sorry, but I cannot do anything else. I even went to St. Mungo's yesterday to consult the healers who deal with people who are affected by memory charms, but nobody seems to have ever dealt with such an amount of memories returning, so they couldn't help me at all. The only thing I can think of is a potion Severus could develop with the effects of the dreamless sleep potion, but without the sleeping part and without being addictive. I mean something to suppress any emerging memories; so that he could have certain fixed times during the day without disturbing memories and fevers and would have to deal with the visions only during the night, when he is asleep anyway. I am very sorry, but that's the only method I can think of to make the situation a bit easier for him." Severus sighed and said,

"Harry already suggested such a potion, because he wants to play Quidditch but is afraid of having memories while he is flying. So I have already started with the research while I was staying at home with Harry, and I hope to have a potion in a few days."

"Severus, I can take your classes for the week, if you want to stay with Harry and research your potion at the same time. We can talk to Albus about it at dinner." Dumbledore agreed of course, and while Harry was mostly staying at home except for breakfast in the Great Hall, either sleeping, reading or playing with Marina, Severus worked on Harry's potion nearly around the clock. On Friday morning, he handed Harry a phial.

"Here Harry, I don't know if it works, we just have to try. If you tried it now, you should be all right for about four hours I would assume."

"If I take it now, will I be able to take another one before dinner?" Harry asked hopefully thinking of Quidditch practise. Severus frowned.

"Yes, it would be possible, but you also need your memories to come back, and it would be best to let them come back in the evening or at night."

"Oh, I was just thinking about Quidditch practise; you know I couldn't even go once this week."

cocoCOCOcoco

“Maybe you will be better today just by drinking this potion; let’s wait and see.” Harry downed the potion and gagged. It tasted horrible. But he didn’t get any memories during the day and was even allowed to go to Quidditch training, which was the last before the match against the teachers on Sunday. Of course, the night was horrible, and he had to endure one memory after the next. Fortunately, the memories of his second childhood all seemed to be good memories; there was not even one memory he didn’t enjoy while he was watching. Severus was staying with Harry as he had always done recently, and Harry only had to groan for him to wake up and care about Harry. Unfortunately, in the morning he had not yet recovered from the night and decided not to take any potion that day in order to have a better night without so many memories and be well again the next morning to play Quidditch. Fortunately, this theory worked, and he felt much better on Sunday morning.

*tbc...*

## Chapter 5 – Classes or not?

*To my readers: I hope there are not too many mistakes in the text. Normally my husband (he is an English native speaker) reads each chapter before I post it, but today he didn't have time, and as I know you want the chapter quickly, I just post it as it is - therefore: sorry for any mistakes or unclear passages!*

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“Dad, wake up; it’s Sunday and I feel better; may I play Quidditch?” Severus didn’t reply but shoved the thermometer under Harry’s tongue, while Harry tried to say ‘dooababouwidich’, and said,

“Harry, shut up for a moment and wait please.” Harry waited very nervously until his father took the thermometer out, which flared yellow and told with Poppy’s voice ‘you may get up but not do anything strenuous’. Harry glanced at his father and begged,

“Please, Dad, Quidditch is not strenuous, may I?” Severus scowled and replied,

“I really don’t appreciate it Harry, Quidditch is very strenuous, but if you promise not to tell your mother what the toy told you, you may play. But you also have to promise to come down immediately when you encounter the slightest problem. Can you promise me that?” Harry looked at his father with a serious face and said,

“I promise Dad.”

Just before they left for breakfast, Severus gave Harry the newly invented potion to drink, in a slightly changed version, now having a faint lemon taste. He also handed a phial of the strawberry potion to Lily and said,

“As you are not playing, could you keep this in case Harry needs it during the match?” Lily nodded and asked,

“Do you really think it’s wise to let him play today?” But Severus sighed and countered,



“Lily, do you remember our 6th and 7th year? Harry was ill very often, but he never missed a match; he always managed to come around Poppy or Minerva in order to play. Even if we forbid him to play, I’m sure he would find a way; so I prefer to let him play with our consent.” Lily nodded; that was true.

cocoCOCOcoco

Mr. Potter who had been refereeing the students – teachers’ matches now for 19 years, had already arrived, when they entered the Great Hall. When Harry saw him, he asked Lily, who was walking next to him,

“Do you think he remembers me? Or has he been obliviated too much?” Lily smiled softly and said,

“Come with me my dear, I’m sure he remembers you.” She dragged him to the Head Table where Mr. Potter pulled him in a big hug.

“Harry, I’m so pleased to see you again! Although somehow in this time line you managed to have a different father; but for Luisa and me you’ll always be our grandson; so whenever you can, come and visit us!” Harry nodded happily and said,

“All right Granddad, I would like that very much, if James doesn’t mind.”

“Harry, you must go and eat breakfast; otherwise you cannot play Quidditch,” he could hear McGonagall’s stern voice, excused himself and nearly ran over to Merlin table, where Ginny and Anna greeted him happily.

“So are you allowed to play today?” Harry beamed.

“Yes. My dad allowed me to.” Ginny eyed him suspiciously and whispered so that only Harry could hear her,

“After correctly checking on you?” Harry grinned and whispered back,

“Do you think Quidditch is strenuous? I don’t think so; but my mom mustn’t know”. Soon they hurried to the Changing rooms to get ready for the match.

As soon as both teams had appeared on the pitch, Mr. Potter gripped the microphone and began to speak. “Welcome to the first ‘Students against Teachers’ game of the season.

Here come the players of the students’ team: Ronald Weasley (Hufflepuff, Keeper), Blaise Zabini (Slytherin, Beater), Dean Thomas (Gryffindor, Beater), Susan Bones (Hufflepuff, Chaser), Cho Chang (Ravenclaw, Chaser), Ginny Weasley (Merlin, Chaser and Deputy Captain) and Harry Snape-Dumbledore (Merlin, Seeker and Team Captain)

And here are your teachers: Remus Lupin (Keeper), Pomona Sprout (Beater), Albus Dumbledore (Beater), Rolanda Hooch (Chaser and Deputy Captain), Minerva McGonagall (Chaser and Team Captain), Poppy Pomfrey (Chaser) and Severus Snape (Seeker)

I wish both teams good luck and hope for a fair and nice Quidditch game.”

With this, he released the snitch and the game began. Harry immediately concentrated on his search for the snitch; as it was the first game of the season, he didn’t have to care about the goals, he just had to catch the snitch before his father did. But there was no way he could even think about fooling Severus, who had been his Co-Captain in the past and knew all the tricks Harry knew. He just had to be fast. However, that was easier said than done. He just couldn’t find it, and after two hours of flying and searching he suddenly felt that he wouldn’t be able to keep up much longer. All of a sudden, he noticed Severus calling his name. When he turned around his father asked,

“Harry, are you all right? Shall I ask for a break?” Harry sighed shivering a little.

“I’m not all right, but I want to continue. I would like to have a break and get the potion from Mom, but will they let me continue to play?” Severus thought for a moment and nodded.

"It's all right. Come down with me." Severus asked Mr. Potter for a small break and pulled Harry in Lily's direction when they heard the whistle announcing the break. As soon as Harry had downed the potion, he felt better and went back up in the air immediately, while his father told Mr. Potter they would be ready to resume the match. Potter blew the whistle and the game started again. In the meantime, the teachers were leading the game with 100 points, so from now on Harry had to make sure to care about the goal situation before catching the snitch. After another hour, when the teachers were leading with 140 points, Harry finally saw the snitch and raced over the pitch, when his father who was straight on his heels, nearly crashed into him.

But Harry's hand had just gripped the struggling golden ball. He tumbled for a moment but could get a grip on his broom and managed to glide down to the ground, very tired but happy. As soon as he made sure that his father had landed safely as well, he showed the snitch to Mr. Potter, who blew the whistle and announced,

"Harry Snape-Dumbledore has caught the snitch – the students win 280 – 270. Congratulations for the Hogwarts Students team!" Dumbledore took the microphone from him and stated,

"Although we have lost the game again like every time since Harry has joined the Hogwarts team, I would like to invite everyone to a buffet party instead of our normal lunch in the Great Hall! You are free to sit together with your friends wherever you like." A huge applause accompanied the last words, and the lot of people moved towards the castle.

*cocoCOCOcoco*

When Harry emerged from the shower, his father was already waiting for him and asked immediately,

"Harry do you want to attend the party, or would you prefer to go home? I will come with you, I don't mind where." Harry thought for a moment and said,

"I would like to go to the party, but only for a short time, not for the whole afternoon." They walked through the huge Entrance doors and

were stunned when they entered the Great Hall. The whole hall was decorated like a huge Quidditch pitch with charmed Quaffles, Bludgers and Snitches flying around. It was just really 'well done'. *Who could have managed this?* Harry immediately thought of the Weasley twins. But they had already left Hogwarts in the summer, hadn't they? He was dragged out of his thoughts, when Ginny came and pulled him into a hug, kissing his cheek.

"Harry, are you all right?" she whispered, and Harry nodded.

"Yes Ginny, I'm only tired. Listen, Ginny, who did this? I mean... the hall. Are the twins here?" Ginny laughed.

"Does this have a finger print of my brothers?" Harry smiled fondly at her and said,

"Yes, it definitely has." Then he looked at one of the charmed snitches and wished 'Accio snitch,' only to grip the struggling golden ball, which had arrived just in front of him, and hand it to Ginny. She glanced amazedly at him and then at the beautiful golden snitch in her hands.

"Is it a real one?" she asked, but Harry shrugged.

"I don't know; maybe it's just a charmed sock of Fred or George" he teased her, and she threw a murdering look at him, before she said,

"Harry, we should get something to eat; what do you want?" They found two empty seats at a table obviously reserved for Weasleys and their girl- or boyfriends. Next to Ron and Hermione, whom Harry met for the first time after coming back from the past, were Fred and George; to their right side was another pair of Weasley twins which Ginny secretly introduced as her cousins Fabian and Florian Weasley, who were 3rd year Gryffindor students.

"Harry!" Hermione said amazed and stood up to give Harry a hug.

"How are you Harry? When did you come back? I haven't seen you at all. Ron told me you came to Quidditch practise, but only once or twice?" Harry sighed.

“Yes Hermione, sorry for not contacting anyone; I’ve been a little sick recently, but I hope I’ll be better now.”

“When will you return to classes then?” ‘Hermione is really the same as in my old time line; she can only think about classes’ Harry thought and answered,

“I don’t know; did anyone tell you what exactly happened to me?”

“Yes Harry, your mother invited us to her office one day and told us everything. And she told us you had to get your memories back before you could remember anything of this time line. Is that true?” Harry groaned inwardly.

“Yes, but you were my best friends also in my old time line, so I remember you very well. But I still have to get other memories back, and that affects me so that I get ill from it.”

“So you can’t go to classes in the near future?”

“I might be able to go, but I don’t know in advance, and I don’t really have to because I’ve already taken all my NEWTs in the past.”

“You’ve WHAT!” Hermione exclaimed before Ron could hold her mouth shut.

“By the way Harry”, Fred and George drew his attention to them, “We have brought some new items for you to test and would be glad for a re-evaluation from your side.” Harry frowned and looked questioningly at his friends. Fred handed him a small box and warned,

“Please be careful and read the description and warnings before testing anything!” Harry nodded and replied,

“Yes, of course.” Fred and George looked at each other and said,

“You know Harrykins...,”

“...the work at the ministry...”

“...is so boring...”

“...that we just need to do...”

“...something reasonable...”

“...from time to time.” Harry laughed at them and asked,

“Why are you working at the ministry in the first place? Why aren't you having a joke shop in Diagon Alley?” The twins looked at each other and groaned,

“That should have been our idea!”

“But we would need money...”

“...to do such a thing...,”

“...and we don't have any.” Harry whispered something to Ginny, stood up and motioned the twins to come along for a moment. He led them out of the hall to an empty classroom and threw a strong silencing and locking charm at the door.

“I don't know if someone has told you, but I have recently spent two years in the past – in the time of my parents. By this, I have changed the time line very much. Anyway, in my old time line, you had a joke shop in Diagon Alley, and I had given you 1000 galleons to start the shop. When I was in the past, I have translated several books of Salazar Slytherin, which were written in Parsel script, I have published one book, and my father has published several potion books in our both names. And Dumbledore made a vault for me in which all the money I got when they sold one of the books went. I also have gotten lots of money when I received the Order of Merlin in the past for killing Voldemort. So there is a lot of gold in the vault, and I would be more than happy to give you 1000 galleons to start your joke shop. Even if we don't live in a war as we did in my old time line, we can always use a good laugh. Just do me one favour and do not tell anything about my connection to your shop to your mother – she would kill me!” The twins were stunned by his suggestions, and it took several minutes until they managed to mumble at the same time,

“That's the best idea we've ever heard of since starting Hogwarts.”

“So can I take that as an agreement? Do you have your own vault at Gringotts?” They nodded.

“Yes, we have an account together.” Harry acknowledged it contently and said,

“All right. Tomorrow I will send an owl to Gringotts and will have 1000 galleons transferred to your vault; it should arrive sometime during the week. Moreover, I am really looking forward to your joke shop! And as I know it from my old time line, I can assure you that you will be very efficient and make a lot of money; you even founded a branch at Hogsmeade!” The twins looked at him in awe.

“All right”, Harry said, “I have to go back, otherwise my girlfriend or in other words your little sister will be searching frantically for me.”

“Wait!” The twins stood in his way. “*Our little sis* is your girlfriend?” Harry smirked.

“But all right, let’s say it’s a deal – our sister for the joke shop; anyway better you than anybody else!” Harry shook his head and laughed at the antics of the twins, before he cancelled the spells and left the room to return to the Great Hall and sat down next to Ginny. A few minutes later, the tables were cleared, before he could manage to even take a piece of the food. At the same time Dumbledore announced,

cocoCOCOcoco

“This does not mean the end of the party. We have tea and biscuits over here – please come and help yourself. A few minutes later Lily came over to Harry and sat on the empty chair next to him.

“How do you feel Harry?” she whispered, and Harry mouthed, ‘fine’.

“Are you well enough for a discussion with Granny and me?” Lily asked and Harry shrugged and replied,

“Mom, I don’t know. All I can say is we can try it.”

"All right Harry. Shall we go now and have tea at home, or do you want to stay here?" Harry frowned.

"No Mom, let's go immediately. I don't know how tired I'll be in an hour or later. Um... Mom?"

"Yes Harry?"

"What is this important discussion about?"

"About your classes."

"Classes? You and Granny will decide anyway, won't you? You don't have to ask me you know." Harry said a little annoyed. Lily shook her head.

"No Harry! This is too important to decide over your head; therefore we will talk about it with Granny."

Harry excused himself from Ginny and the others at the Weasley table and followed his mother and great grandmother down to their quarters in the dungeons. They sat down in front of the fireplace, Harry of course in his favourite corner on the sofa. Then he looked expectantly at his grandmother.

"Harry, I want to discuss something with you. Please let me finish everything and don't interrupt me, all right?" Harry nodded and listened curiously.

"Albus would like to retire from his Headmaster's position in order to look after Marina and start to teach her certain things. Therefore, he keeps asking me when I would be ready to take over as Headmistress. However, I cannot do that as long as I am Transfiguration teacher and Head of Gryffindor. I have discussed this problem extensively with your mother, as well as Severus, Albus, Remus, Amelia and Poppy, and I would like to suggest something to you.

You have already taken your NEWTs, so you do not really have to visit classes again. However, if you agree, I would like you to take only the Transfiguration class and apart from that be my assistant for



the younger classes; assistant means watching each class and helping the students where necessary as well as helping with the grading of homework, tests and so on. If you do this and think you like it – I remember that you told me in the past you like grading essays – I would like to have you as new Transfiguration teacher from the next school year onwards.

One more point is the Head of House question. You could take over from me because you have spent five years in your old time line as well as one and a half years in the past in Gryffindor, but only a very few people know this. Everyone else would wonder why you were made Head of House, although you did not even attend Gryffindor. Therefore, I have come to an agreement with your mother. She would take over Gryffindor from me, and you could become Head of Merlin from the beginning of the next school year. Now, what do you think of my suggestion?”

Harry was much too stunned to reply at once. ‘What should he say? Of course, he would like to, but... He couldn’t even think properly; maybe he should sleep for a while.’

*cocoCOCOcoco*

His grandmother noticed that his eyes were unnaturally bright and his cheeks were flushed and whispered to Lily,

“Are you sure he is all right? He looks very feverish to me.” Lily sat down next to Harry and felt his forehead.

“Harry, you are very warm. You should go to bed.” Harry nodded and said,

“Yes, Granny, I am sorry, may I sleep for an hour and think about it?” Minerva nodded and said to Harry,

“Harry let me take you to your room and put you to bed.” Harry nodded and threw her a grateful glance, when she went after him over to his room, transfigured his clothes into comfortable pyjamas and tucked him in.

“Granny, I’m sorry, wanted to talk, but...” he mumbled, “I don’t know if I can teach but would like to...”

“Harry, I know that you can. You have already taught students in your old time line, but we don’t have to talk now. Think about it, and we will talk again when you feel better. All right?” Harry gave her a slight nod and closed his eyes. Minerva conjured a wet towel, put a cooling charm on it and placed it on Harry’s forehead.

“Hmm, feels good; thank you,” he murmured. A few minutes later Severus entered his room, helped Harry to drink a potion, before he asked,

“Was it a memory again?” Harry shook his head; he hadn’t seen any new memory. Severus frowned and said, “Maybe you shouldn’t have played Quidditch today.”

As soon as Harry felt better, he talked to his parents about Minerva’s suggestion. “What do you think, Mom and Dad? Will I be able to teach and do all the other work?”

“Is it a question of CAN or WANT Harry? You can; that I know; whether you want to is a question you have to decide by yourself,” Severus suggested and Lily said,

“Harry, I have to agree completely with Severus. You are very good at Transfiguration, and teaching is quite funny. You already have experiences, haven’t you? I didn’t have any when I started to teach.”

“And the Head of House thing?” Harry asked anxiously. “And isn’t it crazy, when three of the five Head of House teachers come from the same family?” Lily and Severus laughed.

“Who cares about that? At least our names are different as in Snape, Evans-Snape and Snape-Dumbledore; so students won’t mix us up,” Severus said. Harry snorted and Lily asked provokingly,

“Or would you prefer she asks Remus to be Head of Gryffindor?” Harry sighed.

“No, of course not; I would like to be Head of Merlin.”

“All right. So you should talk to Granny as soon as you feel better,” Lily suggested.

“But I have another problem. You know she told me I had to take Transfiguration again this year and even have to assist her. But how can I do that if I just manage to get up for half a day only to be stuck in bed for days afterwards?”

“You’ll become better Harry. Don’t forget: The more memories you get now, the sooner it will be over!” his father told him.

cocoCOCOcoco

Before he went to breakfast the next morning, he was told not to attend Quidditch practise, and his father made it very clear, that he would not bend certain rules only for training, which Harry did not even need. As soon as they arrived in the Great Hall, he made a Bee-line to the Head table and said to McGonagall,

“I’m sorry Granny for interrupting our talk yesterday. Do you have time today?”

“Of course Harry. I will come with you to your room after dinner, if you don’t mind.” Harry looked very relieved and answered,

“Of course not. Thank you Granny.” When he sat down at Merlin table, Ginny gave him a kiss and asked,

“What happened to you yesterday? I missed you at dinner, and then your sister said you were ill.”

“Yes” Harry said. “You know, memory visions, and playing Quidditch with a fever didn’t help so much either. But you know that they know you’re my girlfriend, and you can come visit me any time.”

“Do you think I could come over tonight after Quidditch practise?” Ginny asked timidly. Harry thought for a moment and answered,

“I would like that very much. After dinner, I have an appointment with McGonagall; but after Quidditch practise will be fine.

“All right Harry, then I’ll come over tonight.” Harry turned to Anna and said,

“Anna, can you please hold the Quidditch practise this evening, as I’m not allowed to attend?” Anna smiled at him.

“Of course Harry.” Harry added,

“Anna, you know that you’re also always welcome to visit me, don’t you?”

“Yes Harry, but my parents told me you were ill and I couldn’t see you, when you didn’t come to the Great Hall.” Harry snorted and insisted,

“The next time, don’t believe them, just come down to our quarters and ask if you can visit me; probably Dad is much less strict than Mom – just as a hint in case you can choose whom to ask. Maybe I should have a word with my Godparents about the importance of a best friend’s visit,” he added grinningly and went up to the Head table to exchange a few words with Amelia and Remus as soon as dinner was finished.

*cocoCOCOcoco*

Harry and his grandmother went into Harry’s room to be able to talk undisturbed by Marina who was running around climbing on everyone and everything. Minerva took the chair of his desk, while Harry sat down on his bed.

“Um... I have thought about what you told me yesterday,” Harry started the conversation and his great grandmother looked expectantly at him. “Anyway, I would like to teach, and yes, I have of course the experience with the DA in my old time line, and it went really well, but it was Defence and now it’s Transfiguration. I don’t know if I can teach transfiguration, especially as I do a lot with wish magic which I cannot teach. But I’m quite sure I’d like it.

As to the Head of Merlin House, I can only say I don’t know exactly what a Head of House has to do, but I don’t think that’s the problem. However, about assisting you during the next months might be a problem because of my memories. They can come back anytime, and

then I'll be really sick for the rest of the day; so I'm not reliable at all at the moment." Minerva let the air out she hadn't even noticed she was keeping and relaxed. *She even looked as if she were relieved.*

"Harry, that's not the problem. I only thought, as you cannot start teaching before the new school year starts in ten months, you should have something to do during the time left in this school year, and I thought a review in Transfiguration maybe would not be so bad. However, it is not a condition or a necessity. If you were fine enough, it would be nice if you could act as my assistant because the experience might help you when you start to teach on your own, but your health is the first priority of course. And concerning teaching I am sure that you will be able to. Furthermore, if you have any questions about how to teach this or that, remember I am not far away; I am staying here in the castle, as well as Albus who has been Transfiguration teacher before becoming Headmaster. Therefore, you will not be all alone. Don't worry."

"All right. Then I think I will give it a try."

"Fine Harry, thank you. I am very glad to have you as successor as well as having your mother as successor of Head of Gryffindor."

"I'm glad you asked me. Thank you Granny!" A second later, he was thrown into a new memory.

## Chapter 6 – St. Mungos

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*He was about a year old, maybe a few months older. He was lying on the floor in front of the fireplace Harry recognized as the one of his parents' living room. Minerva was sitting on the floor next to him and read the story of Harry and Tom to him. When she finished reading about how Harry had managed to finish the evil man off, Harry tried to say,*

*“Gwanny, weed de book wif Hawwy and de dagon for Hawwy pwease.” Minerva smiled, transfigured a parchment into a cuddly stuffed green dragon and gave it a happily smiling Harry into his arms. He immediately cuddled the dragon, then held it in front of his face and had a good look at him, before suddenly the dragon's eyes began to twinkle merrily. Harry turned to Minerva and said,*

*“Wook Gwanny, de dagon's eyes winkle like Gwandads. Hawwy made dem.”*

*“Yes Harry, I saw it. You did that very well my sweetie,” his Great Grandmother commended him making him laugh happily, while he was busily cuddling his stuffed dragon.*

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Harry lay back onto his bed and held his head until the pain slowly receded a little. During the next weeks, Severus and Harry tried to improve the potion to limit the memory visions during the morning. He would have memories in the afternoon, and he could recover with just a few new memories during the night to be well enough in the morning to take the next potion and attend Transfiguration classes. Until about the second half of November, they managed to make the potion nearly perfect. From this time onwards, Harry tried to assist McGonagall as much as he could during morning classes, although he couldn't be of much help with grading in the afternoon or evening. He didn't even manage to attend Quidditch practise of the Merlin team more than about once a week. But he was determined to play in the match against Gryffindor on the last November weekend. Ginny and Lily had made an agreement, which allowed Ginny to visit Harry every evening after dinner, even when he was sick, and they spent a

lot of time in Harry's room talking or just being together. Harry had told Ginny about his grandmother's plans for him and she looked at him in awe.

"Oh Harry, that's just weird but also great – you'll be my Head of House for my last two Hogwarts years! Cool!" Harry smirked, but suddenly this face became stern.

"Oh, I haven't thought about this at all! You know, you are my girlfriend, but such relations between students and teachers are not allowed. We have to ask my grandfather what to do about this." Ginny suddenly looked very frightened and said in a small voice,

"Harry, I don't want to loose you." He pulled her in a hug and said calmly,

"Ginny, you won't loose me; it's just precaution. In the worst case we'll just have to wait until you finish Hogwarts, but don't worry, we'll find a way to be together; if we can't find any other method, we can ask my father to give you detentions." Harry smiled fondly at his girlfriend.

"By the way, Ginny, do you know what you want to do, when you finish Hogwarts? Besides from being a Transfiguration teacher's wife of course I mean," he added grinning.

"I have thought about it a lot recently, because at the end of the school year I have to decide which subjects I want to take in my 6th year. If I can manage Potions, I would like to become a healer." Harry glanced at her surprised.

"Wow, really? Have you talked about that with my mom or with Madam Pomfrey? I mean, maybe Poppy could give you a healing course during 6th year, so that you can drop another course. She has given me a healing course before; therefore, I know that she is a very good teacher. And concerning Potions I can help you anytime – you know, Potions is one of my best subjects!" He looked at his watch and saw it was nearly curfew.

"Oh Ginny, you have to hurry. Curfew will start in five minutes. Wait; let's ask Mom if she could give you a permission slip or something."

He went out of the room looking for his mother; she seemed to be in her office grading papers.

“Mom, I’m sorry to disturb you. Em... you know, we talked and forgot the time. Now Ginny is still here and curfew starts in two minutes. What are we going to do?” He gave his mother a distressed glance, so that she sighed and said,

“All right. She may go through my office, but remember that this is an exception. Don’t think I will allow this every evening. Next time you better set an alarm clock.” Ginny hesitantly entered the room and said,

“I am very sorry, Professor Evans-Snape. We really forgot the time, and Harry suggested flashing me there, but as I don’t know if it would be so good for his condition, I refused to be flashed, so I’m really sorry.” Lily gave her a small smile and said,

“Thank you Ginny, and you are right, Harry should not even transform let alone flash at the moment. We just can’t do this every night, not because I don’t want it but because of the jealousy other students might show when they see you coming out of my office every evening. But when you really happen to run out of time, you may go through my office. Use the exit over there, and you will be in front of your common room. Good night Ginny.”

“Thank you Professor, good night. Night sweetie,” Ginny said smiling at both of them before she left the room.

*cocoCOCOcoco*

A few days later, the Merlin team beat the Gryffindor team in the shortest Quidditch match Hogwarts had ever seen. Eight minutes into the game Harry managed to catch the snitch and heard Madam Hooch announce,

“Harry Snape-Dumbledore has caught the snitch. Merlin wins 150:00. Congratulations to the Merlin team!” As soon as he landed on the ground, the team surrounded Harry, and Anna and Julia shouted,

“Let’s go to the common room for our victory party!” Ginny pulled Harry into a hug and whispered,



“I’ve just asked your mom, and she says as the match was finished so early, you may come with me to the common room for a while if you want to; she says if you had any problems, I could just come to her office to call her.” Harry glanced at her pondering whether to join her or to return to his room and said,

“Alright; I’ll join you for a while; it should be safe for another hour or two I think.” When they arrived at the Common room, the party was already on its way. A big white poster covering a whole wall announced,

*The shortest Quidditch match ever:*

*Merlin 150 – Gryffindor 00 after 8 minutes!*

Julia handed the astonished Harry a bottle of butterbeer and whispered only for her brother to hear,

“You know, ever since you have introduced me to Dobby, I have very good connections to the house elves, and they brought us everything we have here today. We are going to have lunch here, and mom knows about it.” Harry enjoyed the party a lot, especially as Ginny stayed next to him on the sofa for the whole time, whispering to inform him who each single student was. After two hours, he could name most of the students in his house and even knew for most of them in which year they were. He smiled gratefully at his girlfriend. If he wanted to become Head of Merlin house in summer, he should try to learn as much as possible about the younger students of his house.

“Harry, Ginny,” Anna suddenly called them. “Come over here; they are going to have a butterbeer drinking contest!” But Harry shook his head and said,

“No thank you. I already feel a little dizzy from the bottle I drank”, and Ginny said,

“Harry stay here; you are not supposed to drink butterbeer at all as long as you are taking potions regularly.” Harry obeyed and leaned back, slowly dozing off in his seat. It did not take long until he was pulled in a memory vision.

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*He was sitting between Anna and Hermione in a classroom, apparently in the Charms class, as his mother seemed to be the teacher. Harry was aiming his wand at a cushion placed on a chair in front of the room and said,*

*“Vingardium leviosa” and managed to not only move the cushion around the room but the whole chair. The whole class erupted with laughter, while Harry’s eyes started to fill with tears. Lily threw him a stern glance but only said softly,*

*“Now Mr. Snape-Dumbledore; I think we have to do some extra practise to get a grip on your overflowing magic. Don’t worry; you’ll be able to manage it easily.” Harry looked at his mother gratefully and tried to levitate the cushion wandlessly – this time only the cushion moved to over to the other chair. While the class remained silent in awe, Lily threw him a questioning glance, content when he gave her a slight nod.*

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With this, the memory ended, and Harry was back sitting next to Ginny. He put his head onto her shoulder and closed his eyes, leaning into his girlfriend’s arms. Ginny eyes him worriedly and whispered,

“Harry, are you alright? Shall I get your mother or take you to her?” Harry shook his head and said,

“It’s okay, Ginny, let me sit here for a few more minutes, and then I’ll just go to her office; I have to go home soon.” Ginny smiled at him and said,

“Alright Harry, if you are sure. I’ll visit you again in the evening.

cocoCOCOcoco

Late in the evening, when Ginny had just returned to her house, Dumbledore came through the floo with an unnaturally stern face for the always smiling Headmaster.

"Hello Lily, Severus," he said. "Is Harry here as well?" Lily glanced at him questioningly, and Severus said,

"He is here, but he has a fever and is in bed." Dumbledore frowned and said very sternly,

"The Potters have just fire-called me. They have a big problem and hoped Harry might be able to help. You know James is an Auror, don't you?" Both Severus and Lily nodded and Albus continued.

"He was on a mission for the ministry to get rid of dark artefacts that were gathered in the old Malfoy manor, which belongs to the ministry, as Lucius Malfoy died without an heir or any other relatives. Anyway James seems to have been hit by a dark curse, which left a mark on his left arm, and according to his father, a dark arts specialist of St. Mungo's who came to check on him today said there was no way to heal it, and James would probably slowly die of it. He said it would not help just to cut the arm off, because the dark magic had already spread from the arm to the whole body. But James remembered Harry being a natural healer; therefore his parents asked if I thought Harry might be so kind and see if he could do anything for James." Severus sighed and asked,

"When did the whole thing happen?"

"This morning I suppose," Albus replied concernedly. Lily stood up and said,

"I'll go and check on Harry; wait a moment please." She went into Harry's room to see Harry was still awake and sat down on the edge of his bed. When she asked,

"How are you Harry?" he replied,

"I have been better, but it could be worse I suppose."

"Harry", she said, "Granddad is here. Something happened to James Potter, and his parents are asking if you would be able and willing to help him." Harry looked at her questioningly and shrugged.

“What do I have to do? Shall I get up and talk to Granddad?” Lily nodded and Harry climbed out of the bed and moved on to the living room, where Albus greeted him relieved and told him the whole story. Harry at first didn’t react at all, before he said,

“Alright; of course I have to try to help him. But I’m afraid I don’t have the energy to travel far tonight. Do you think it would be possible for them to bring James here?” Severus, who had noticed that this suggestion was very unnatural for Harry’s urge to help people, interrupted him.

“Wait Harry; let us check on you first; I think you need at least a fever reducing potion before you’ll be able to do anything.” He shoved the thermometer in Harry’s mouth ignoring his weak protests and sat down next to his son, so that he could lean onto him while they waited. The reading was red and said ‘40.5’, and Pomfrey’s voice told him ‘Take a fever reducer and go to bed’. Severus pulled a phial of the strong fever reducer out of his pocket and held the phial to Harry’s lips, who immediately drank the potion and obviously relaxed a few seconds later. Lily frowned and addressed Albus,

“Granddad, could you please fire-call the Potters, explain the situation and ask if they could bring James here? In fact I don’t want Harry to do anything tonight, but I can understand if he wants to try to save James’ life, so I won’t prevent him from trying, but I do not want Harry do go anywhere tonight. You see the condition he is in.” Albus nodded and stood up, went to the fireplace and asked,

“Would you mind me directly calling from here?” Lily and Severus shook their heads and Lily sat down on Harry’s other side, putting an arm around his shoulders.

*cocoCOCOcoco*

A few minutes later, the three Potters came through the floo, and Lily stood up to let James sit next to Harry, while James’ mother went to Harry and pulled him in a big hug. He smiled at her whispering,

“Hello Granny,” so that nobody else could hear it. As soon as she relieved him, Harry turned to James and looked closely at his arm. Then he turned to Severus and said,

“Dad, could you please get Aunt Poppy here? Maybe she can help me; I remember in the past I was not able to control my healing magic when I was having a fever, so it might be that I’ll have problems today as well, and she would be the most competent person to stop me at the right time should it be necessary.” Albus, who was still standing in front of the fireplace, fire-called Poppy immediately, and within seconds she was standing in front of Harry.

A little relieved Harry turned to James and gripped his left arm, summoning his healing magic and sending it through his hands into James’ arm and body until he felt Poppy pulling him away, just before he fell unconscious. The next thing he knew was that he was lying in his bed and James’ mother was sitting on the edge of his bed, smiling fondly at him, when he blinked and slowly opened his eyes.

“How do you feel Harry?” his grandmother asked and Harry groaned.

“Tired, cold, achy. What happened?” Then he remembered and excitedly tried to sit up and asked,

“How is James?” Mrs. Potter pushed him down again and said,

“James is as good as new; thank you very much Harry!” and pulled him into a hug.

“How long have I been asleep?” Harry asked and was told,

“Only during the night; it is 6 o’clock on Sunday morning. You were right; Poppy could indeed save you. As soon as she noticed you had put enough magic into James, she pulled you away, although you were putting up a fight, as unconscious as you were. No one else could have saved you so fast.” Harry smiled and said,

“I know. That’s why I wanted her to be there. Thanks for staying here with me during the night Granny. I really appreciate it. I wouldn’t have liked to wake up alone, not knowing what happened and how James was.” Suddenly Severus entered the room and glanced at his son. Mrs. Potter stood up immediately, said good-bye and left the room to floo back home. Severus accompanied her to the fireplace and thanked her for staying with Harry, before he returned to his son.

cocoCOCOcoco

"I'm glad you are already awake. You were right to let us call Poppy. Otherwise I'm sure you would have put yourself in a coma for at least a week." Harry nodded.

"Yes Dad, I know. I have to see her and say thank you. May I get up?" Severus frowned and said,

"Alright Harry, but just come and sit on the sofa please." Harry put the warm, green Weasley sweater on, which he knew was in his wardrobe even in this time line, and had just sat down on the sofa, when the fireplace flared green and Mr. Potter's face appeared and asked,

"May I come through?" Severus nodded and a few seconds later James' father was standing in front of Harry and pulled him into a hug.

"Harry, I want to thank you very much for what you have done for James and for us," he said beaming at Harry, who looked at the floor uncomfortably.

"Excuse me" Severus interrupted, who saw how uncomfortable his son was with the situation, "are you telling us you just flooed here at 6 o'clock on Sunday morning only to thank my son, who isn't even properly awake and is still ill? Wouldn't that have had time until later?" Mr. Potter immediately remembered the reason for his early, urgent visit and countered,

"I am really sorry, Severus and Harry; in fact I came for a different reason. When we were back at home, James suddenly asked about Sirius, because he obviously has been together with him yesterday. Therefore, we checked with the ministry and heard during the night, that Sirius is in St. Mungos with the same problem James had yesterday. Now the Head of St. Mungos, Healer Burnham, asked me to inquire with Harry if he would be willing to heal Sirius as well. According to the healers, it must be done as soon as possible to guarantee a complete recovery like in James' case. Sorry, Severus and Harry, to disturb you; that is why I came so early." Harry sighed and said,

“It’s alright Granddad, you don’t have to apologize, and it is not your fault anyway. Of course, I will try to heal Sirius as well, but I would like Aunt Poppy to come with me. I feel better now, so it’s not a problem to floo over to Mungos, under the condition to get a portkey for the way back home.” Severus nodded and said,

“Alright Harry, but I will accompany you as well. I will ask Poppy to come and call Albus to make a portkey for us. But let’s have a small breakfast first; otherwise it will be too strenuous for you.” After a few minutes, Albus and Poppy joined them for a breakfast Dobby had brought instantly. When they were finished with breakfast, Severus went to fetch a robe for Harry as well as two potions he made his son drink. Afterwards Albus handed Severus a portkey and said,

“This works for both ways. Password to go is ‘healing sirius’ and to come back ‘merlin’s home’.

cocoCOCOcoco

Severus, Poppy and Harry held on to the portkey and soon they felt a familiar pull behind their navels only to find themselves standing in the lobby of St. Mungos. Poppy motioned Harry to stay with his father and went to the information desk to inquire where they could find Sirius. Several minutes later the Head of the hospital, Healer Burnham came, introduced himself and pulled Pomfrey aside for a few minutes’ talk, before he guided them to a room a few floors upstairs. Harry threw a glance at Sirius and sat down on the edge of his bed, but before he could do anything, Poppy gripped Harry’s hand and asked softly,

“Harry, are you sure you are well enough to do this again so fast after last night?” Harry looked at her and whispered,

“I want to try, but as I still have a bit of a fever, I’m not sure if I can control my magic, like yesterday when you had to save me.” She unobtrusively felt his forehead, frowned and gave him a slight nod.

“Yes Harry, but I’m just beside you; don’t worry, I’ll pull you away again.”

Harry put both hands on Sirius' arm and sent his magic over to Sirius, not noticing that he was slowly drifting into unconsciousness. When Harry woke up, he found himself – again – in his own bed at home, Lily and Julia sitting on the edge of his bed, silently talking to each other. Harry sat up and said,

“Hi Mom, Julia, how is Sirius?” The two women nearly fell from the bed, startled by his sudden waking up.

“Sirius seems to be fine, Harry, but how are you? You have depleted your magic very much, so you have been asleep for a few days. Anyway they didn't want to let you get away from St. Mungos; Poppy and Daddy had to put up quite a fight, and they had to promise to come back with you once you regained consciousness.” Harry's face turned white in shock.

“Why?” Harry frowned and said in a very upset voice, “I don't care what they said. I will not go back there, why should I?” Lily sighed.

“Harry, I really don't know, and I think you are alright. But let me get Poppy to check on you, I had to promise her that.” Harry groaned and asked his sister,

“How are things? What did I miss?” Julia laughed and replied,

“You didn't miss a lot; the last interesting thing to happen was the Quidditch match you just managed to attend between being ill and healing people only to fall unconscious. If you go on like this next year as a teacher, your students will be happy that classes will be cancelled all the time,” she teased him. Poppy came in and glanced at him piercingly before she waved her wand over him several times.

“I am sorry, Harry; I pulled you off, but I obviously did not manage to do it in time. You have depleted your magic much more than necessary. Please take it easy over the next two weeks and don't use any magic for at least a week.” Harry nodded and asked,

“Mom said something; they wanted to keep me at Mungos?” Poppy sighed.



“Yes, you were unconscious with a high fever, your magic very much depleted, and they just didn’t want to let you go. You have to know that it is not normal for wizards to be in a kind of coma with their magic so depleted, so Healer Burnham was very worried about you, but I told him that I am used to your problems and wouldn’t let them keep you. However I had to promise him to bring you back there, but I don’t know if that is only to check on you – perhaps they have better methods to deal with the depletion of magic – or if he has other intentions because of you being a natural healer; maybe they want to offer you a training position or something.” Harry frowned at Poppy.

“Do you really think so? But I don’t have the intention to become a healer. I mean when someone needs my help like James and Sirius I will always try to help, but nothing more than that. And if I would like to get another training in healing, I would like you to teach me. In fact Ginny wants to become a healer; maybe I can make a deal with them.”

“Alright Harry. I suggest you stay here today and rest, and we’ll go and visit Mungos tomorrow morning, presumed you are well enough for the trip.” Harry nodded his consent and closed his eyes to sleep a little more.

cocoCOCOcoco

After a good night’s sleep which was interrupted by several memories, Harry, Severus and Poppy flooed to St. Mungos to meet the Head Healer. Healer Burnham first thanked Harry for healing one of his patients whom St. Mungos hadn’t been able to heal. Harry just shook his head uncomfortably; he didn’t want to be thanked. Then the healer took them to a room and asked for permission to examine Harry. Severus as Harry’s guardian agreed, and the healer did several checks on him, frowned and said reproachfully,

“His magic levels are very low; at about a level of 40, he seems to have a bad headache and is running quite a fever. What is being done for him at Hogwarts?” Poppy sighed and explained Harry’s history and the problem with the memories, which actually caused the headache and the fever. Finally, she clarified that he had problems

with controlling his magic when he was performing healing magic in a bad condition.

“Normally I wouldn’t let him do healing magic when he was ill, because I know that although he normally can control his magic – I taught him by myself – he is not able to when he is running a fever, which was the case last week. However, we were told that it was urgent to heal Mr. Black, so we reluctantly let him perform the magic, only about twelve hours after he had already healed Mr. Potter. It will take him a week to get his levels up again.”

“Alright,” the healer said contently. “Now I have another item to discuss with Mr. Snape-Dumbledore.”

“Please just call me Harry,” Harry interrupted the healer.

“Alright Harry, thank you. I would like to ask you, if you ever thought about becoming a healer.” Harry sighed and countered,

“Yes, I have thought about it when Madam Pomfrey found out that I was a natural healer and began to teach me several things about healing, but I don’t think that it is the right profession for me. I will start as Transfiguration teacher at Hogwarts next summer and am looking forward to it. However, of course I will always try to help in situations like last week. When you have problems no one else can solve but you think I might be able to help, you can contact me through Madam Pomfrey anytime.” The healer frowned.

“You know how rare natural healers are, don’t you?” Harry gave a short nod.

“Yes, Madam Pomfrey informed me accordingly. However, you see, everything I would learn here, anyone could learn, who would perhaps be a much better healer than I would – and the natural healing I don’t have to learn; I just can do it. So please reserve your apprentice capacities for people who really want to become a healer. As I said, I will always be willing to assist with my special abilities. Maybe we could make a deal – my girlfriend wants to become a healer. She will finish Hogwarts in two and a half years time, and would like to start to learn directly afterwards. As she is looking after me every evening, while I am having troubles with my memories, I

know that she will make a very good healer, much better than I would ever be able to.” Healer Burnham laughed after Harry’s speech.

“That’s alright Harry, don’t get yourself so upset. I have understood, and I promise, that I will make a note that if your girlfriend – you have to tell me the name later – applies for the healers’ training in two years, it will be granted to her. In return, we may contact you through Healer Pomfrey, if your special abilities are needed for people who cannot be helped otherwise. Do you agree?” Harry nodded his consent and said,

“Thank you very much Healer Burnham; I agree fully, and my girlfriend’s name is Ginny Weasley.” The healer waved his wand, and a written parchment appeared in front of him, which he signed; and with another wave of his wand the first sheet rolled up itself and flew away through the closed door, the second sheet shifted into the healer’s hand and the third remained on the desk. Healer Burnham handed the sheet to Harry and said,

“Please give this sheet to your girlfriend; it is a confirmation that she will be able to attend the healer’s training after she has finished Hogwarts.” Harry raised an eyebrow and said,

“Thank you very much; she will be delighted.” Before they flooded back, Poppy and Severus dove into an expert talk with the healer about potions and other healing methods to help Harry to recover faster – but as Severus’ potions abilities exceeded those of the potions master at St. Mungos by far, their talk was not very efficient.

## Chapter 7 – Watching the Moon AGAIN

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When they arrived back at the Snape's fireplace, lunchtime had already passed, but Lily and her two daughters had decided to wait for the rest of the family. Lily invited Poppy for lunch and everyone sat down at the kitchen table. However, like on so many Sundays before, Harry received his first new memory while he was sitting at the kitchen table.

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*Lily, Severus and toddler Harry were what seemed to be the Burrow together with Baby Julia. Harry, Ron and Ginny, who still was a bit unsteady on her feet, were running around the kitchen, when they heard a small explosion from the top floor. Ron grimaced and explained to Harry,*

*“Dat’s my bwodews; dey are expewimenting wif poshuns. Dey want to pway pwanks on ebyone.” Harry’s eyes grew bigger and he asked,*

*“I like poshuns vewwy much. Can we go and watch dem?” Ron nodded and they started to climb up the stairs, when Ginny suddenly started to cry.*

*“Won, Hawwy, you mean. I want go too. You hewp me Hawwy?” Harry climbed back immediately, pulled Ginny into a hug and told her,*

*“Don’t wowwy, Ginny, we will take you wif us. We won’t let you alone, I pwomise.” He took her hand and slowly helped her up the stairs, at the top of which he was rewarded with a huge smile and a sloppy kiss from the red-haired girl.*

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Harry groaned. Did this have to happen now? He had intended to go looking for Ginny straight after lunch; now the only place he would go was the sofa. Severus handed him a strawberry potion and helped Harry over to his favourite spot in front of the fireplace. When the others were finished with their lunch, Poppy asked Lily and Severus if they would mind her talking to Harry for a moment, and when both of them said they didn’t mind, she came over to Harry and suggested to

go to his room to talk for a while. After she had tucked him into his bed, she started to speak.

cocoCOCOcoco

“Harry, when you came back from the past, I suggested at first that you should come to my office for a talk once a day. However, as you seem to deal quite well with everything, and as you are physically so affected by the memories, I have not insisted on keeping these talks on. Nevertheless, I would like to speak to you from time to time. Is that alright with you?” Harry nodded and said,

“Yes of course Aunt Poppy, I’m glad that you give me the opportunity to talk to you. Thank you.” Pomfrey cleared her throat and continued,

“As you know, the experiences you have made are very unusual. Nobody else has lived sixteen years through two different time lines and additionally two years in the past. In fact I think this situation is extremely difficult to handle, but you seem to manage very well; I just would like to know how you feel about the situation you are in now? I know your situation is unsatisfactory because of your health problems, but that is not what I mean. I mean more the general situation, to have a different father than before, to have two sisters who did not even exist before, and to have different friends who didn’t exist either. In addition, on top of this all struggling every day with new memories which make you ill. How are you dealing with everything? Of course you don’t have to tell me, but maybe I could help you with this or that, when not now, then perhaps in the future,” she added. Harry sighed.

“Apart from my problems with the memories, which affect me greatly, I’m doing fine. Concerning my father, I am very happy that he is my father and not James. Severus has always been like a mentor to me, even when he was the same age, he loves me very much, and he always takes time to sit with me when I am ill or to talk to me whenever I wish to speak about something. It’s just great, that my mom chose him instead of James. Concerning my sisters, I love both of them a lot and I’m very glad to have them. I wouldn’t want to miss this family – they are just great. My friends? I haven’t lost any friends, I only gained new ones like Anna. I am happy about becoming a teacher next year, although I should go to Transfiguration class and

assist Granny with her classes, but due to this kind of illness, I hardly manage to be of any use.

Sorry, Aunt Poppy, I have too much a headache to think properly. But really, apart from my health problem, everything is much better than it has ever been, and I am very happy.” Poppy smiled at the boy whom she knew so much better than the other students.

“Alright Harry; that sounds very good concerning your mental health, however not so good with your physical health condition. I don’t know if you have listened, but the healer at St. Mungos couldn’t give us any advice for your problem. Nevertheless, I am very glad that you don’t have any mental problems, which would not be unusual in a case like yours and might take much more time to heal than your physical problems. Let me quickly check on you, and then I will leave you to your rest.” She waved her wand over Harry and frowned.

cocoCOCOcoco

“Severus, may I suggest that I take your afternoon classes this week, so that you can stay with Harry? His fever is spiking again, and first he needs someone to keep him in bed, and secondly I would like you to check this strawberry potion; I have the impression it doesn’t work too well.” Severus nodded; that was exactly what he had feared.

“Alright Poppy, thank you.”

A few days later Harry was occupying his favourite spot on the sofa, Marina on his lap and their father next to him. That week he had been able to attend classes with his Grandmother every morning so far, but in the afternoons, memories were keeping him busy and sick. Fortunately, his father had agreed to let Poppy take his afternoon classes in order to stay with Harry. Harry had just been thrown into the third vision that day and was really suffering.

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*Harry was sitting at breakfast together with his family. He was very excited – today was the day of his first Hogsmeade weekend, and he was allowed to go to Hogsmeade together with his friends. Just before he was leaving, Julia embraced him from behind, and he noticed that her eyes were filled with tears.*

*"Julia, what's wrong?" he asked worriedly, and his sister mumbled,*

*"I want to go to Hogsmeade too. But they say I can't," and started to cry. Harry pulled her in a big hug and said,*

*"You know I couldn't go either in my first and second year; wait two years and you may go as well. Is there anything you want from Hogsmeade?" Julia smiled at him and said,*

*"Could you bring me a chocolate frog please?" and Harry grinned.*

*"Yes, but I have to leave now. Bye" and left the room.*

---

Harry grabbed his head and tried to throw Marina off saying,

"Sorry little sis, go down please. Dad?" His father threw him a worried glance and mouthed,

"Again?" Harry only gave him a slight nod and protested when his father put the toy thermometer under his tongue.

"Yuwodadidoidaioesowo" Severus shook his head and said,

"Shut up. You know that it is Poppy's order and we will have to follow it in order to invent a more efficient potion." The thermometer flared pink only to change to red after Harry had taken the potion. Severus sighed; his potion should work much better than that. It took only a few minutes until the next memory started.

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*Little Harry had a bad dream; he dreamt of a bad man with red eyes who wanted to kill his mom. With a cry, he woke up and walked out of his room to look for his mom and dad, busily cuddling his stuffed dragon. When he entered the living room, his parents were not there, but his grandparents were sitting around the fireplace reading. He climbed to his Granny onto the sofa and asked,*

*"Where are my mom and dad, Granny?" Minerva looked at his tear-stricken face and pulled him up onto her lap hugging him fiercely.*

*“Harry, what is wrong? Did you have a bad dream?” she asked worriedly, and when Harry nodded, she asked, “Will you tell me what it was about?” Harry nodded again and told his grandparents about his dream and the bad man with red eyes. After she calmed him telling him that it was only a dream and the bad man didn’t exist, Albus added,*

*“Harry, today is the night of the Full moon, and your parents are outside playing with their animal friends. When you’ll be bigger and able to transform into an animal, you will join them too, won’t you?” and Harry laughed excitedly, before his eyes dropped and he fell asleep on his granny.*

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When Harry opened his eyes, his father was sitting next to him, took his temperature and said, “Now your fever is so high that I have to give you a very strong fever reducer and the normal headache potion instead of the combination.” This time the effect was a lot better and Harry felt much improved.

“Dad, may I ask you something? He asked, and when his father nodded expectantly, continued, “Do you still go out in the forest on the Full moon?” Severus gave him a slightly amused look and raised an eyebrow.

“I was wondering all the time, when you would ask about it.”

cocoCOCOcoco

Harry threw his father an expectant glance, and Severus continued sighing,

“Yes Harry, over all these years we have kept our tradition and once a month meet in the forest.” Harry had a surprised look on his face when he asked,

“Who is ‘we’? You, Mom and Remus, or James and Sirius too?” Severus gave him a slight smile and replied,

“All the Marauders, except from you.” Harry frowned and asked a little upset,



“And why without me?” Severus sighed and asked softly,

“You haven’t been here all the years now, have you?” Harry groaned as if he was getting really upset now.

“Dad, I have already been back for three months now; didn’t you have enough time to tell me?” He asked reproachfully. Severus sighed again and put a cold hand on Harry’s forehead, noticing that Harry was leaning into the cool touch.

“Harry, don’t let yourself get so upset, you’re only making your condition worse. I know that you are back for three months now, but you were always ill when we spent the night outside. I didn’t even go last month, because I stayed with you, and the time before Lily stayed with you.” A little calmed down Harry asked softly,

“When will be the next full moon?”

“The full moon is today, but we never go during the week, because we have to work in the morning; we always go on the Friday night after the full moon. And before you ask, it depends on your condition whether you will be allowed to join us, and when I look at you, I can’t imagine you’ll be well enough on Friday.” Harry sat up excitedly and insisted,

“I will Dad. You know that I always joined you in the past, and I will now! Please Dad, help me. I know Mom wouldn’t allow me, but I really need to go. Perhaps I can take the lemon potion again in the afternoon to avoid any memories. And when I transform into my phoenix form, I will probably feel better anyway.” Severus sighed and said,

“Harry, I will try to help you, but I won’t have you putting yourself in danger. The memories are not the only problem. Remember the past! *Every time* we went into the forest you caught a cold; and even in this time line Pepper-up potion does not work on you; I don’t know why, and I haven’t been able to invent anything better than the potion I made for you in the past...” Harry interrupted him very upset.

“Now listen, Dad. In the three months I’m here now I didn’t get a cold once, so I’ll be alright.” Severus looked exasperated.

“Harry, there will be many more full moon nights, so even if you have to miss the next one it’s not the end of the world.” Harry snorted and thought inwardly

‘Wait, Dad, I’ll show you that I will be able to do what I want’, before he fell into the next memory, which was again about a night of the full moon. All together, he received five full moon night’s memories during the evening and woke up very cranky in the morning.

cocoCOCOcoco

When he returned from classes and lunch on Friday, he transformed straight into his phoenix form and climbed onto Severus’ shoulder. Severus watched him curiously thinking about what his son was going to do.

“Are you trying out if you’ll get memories when you are a phoenix?” he asked him questioningly, and Icicle nodded and held the back of his head near Severus’ hand in order to get his feathers crawled. In the end, the two of them spent the afternoon in the potions lab, Harry as Icicle sitting fast asleep on Severus’ shoulder, while Severus was researching a new potion for Harry. Marina had gone to visit her best friend Brianna, Anna’s little sister. When Lily returned home after her classes, she was not very pleased to see Harry in his phoenix form.

“Harry, didn’t Poppy tell you not to transform as long as you are getting the memories back?” Harry slowly turned his head, leisurely opening an eye and trilled,

#Maybe she did, but I don’t know why; I feel much better like this, and I didn’t have one vision. You know what tonight is, don’t you, Mom?# Lily threw Severus an exasperated look and translated what Harry had said. Severus nodded and told Lily about their conversation the day before. Not wanting to transform back, as Ginny wouldn’t come anyway because she was having Quidditch practise to which Harry wasn’t allowed to go in any case, Harry spent the whole evening in his phoenix form. With the beginning of curfew Minerva and Albus arrived to watch over Marina and supposedly Harry; they would stay in the Snapes’ quarters’ guest room; needless to say that Minerva was very upset to hear about Harry’s plans for the night, and that Dumbledore’s eyes were twinkling with joy.

Harry was just comfortably sitting on Lily's shoulder, when she went into his room, shut the door and ordered him to transform back, so that she could check on him. After she had made sure, that his condition was in fact much better than in the morning, she instructed him to put on his warmest clothes, before he transformed back. Finally, they departed for Harry's first full moon night in the present. On the way into the forest, Lily gave him a ride on her shoulder, which Harry enjoyed greatly – somehow it reminded him of the time in the past he had liked so much.

cocoCOCOcoco

When they arrived in the forest, Sirius and James were already waiting for them, and Remus joined them only a few minutes later. The three were very happy to have Harry with them, although they couldn't communicate in their animals' forms. However, Remus had brought a big basket with butterbeer and other delicacies Dobby had provided for the Marauders, and they had decided to have a nightly party after playing in the animagus forms for a few hours. Lily and Harry went for a long flight over Hogsmeade as well as around Hogwarts glancing curiously in nearly every window. Finally, they transformed back and sat in a more or less comfortable place between near-by trees, so that everyone could have a seat with his back to a tree. Severus took a phial of the lemon potion out of his robe and handed it to Harry, who gulped it down gratefully.

"Thank you very much, Dad," he said, when he handed the empty phial back.

"Harry!" Sirius and James shouted both at the same time and laughed. "Harry", James continued. "We really have to thank you for saving both our lives!"

Harry blushed a little and replied "It's alright; I'm glad I could help." They sat in the forest drinking butterbeer and talking until the sky was showing a slightly lighter colour. Then they suddenly noticed how late it was and quickly finished their party. James and Sirius went back to the end of the apparition wards to return home. Harry thought for a moment and said,

“I can flash the three of you back; that’s faster.” Severus and Lily frowned, but did not protest; so Harry quickly transformed, suddenly feeling a little anxious about flashing three persons. However, as he had promised it, he waited until the three had grabbed his tail feathers and flashed thinking about his own room at home. Fortunately, he managed to land exactly on his bed, the spot he had imagined; normally he would have preferred the living room, but he didn’t want to give his great grandparents a big fright, in case they were already awake and in the living room. Harry rested a few minutes on his bed before he transformed back – he had completely forgotten that he wasn’t allowed to use any magic at all and felt exhausted, even in his phoenix form. After a few minutes, Severus came looking for him and extended his hand directly in front of Icicle’s feet, so that he could easily step on it. Putting Icicle onto his shoulder, Icicle’s favourite place, he went back to the others. Albus immediately changed to his phoenix form to talk to Harry.

#Are you alright my boy?#

#Yes Granddad, sorry, I’m just very tired. I had completely forgotten that I was told not to use much magic and flashed Mom, Dad and Remus back here.# Everyone laughed at the white phoenix’ big yawn.

“Do you have problems to change back?” Minerva asked, but Harry shook his head.

#Harry, if you can you should change back; you’re giving them a fright.#

#Alright# Harry said, hopped onto the sofa and transformed back.

“I’m sorry; I didn’t want to give you a fright. Thank you Granny,” he turned to Minerva who had cast a warming spell on him. They spent the rest of the morning talking until it was time for breakfast.

cocoCOCOcoco

The last week until the start of the Christmas holidays remained uneventful, and soon the carriages departed with the students who were going home over the holidays. Harry noticed that in contrary to the wartime he experienced in the first time line, where many

students had stayed at Hogwarts because it had been the safest place imaginable, now nearly all students went home for the holiday. There were only two students who had put their names in the lists at first, but finally they had also been invited by friends and left the castle, so that only a few teachers, especially those who had families, were staying at Hogwarts – the Lupins, Dumbledores, Snapes, Poppy and Hagrid. Lily and Severus decided to invite everyone to their quarters for dinner every evening; it was much more comfortable than the huge Great Hall, where they still used to gather for breakfast and sometimes for lunch. Finally, the dinners in the Snape's living room were getting more and more comfortable and often ended with everyone finally heading to their own quarters around midnight.

cocoCOCOcoco

One morning at breakfast, Harry overheard Anna and Julia obviously planning a trip to Hogsmeade for the day on their own. As he still had to buy his Christmas presents and time was running short, he just asked them if he could accompany them, but Julia said he had to ask their mother. So he asked over the table,

"Mom, may I go with Anna and Julia to Hogsmeade to buy Christmas presents please?" Lily thought for a moment and after a short look in Severus' eyes confirming that he shared her opinion she said softly,

"No Harry, I'm sorry." Harry couldn't believe it – his mother really was a bitch sometimes.

"Why not mom?" he asked forcefully. "When they are allowed to go, why can't I go? I'm even older than Julia," he added very upset. Severus, who was sitting next to Harry, put a hand on Harry's shoulder hoping to be able to calm him a little and said,

"Harry, let us talk about it, when we are back in our quarters, all right?" Harry only gave his mother a glare and stood up to leave the Great Hall, not caring about his breakfast he hadn't even touched. Lily sighed and turning back to the table from where her eyes had been following her son, apologized to the others.

"I'm sorry to have caused such a childish scene here. I don't know what's wrong with Harry; normally he uses to listen when I tell him a

decision.” She frowned and looked at Severus questioningly. He gave her a calming smile and replied,

“It’s alright; you did the right thing; we will talk to him after breakfast. In his condition he can’t go to Hogsmeade without anyone of us.”

cocoCOCOcoco

Harry was boiling. He ran out of the castle without even thinking where he was heading to and finally found himself sitting on one of his favourite spots next to the lake. Why would his mother be so mean? After all they had experienced together in the past? Moreover, how and when was he going to buy his Christmas presents? The only present he already had, was a present for Ginny. As he hadn’t been able to go to Hogsmeade once until now, he had asked his sister to bring him a catalogue of the jewellers shop in Hogsmeade, where he owl ordered Ginny’s present. It was a beautiful magical watch with two arrows, one for Ginny and one for Harry, who had bought the counter piece for himself. With the two watches they would be able to communicate at any time and everywhere, they just had to say the other’s name to the watch, and the arrows would change into the face of the person called. However, he didn’t have any other presents yet. Should he mail the shops and ask for catalogues? Oh, he should have asked Julia, but that was too late; he had seen her leaving the castle earlier. However, Christmas would be in three days. What would he be going to do? Suddenly he remembered the day before Christmas in his first year in the past, the day he vanished the Dementors; he had just flashed to Hogsmeade – but he couldn’t flash, he couldn’t use so much magic yet; he had suffered enough after the full moon’s night. He really started to panic, having difficulties to breathe. ‘Oh no’, he thought, I have to calm down. He closed his eyes for a moment, leaning back into the tree behind him, and was soon pulled into a new memory.

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*It had to be Harry’s second or third Christmas; he was so little... Harry was lying under the Christmas tree, with his hands stretched out reaching for the presents, which were neatly piled under the tree. He emerged with a big box he could hardly handle by himself, went to Severus and said,*

*“A pwesent fow Hawwy Dad; can you hep me to opun it pwease.” Severus laughed at his son and helped him to open the package revealing a toddler’s potions kit. Harry laughed joyfully and said proudly,*

*“Hawwy now making poshuns like daddy,” placed the cauldron to the side, began to dig the ingredients out of their boxes, and threw them all in at the same time, so that the ingredients exploded with a ‘bang’ and were magiced back into their boxes. Lily smiled fondly at her cute boy and suggested,*

*“Maybe you ask Daddy to show you how to brew potions sometime; he is very good at it!”*

*“But don’t ask Granny or Granddad; they are not good at potions,” Severus warned his son ignoring the glares Minerva and Albus were throwing into his direction. Lily was just wondering where Harry had gone – wouldn’t he want to open his other presents? – When he returned, he had one thumb in his mouth, the other hand busily cuddling his stuffed dragon and at the same time managing to hold a book. He went over to Minerva and climbed onto her lap saying,*

*“Gwanny, pwease, can you weed de book fow Hawwy? De one wif de dagon and Hawwy pwease.”*

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With that, Harry was back to the lake, wincing, because his head hurt so much. *What was it about this book?* It was already at least the third memory he had, in which exactly this same book had appeared. He would have to ask Marina if it still existed. But first, he had to wait for his headache to recede. He leaned back again and closed his eyes; not noticing that it had softly begun to snow.

## Chapter 8 – Christmas Memories and the Cure

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After a few minutes, Harry was pulled into another memory.

*Toddler Harry, maybe a little older than in the memory before, about two and a half years old, climbed up into Severus' lap, thumb in the mouth and his dragon in the other hand, and asked,*

*"Daddy, do you fink Santa will bwing a pwesent fow Hawwy?" Severus apparently had to think about that, but eventually asked back,*

*"Do you think you have been a good boy this year? Always been nice to Mummy, hmm?" This time obviously Harry had to consider it for a while but finally answered sincerely,*

*"No, not always nice to Mummy, when Mummy was not nice to Hawwy, but Hawwy has been nice to Juia and Daddy; Hawwy a wittle good boy wif year, and Hawwy will be wewy good next year."*

Harry, who as usual had really enjoyed the memory, was horrified to be back in the cold snowy grounds with a head threatening to explode and chattering teeth. 'Oh no', he thought, 'it has begun to snow. I have to head back when I don't want to spend the next few months in the Hospital wing.' He slowly tried to get up but gave up because he felt dizzy and rather transformed into Icicle to flash back into his room, where he stayed in his phoenix form and huddled under the blankets on this bed. He remained like this for quite a while, until suddenly his door was flung open and Julia entered the room and came to place a box of chocolate frogs on Harry's pillow. While Harry lazily moved his head into her direction, the slight movement drew her eyes over to him. She let out a short cry, and Severus, who had heard her, rushed into the room, looking very distressed.

cocoCOCOcoco

"Julia, what's wrong?" Severus asked worriedly, and Julia pointed to Icicle.



“Look, Dad, Harry is here!” Severus looked in Harry’s direction, and a very relieved expression hushed over his face. He automatically extended his hand in front of Icicle’s feet, and soon two warm bird’s feet slowly climbed up his arm until they reached his shoulder. Severus slowly moved his other hand to pet the phoenix before he asked,

“Is everything alright, my son?” The phoenix gave him a short nod and did not protest, when Severus walked out of the room. “Please Julia, fire-call Albus and ask him to announce that Harry is safely home and they can stop the search.” A minute later Dumbledore’s announce could be heard around the castle, and it took only a few more minutes for Lily to rush into their quarters, with Minerva and Marina in tow. Lily visibly relaxed when she saw Harry, but asked sternly,

“Harry, what were you thinking? When you didn’t appear for lunch, everyone started to search the castle for you until now. Where did you go, and why don’t you transform back, so that everyone can talk to you?”

#I am sorry, mom, I did not realize it was so late.#

“Late? It is nearly time for dinner! In fifteen minutes everyone will arrive to have dinner,” Lily said, not being able to hide that she was at least a bit upset. Harry apologized again.

#I am really sorry, mom, I somehow lost track of time; I don’t know why.# Severus was looking inquiringly at Lily, and she translated what Harry had said and ordered him to change back. Severus took Harry over to his room and carefully put him back onto the bed.

“Harry, please change back. If you are afraid of memories, don’t worry, I can give you the potion, please just transform back for me.” He looked pleadingly at Harry who could not resist his father’s glance and changed back to his human form, but he was cold and quickly hid under the pile of blankets on his bed. Severus sat next to him, worriedly eying his son’s shivering form. Sighing he checked on him and urged him to drink two potions, before he said,

"Harry, you may stay here in bed until dinner starts in ten minutes. By then you should feel better and have to join us; alright?" Harry nodded and closed his eyes, only to see the next memory.

*Little Harry was sitting in his favourite spot on the sofa, and he was wearing the same clothes as in the memory Harry had seen just before – probably it had to be later the same day?! Harry was watching Lily and Minerva putting ornaments on the Christmas tree. Suddenly Severus joined them and handed Lily a box and, noticing her questioning look, explained,*

*"I met James at Dumbledore's office, and he gave me the box. These seem to be ornaments Harry made when you spent Christmas with the Potters." Lily hurried to open the box and glanced at the ornaments in awe. She took one into her hands and carefully gave it to Severus.*

*"Look, Severus, he even made one for you!" Severus examined the beautiful golden bauble with an image of his snake on it and handed it over to Minerva who asked bewildered,*

*"Harry made this? Are you sure? This is very professional transfiguration, and I don't know anyone who would be able to do this apart from Albus and myself." At this stage, little Harry had stood up from the sofa and toddled over to the box and had taken one of the baubles in his hands. Lily gasped and said*

*"Oh no, Harry, don't break it; please give it to Mummy!" Harry shook his head and countered,*

*"No, Mummy, dis is Hawwy's bawl, I want it." Minerva, who had watched the scene, said,*

*"Come Harry, sit on the sofa with Granny and show Granny the beautiful bauble, right?" Harry nodded eagerly and toddled over to the sofa, while he was carefully gripping the ornament.*

*"Wook, Gwanny, a bawdy like Fawkes; dat's wewy pwetty! Hawwy wants to put Hawwy's ball to de twee, pwease Gwanny." Minerva agreed, and Harry very carefully put the ornament with the ice phoenix onto the Christmas tree.*

Harry did not have time to relax, as he was thrown from one memory into the next.

*Harry was together with his parents, great grandparents and baby sister Julia, unwrapping presents on Christmas day. Harry beamed at the huge teddy bear Santa had given him for Christmas, hugged him fiercely and told him,*

*“I’ll call you ‘Tapp’.” Then he put him on his favourite seat on the sofa, before he went to fetch ‘his’ phoenix ornament from the Christmas tree in order to show it to his Teddy.*

*“Look Tapp, let me show you my Christmas ball,” he shouted and ran across the room only to fall over Julia who had been eagerly crawling the floor. Harry crashed onto the floor, his ornament shattered in many pieces. Everyone was shocked but did not react, waiting for Harry’s reaction. Harry was stunned, so it seemed, but after a few seconds he visibly concentrated on the broken pieces, which moved and put themselves together, so that after about a minute the beautiful bauble was whole again as if it was new. Very carefully, he toddled over to his bear, showed him the bauble and took it back to the tree immediately after.*

Harry groaned and wondered if he had to watch the memories of all sixteen Christmas, when he was again pulled into the next.

*An about four year old Harry was sitting in the living room next to the Christmas tree, together with Anna and toddler Julia, while their parents were talking in front of the fireplace. Harry was busily opening presents, when Julia came to him with a wrapped present and whined,*

*“Hawwy, can you open de pwesent fow Juia pwease?” Harry smiled fondly at his little sister and said,*

*“Sure, Julia, give it to me. Look, it is a book! Wow, another one of the ‘Harry-series’, isn’t it? It is called ‘Harry and the basilisk’ – wow!” Julia’s eyes glanced with joy.*

*“Hawwy, can you weed de book fow Juia pwease?” Harry laughed and pulled his sister onto his lap and read the book to her, stuttering*

*a bit, but Julia seemed to be happy with her brother's reading capabilities. Suddenly Anna appeared next to Harry and said,*

*"Harry, do you know..."*

Harry was suddenly pulled out of the memory. He gasped and leaned back into his cushion. *What happened? What was Anna going to ask?*

"Harry, are you alright?" he heard his mother's voice near by. He shook his head, because he felt cold and achy, but before he could even open his eyes, he was thrown into the next memory.

*A six year old Harry was sitting near a huge Christmas tree in the Great Hall at a children's table, next to him were his sister Julia and his friend Anna. Their parents and great grandparents were sitting near by at the Head table, and the house tables were full with students and their parents as well as other guests who Harry could identify as members of the Order of the Phoenix. Dumbledore rose to speak.*

*"Dear students, dear guests. Welcome to our 'Demise of Voldemort's 10 year Anniversary Party' AKA 'Special Christmas Party 1986'. Exactly ten years ago our own student Harry Pane vanquished the Dark Lord, and since then we have been living in peace – let us keep this up! But now, please tuck in!" Harry frowned – he had not understood anything about what his grandfather had said. After a look at his sister and his friend, who were already eating the delicacies Dobby had brought for them, he started to push around the food on his plate, until Minerva sat in an empty chair next to him and began to feed him. Harry let Minerva do this for a while, before he said in a very upset voice,*

*"It's alright, Granny. I am not hungry any more. Who is this Harry Pain, and who is this Lord? Is Harry the one who fought the dragon and the basilisk? And is the lord the one with the red eyes I see in my dreams so often?" Minerva smiled fondly at her great grandson and said,*

*"Harry, you are a very clever boy, and I am looking forward to the time when you will understand everything!"*

Harry groaned, sneezed and lazily opened his eyes. His parents were both sitting on the edge of his bed, watching him worriedly. Severus helped him to sit up and handed him two potions, before he asked,

“Harry, what is wrong? Have you been seeing memories for hours now? Can you tell me what they were about?” Lily nodded and added,

“Do you feel better now, Harry?” Harry sighed and mumbled,

“Lots of memories, all about Christmas. Little bit better now, thanks.”

“Harry, do you want me to give you a Dreamless sleep potion? I think you need it, don’t you?” Harry nodded and gave his father a grateful look, before he gulped down the potion. He was asleep within seconds.

When he woke up, he felt as if he had caught a bad cold the day before. He saw, that his father was sleeping next to him and suddenly felt very happy to have someone who cared enough about him to be there for him all the time, even during the night. While he was still considering waking Severus to ask for a potion, he fell into another new memory.

*Harry was much bigger than in the other memories, about fourteen he could guess from the age of Marina, who seemed to be about three years old. All the people, who were staying during the winter holidays – about the same people who were staying this year –, were heading out into the snow. His great grandfather shouted,*

*“Let the fight begin!” Harry spent a joyful time in the snow, busily throwing snowballs at Julia and Anna, until Lily suddenly yelled,*

*“Has anybody seen Marina?” In fact, nobody had seen her after they had started the snowball fight, and now a feverish search started, which continued for several hours, until Remus finally found her fast asleep, lying in a kind of crib, which Hagrid had put near his hut to feed animals. Very relieved they stopped the search, and Harry suddenly noticed how cold it really was.*

Slowly his foggy mind found its way back into a state of half-consciousness. Far away, he could hear a voice he recognized as Poppy's saying,

"How could he get such a bad cold? Too bad Pepper-up doesn't work; you will have to brew the potion you made for him a few years ago, Severus."

"Harry, can you open your eyes for a moment?" his father's voice penetrated his ear, and he tried to obey, but he could not open his eyes; instead was drawn into another memory.

*Little Harry was about two years old, maybe a little younger. He was lying in the middle of his parents' bed, his parents on each side of him, cuddling with him, because he had a bad cold. They thought he was asleep, but in fact, he only had his eyes closed, because the light was too bright, and was listening to what his parents were talking. Lily said to Severus in a relieved voice,*

*"Look at him Severus; he is so tiny and even if he feels unwell, he is such a happy child. However, if he had not changed the future some years ago, I would already be dead and he had to suffer just on his own with my hateful sister, and you would be all alone as well. I am so happy that he managed to change everything."* Severus noticed the tears, which were forming in her eyes, leaned over Harry and kissed his wife fondly, before he said,

*"I am glad too, Lily, I love you both very much."* At this moment, Harry slowly opened his eyes and croaked hoarsely,

*"Hawwy loves Mummy and Daddy wewwy much, too."*

When he came back to reality, he felt exactly like his smaller version had felt in the memory, but before he even could get a glance of his parents, a new memory overcame him. Harry spent the whole next week in memories. The moments between the memories were too short to talk to someone; until Harry had gathered himself enough to face reality, his break used to be over. Sometimes he noticed someone holding his head up to feed him a potion or chicken broth, but the upcoming memories were too strong to resist.

cocoCOCOcoco

The first time Harry was awake for an adequate time to be lucid enough to open his eyes, his mother was sitting next to him, reading something. Harry tried to sit up and said,

“Hi Mom.” Lily was so startled, that she nearly jumped off the bed, and leaned forward to pull Harry into a big hug.

“Good morning Harry! Here, quickly drink this.” She handed him his lemon potion. “Now you should have a few hours without memories. Harry gulped it down, sighed very relieved and said,

“That’s what I needed, thanks.”

“Sorry, but we couldn’t give it to you like the other potions, because Dad insisted that you had to be conscious for this one.”

“Alright, Mom, thank you. Em... what day is it?” Lily sighed. She had been looking forward to the first Christmas after his return for a long time, but...

“Today is the 1st of January, Harry.” Harry nearly jumped.

“WHAT? You mean...? Really?”

At this moment, Severus walked in, saying, “I see. As eloquent as ever; not even the many memories could help with that!” Lily gave him a reproachful look, and Harry glared at his father. Severus sneered at them. “Harry, I know, you have been asleep or otherwise busy with memories for about ten days, but your cold has gone in the meanwhile, and you managed to get around Christmas without buying any Christmas presents; but nevertheless you have many presents waiting for you to open. Then he pulled a phial from his robe and held it to Harry. “Harry, I want you to try this out; I don’t know if it will work however...”

Harry threw a confused glance at his father. “What is it?” Severus smiled and said,

“This is something I have been researching for about eighteen years. If it works as it should, it is a first kind of cure for your immune system. However, it is only the first version, and you have to take it once every day, but if it works, I will try to come up with something you only have to take sporadically. Now, I don’t think it will vanish the problems you have after getting a new memory completely, but it should help with them as well. Anyway, your immune system should work better now, so that your fevers will not get so high, and that you won’t get a cold every time you leave the castle.” Harry smiled gratefully and gulped down the potion.

“Bah..., yuck... Can’t you do something about the taste?” he asked shuddering. His parents laughed.

By the time the other students and teachers returned from their holidays, Harry had taken his new potion for a week and was doing much better. Although he still had to view many memories and still had to fight against headaches accompanied with slight fevers afterwards, the after effects were far from how bad they had been. When school started on Monday morning, Harry went to breakfast to the Great Hall with the intention of starting to fulfil his duties as Assistant to the Transfigurations teacher completely.

“Harry!” he heard Ginny say, when she slipped into the seat next to Harry. “I missed you so much; how are you?” Harry nervously took a glance around and whispered to his girlfriend,

“Ginny, I need to meet you alone. Can you come to my room tonight after Quidditch practise? I want to give you my Christmas present; sorry, I was ill over Christmas; therefore I couldn’t send it.” Ginny smiled lovingly at her boyfriend; after spending two weeks of wondering why he had not sent anything for her, nor for her brother for Christmas, this apology brought a huge relief.

“Of course, Harry, no problem” she said, before Harry was pulled in a talk by Anna, who was sitting at his other side.

cocoCOCOcoco



After he spent the whole morning assisting his grandmother to teach younger students Transfiguration, Minerva motioned him to stay for a moment before going to lunch.

“Harry, you seem much better. I guess the potion your father invented helped?” Harry nodded and replied,

“Yes, it helps a lot, and I intend to start assisting with the grading too. I am just not too sure about the afternoon classes, because I will probably get memories in the afternoon. And I also would appreciate if I could do the grading at home.” Minerva watched him thoughtfully for a moment, before she said,

“Alright Harry. What do you think about this? You assist in the morning and take some of the papers to grade with you for the afternoon; and if you are well enough, we will meet after dinner, either at your home or in my office, to talk about it.” Harry thought for a moment, before he replied,

“Alright, Granny, that sounds good. And if I, for some reason, don’t make it for dinner, I will ask Mom or Dad to hand you the parchments; would that be okay?” Minerva smiled at him and said,

“Of course, Harry, don’t worry. If I can help it, I won’t give you things to grade, which I need the next morning. And if I need anything, I know where to find you.” Harry thought for a moment and added,

“The only problem is, that I am still the team captain and have to attend Quidditch practise, if I am able to. At the moment, I am not allowed to attend anyway, but maybe in a few weeks time. Could we meet directly afterwards then?” Minerva nodded and replied,

“Yes, of course; but we can change anything if we need to; no problem.” She gave Harry the pack of parchments she had just collected and added, “This is the first years’ homework; would you mind starting with this?”

“Of course not, Granny, but you can give me more; I’ll probably manage to do another bunch.”

“No, Harry, definitely not; I don’t want you to do more than this; at least not until you are fully recovered. Let’s go down to the Great Hall and see if we still can get some lunch.” Harry nodded and followed his grandmother down the stairs. As soon as Harry sat down at Merlin table and started to load food onto his plate, his mother came over and asked,

“Harry, why are you so late? Is everything okay?” She seemed to be very concerned, and Harry felt sorry for his parents having to worry so much about him. He smiled at Lily and said,

“Yes, Mom, everything is fine. I only had a talk with Granny about how to proceed with afternoon classes, grading etc.” Lily looked appalled and countered,

“Harry, you are not allowed to do any afternoon classes; you have to spend the afternoon in our quarters!” Harry sighed.

“Yes, Mom, I know that. Granny told me the same, and I will do some grading during the afternoon and have a talk with her daily after dinner, either in her office or in my room.” Lily seemed a little relieved and said,

“Alright, Harry; I’ll talk to her and ask her to come to our place in the evening if she doesn’t mind. Now eat your lunch and head back to our quarters with Granddad and Marina please.” Harry sighed and nodded smilingly at his mother. Back into their quarters, Harry proceeded to his own room immediately, which made Marina very upset. However, as Harry didn’t know when the memories would start, he wanted to finish the grading as soon as possible. Unfortunately, Marina could not – or was it more of not wanting to – understand his reasons for not playing with her. About an hour into his grading, he was thrown into the first memory.

*An about twelve year old Harry was having Quidditch practise with the Merlin team, and a Gryffindor first year student, Colin Creevy, was taking photographs of him and his team colleagues, when suddenly a mountain troll escaped from the forest directly behind Colin. Harry’s seeker’s eyes spotted him first, and Harry raced to where he saw a Bludger, grabbed it out of the air and flew down to the troll who in the meanwhile had started to attack Colin. Fortunately,*

*when he threw the Bludger at the troll, it hit him in the head, so that the troll dropped down like a stone. Before he could even think about getting up once again, one of the beaters had thrown another Bludger onto the troll, which hit him directly in the face. Colin came away from the troll with only a broken arm, and Harry just had a few broken ribs from his crash into the Bludger, which he happily endured considering the 100 points that Merlin had been awarded for saving an other student's life.*

He left his room to get his strawberry potion, and as Albus instructed him to lie down for a while, he lay down on the sofa, inviting his sister to join him and tell him a story. Needless to say, that he was well entertained, until he felt fit to continue with the grading an hour later. When he was finished, Marina and Harry managed to talk their grandfather into going for a walk around the lake. When they had just surrounded the lake, Harry suddenly remembered something.

## Chapter 9 – Animagi and Nightmares

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“Granddad, do you think we could go over to Hagrid’s hut, just for a moment? I would like to take the Runespoor with me; I had left it there all the time, because I was ill; but now I should go and get it I suppose.”

“No problem, Harry, we have still time enough until dinner, so why not? Do your parents know that you are going to take the Runespoor home? Wouldn’t it be better to check this with your mother?” Harry frowned; maybe Dumbledore was right.

“Yes, Granddad, maybe you are right; my mother is quite strict; I would never have thought that father could be easier to get along with than mom. Alright then; maybe I should head back to our quarters with Marina to wash this little piggy a bit before dinner.” Albus frowned and shook his head.

“Oh, don’t call her that Harry; she’s like a little angel, isn’t she?” Harry snorted.

*cocoCOCOcoco*

He had just finished his evening discussion with Minerva and had sat down on his favourite space in front of the fireplace to have tea with his parents and his grandmother, when Ginny arrived. Harry immediately excused himself and pulled Ginny over to his own room.

“Ginny, I am really sorry for not sending your present; although yours was the only present I had bought at all this time.”

“What happened?”

“I was thrown from one memory vision into the next and in fact missed ten days from three days before Christmas until the 1st of January. But everything is alright now; so let me give you your present.” He handed Ginny a beautifully wrapped present and waited patiently for her to open it, until he explained how it worked. Ginny was stunned.

“Oh, Harry, that’s beautiful; thank you very much!” She gave Harry a kiss and leaned happily into Harry’s arms, when suddenly Lily knocked at his door, came in and said,

“Ginny, curfew starts in five minutes. You may, once again, go through my office.” The two teens were more than surprised. *How could the time have past so quickly?* Harry accompanied his girlfriend through the office until the entrance of Merlin house, where they separated with a good night kiss and the promise to test the watches later in the evening.

cocoCOCOcoco

A few days later was the first full moon of the year, and on Friday night the Marauders gathered again in the forest. This time James and Sirius had thought of several games they could play together in their animagus forms. For the second part of the night, they had planned a party – James had brought a huge picnic basket. However, suddenly, without any warning, a heavy thunderstorm started and before they knew it, they were soaking wet.

“Quickly, grab everything and let’s head back to our quarters, we can continue the party there,” Severus shouted and they quickly packed everything back in James’ basket. Harry thought for a moment and said,

“I can flash three of you and come back for the others if you want me to.” Severus and Lily frowned, but James said,

“Alright Harry, flash Remus and your parents; Sirius and I are fast enough on your own; we will meet at your quarters.” Harry quickly transformed and flashed to his own room at home, as to not give his great grandparents a big fright – which they got anyway, when Severus, Lily, Harry and Remus emerged soaking wet from Harry’s room.

“I’m sorry; I didn’t want to give you a fright; that’s why I flashed us into my room,” Harry said. “Thank you Granny,” he turned to Minerva who had cast a drying spell on him. They spent the rest of the night holding their picnic in the Snapes’ living room, talking, eating and drinking, until it was time for breakfast. This time, Severus noticed,

Harry did not get a cold from being outside during the night although he had been soaking wet – his potion must be working properly!

cocoCOCOcoco

As usual, the family lunchtime on Sunday, emerged as Harry's memory vision time.

*An about six year old Harry was walking around Diagon Alley with his father. After visiting the apothecary, Harry begged Severus to have a look at Flourish and Blotts to get a new book for Julia.*

*"Please, Daddy; I always have to read the same story to her about Harry and the dragon; maybe we can find some other story about a dragon?" Severus laughed.*

*"Do you know that this was your favourite book as well? But a book is always a good idea; so let's have a look." They ended buying a potions book for toddlers, both of them being very proud of their good choice.*

*"Alright, Harry, let's go to the Leaky Cauldron and floo home," Severus said, and, when they arrived at the Leaky Cauldron, he advised "say 'The Snapes' place, Hogwarts', Harry. You go first." Harry threw the floo powder in and repeated, what his father had said, finishing with a coughing fit, caused by the inhaling of the floo powder. When he fell out of the fireplace and opened his eyes again, which he had closed during the travel, he was in a completely unknown place. 'Where am I?' he thought frantically, tears in his eyes.*

*'Where was he? What was he going to do? Could he just jump into the floo and try to get off at the correct end this time? But where would he find floo powder?' Harry was still wondering what to do, when suddenly the door to the room opened and someone came in. Frightfully looking at the person, he suddenly recognized her – his grandmother, Eileen Prince. She gave him an astonished glance and smiled.*

*"Hello Harry, what are you doing here? Severus did not say you were coming. What a nice visit – come, let us have some tea."*

Here the memory ended. Harry didn't know if he should be glad to be out of the memory, or if he should regret, that the memory ended here, because he wanted to see more of his grandmother. He downed the potion his father offered him, and went to lie down on the sofa to rest for a while. When the whole family gathered in front of the fireplace, he asked Severus,

"Dad, I just had a memory vision about your mother. Could you tell me a bit about her, please?" Severus sighed.

"Yes, Harry, I know you haven't met her since you are back, and I am sure we can arrange something in case you want to meet her. Normally she always visits us for Christmas, but last Christmas we cancelled all our appointments due to certain family reasons..." Harry blushed and felt sorry for his family.

"I'm very sorry for you, that you had to cancel things you were looking forward to just because of me." Lily sat next to him, hugged him and said,

"Harry, we would never think so. On the contrary, if you had not gone to the past to change everything, neither my daughters nor I would even be alive! Therefore, there is no need to be sorry for having problems because of going to the past. Believe me; we won't forget so easily what you have done for all of us." Harry got up and excused himself,

"Sorry, I have to go to my room; I must do some grading, until granny comes after dinner."

"No!" his two sisters shouted at the same time, and Julia added,

"I had hoped you could help me with my Transfiguration homework?!" Harry sighed and answered,

"Julia, I will do that, but first I have to do what is my work. I don't know if I'll be able to work the whole afternoon, or if I will be disturbed by memories, so I really have to do this first. When the grading is finished, I will help you." Julia pouted for a short while but agreed.

cocoCOCOcoco

After his discussion with Minerva about the third years' homework and the lesson plan for the next day, Minerva told him, "I would like to ask you something, Harry. When I correctly remember, you learned by yourself to become an animagus, and you also taught your parents to become animagi; is that correct?" Harry laughed and replied,

"Yes, in fact – now Lily and Severus are my parents. It's too funny!" Minerva smiled as well and said,

"Anyway, what I have thought about... I would like you to teach the seventh years how to become an animagus. I am fully aware that there will probably be only one or two of them, who will really manage to become one, but I think you will be a very good teacher for them. Would you be willing to take the seventh years' class over until the Easter holidays? I know this is probably not enough time, but after the holidays, they have to start to prepare for their NEWTs, so they won't have more time, at least not during their lessons." Harry thought for a moment and said,

"Alright, Granny. I will try to teach them. Do you think we should ask Dad, if he could let them brew the animagus potion? Or should I just brew a batch for all of them?" Minerva stood up.

"Let's go and ask Severus about the potion. Wait – there is one seventh year's class on Wednesday afternoon; you cannot take that, so either I have to do it, or we have to give them a free period and hold the lesson on a different day." Harry sighed and said,

"As long as there are no Quidditch games, I do not mind teaching on Saturdays or Sundays, but when we have a Quidditch match, I have to play."

"I don't think there are any matches scheduled between now and the Easter holidays – there are only six weeks anyway."

*cocoCOCOcoco*

Suddenly Harry fell into another memory.



*Five-year old Harry was sitting on the sofa, cuddling his stuffed dragon and reading a book to his little sister Julia. Albus was listening to them, while Minerva was grading parchments. Suddenly a white owl approached Harry and sat on the side of the sofa, just next to him.*

*#My, such a good boy – reading books to your little sister,# it said. Harry shifted in his seat, unsure about how to react, and looked questioningly at his great grandparents. While his grandmother was watching interested, Albus nodded and said,*

*“You can understand the owl, can’t you?” Harry nodded solemnly, but Julia answered,*

*“No, owls cannot say somefing, de owl onwy make stwange noise gwanddad.” Harry shook his head.*

*“No, Julia; the owl was talking to me.” Minerva looked at them and explained,*

*“Harry, Julia, there are people who can understand birds like Granddad and Harry, but most people like Julia and Granny cannot understand them. Just like Granddad and Harry can understand Fawkes. However, look at the owl – can you notice something strange about it?” Both children observed the owl eagerly but could not detect anything apart from the fact that it was beautiful and that it somehow felt familiar to them. Harry looked at Minerva enquiringly, and suddenly the owl flew down to the floor and changed... into his mom! Julia immediately clinched to Harry starting to cry, and Harry tried to calm her, although he felt very uncomfortable as well.*

*“Now, Julia, it’s okay, that’s mom. She can transform into an animal – isn’t that great?!” Lily came over and sat down on Julia’s other side.*

*“Yes, Harry, Julia, I am an animagus – your dad and your grandparents are animagi as well. Maybe if you ask them, they will transform for you.”*

*Harry moaned a little, until he remembered being together with his grandmother, who was watching him worriedly. He smiled at Minerva and said,*

“These memories are always funny. Mom showed herself to us as an owl, when I was about five years old. Anyway, shall we go to the sitting room and have some tea?”

Severus was sitting at the table grading homework, while Marina was running around after a stuffed chicken, which Lily had charmed to run away from her daughter. Harry and Minerva proceeded to sit on the sofa, when Lily came out of her office, taking in Harry’s pale face and flashed cheeks.

“Harry, did you have a vision?” she asked concernedly. He nodded and gratefully took the phial Severus handed to him immediately. After gulping down the potion, he relaxed and asked,

“May I call Dobby to bring us tea?” Lily nodded and called Dobby herself, who came back after a minute with a huge plate of tea and biscuits. While they were enjoying their tea, Minerva explained to Lily and Severus, who had in the meantime laid his parchments aside that Harry would be going to teach the seventh years students to become animagi. His parents laughed and Severus commented,

“As he already has managed to teach Lily and me, I can’t see why he shouldn’t be able to teach a few dunderheads... Is my assumption correct, that you will need me to brew the animagus potion?” Minerva nodded and said,

“Harry suggested you let your seventh years brew it, but I don’t think they are all taking Potions.” Severus laughed again and countered,

“If I let these dunderheads brew the potions for themselves, they are likely to kill themselves with it. No, I will brew the potion, and maybe Harry can assist.”

*cocoCOCOcoco*

A few days later Harry took his seventh year class up to the room of requirement, which he had prepared, so that the students would be comfortable to transform with the help of the potion. First, he talked to the students.

“With this potion you will transform in an animal for a few minutes. If you manage to do the animagus transformation later on, you will become exactly the animal you will change into after drinking this potion. As we have a double lesson today, we do not have to do it at the same time, but have enough time to drink the potion and transform one after another, so that anyone else can watch. Please make yourself comfortable in your chairs and place your potion on the small table next to you. Before you take the potion, push the back of the chair down so that you will be able to lie down comfortably for the transformation, which might be a little painful.”

After two hours, everyone had transformed to an animal and back to human form. Many of them were stunned, others bustling with excitement because of the animal forms they had seen. Harry dismissed them saying,

“As homework please do some research about ‘your’ animal. I want a very thorough parchment with all interesting data about your animal. I don’t care how long your parchment is, but the information must be complete. Now, before I can dismiss you, I have to tell you something – please listen carefully.” When everyone looked at him, he continued, “The animagus transformation is very dangerous. As long as you not able to control it completely, you are not allowed to try to transform on your own. You only may try if either Professor McGonagall or I are with you, so that we can help in case you get into trouble. This is very important!

Furthermore, you will have a free period during your Transfiguration lesson on Wednesday afternoon; instead, we will meet on Saturday morning after breakfast. This has the advantage, that we have the whole morning to practise and don’t have to stop after an hour. Those of you who do not want to practise may leave after one hour, but let me tell you, that it will take quite a time until you will be able to transform properly, and our lessons will only continue until the Easter holidays, because after that you have to prepare for your NEWTs.”

“Professor,” a timid voice could be heard, “Are you an animagus as well? If yes, what is your form?” Harry laughed at this students, quickly transformed into Icicle and flashed to the other side of the

room. The room erupted in loud rumours, and many students were applauding. Harry quickly changed back and thanked the students.

“Professor,” another student asked, “What happens if we are not able to manage the transformation until the holidays? Will we have another chance to train with you?” Harry thought for a moment and replied,

“First of all, not each of you will manage at all, because it is very difficult and affords a lot of magic. If you at least manage to change some part of you and are sure you have enough time besides your studies, maybe we can continue to meet on Saturday or Sunday mornings, as long as there aren’t any Quidditch games involving one of my teams. I will ask Professor McGonagall about it, but I think we will be able to find a way to study your transformation together.”

cocoCOCOcoco

During the next two weeks, only two of his students were able to even partly transform into their animals – one Gryffindor girl managed to change her arms into the furry orange front legs of a cat, and one Slytherin boy was able to add his horse’s tail to his human form. Harry noticed that the others were quite frustrated and advised them,

“As I told you, this transformation is very difficult and only a few wizards are able to manage it at all. Don’t be frustrated, just try again, and if you really try hard and cannot change even a small part of you, then you have to forget it. However, at this stage it is much too early to give up. Now, when the weather continues to be fine, let us meet outside near the lake for our next lesson. Maybe for some of you it could be easier to try outside – I don’t know, but we can try anyhow.”

One afternoon, when he was just grading a third years’ test, he was pulled into a surprising memory vision.

*An about ten year old Harry was sitting on the sofa together with his mother, when the fireplace flared green and Albus’ head appeared in the flames.*

*“Lily, could you come to my office for a minute please? I would like to show you something,” he asked mischievously.*

*"May I come too, Granddad?" Harry asked immediately and his grandfather nodded.*

*"Of course Harry, I'll be waiting for you; password is 'Tutti-frutti'." Lily and Harry exchanged a glance and went up the stairs to the Headmaster's Office.*

*Dumbledore and McGonagall were awaiting them. Albus motioned to them to come around the desk and have a look in a book.*

*"What is this book?" Harry asked curiously. It was a huge book, and many names and dates, which looked like birthdays, were lined up in it.*

*"This, my dear boy," Dumbledore explained patiently, "is a book in which all magical children who are born in Great Britain are registered automatically. From time to time I have a look at the newborns just to know how many there are. But today I found a very interesting name among the newborns. Here is a girl, Violet Dursley, born two weeks ago." Lily gasped and said,*

*"Oh my, that must be Petunia's child. Mother had told me she was pregnant again, when she wrote to me last Christmas. Oh my, what will she do to the child when she gets to know that it is magical?" Harry, who couldn't see his mother worrying, hugged her fiercely and said,*

*"Mom, if they treat her badly, we will take her in, won't we?!" Lily smiled thankfully at her child and Minerva said,*

*"You are right Harry, we will do that."*

Harry was stunned and thought for the first time if all the memories he was watching were actually true. So far, everything had been very likely to occur, but this memory... No, he couldn't think properly, he had to get his potion first. He left his room and was immediately greeted by a much too energetic Marina, who was eagerly jumping around him. Ignoring her for the moment, he took the phial his grandfather held out, downed the potion quickly and went to the sofa to lie down for a while. Unfortunately, he fell asleep immediately in spite of Marina jumping up and down the sofa, and this time his sleep

was not as undisturbed as it had been the whole time after he came back from the past. Albus watched Harry thrashing around with a desperate look on his face and cold sweat forming on his forehead, until Marina said,

“Granddad, he is too warm again, I’ll go and get Mummy.” Albus sighed and motioned her to stay, saying,

“No, Marina, he is having a nightmare, but I will try to wake him up.” He sat on the edge of the sofa and shook Harry awake, who had just dreamed of enduring a beating by his uncle before being locked into the cupboard.

He nearly jumped when Albus shook him awake. “Hmm? I’m sorry, uncle, it will never happen again. I don’t know how I...”

“Harry,” his grandfather interrupted him, “Your uncle is not here, you are alright; everything is fine, Harry. Open your eyes, my boy.” Harry opened his eyes and clinched onto his grandfather, sobbing into his robe. When his sobs became less, Dumbledore asked him, “Harry, can you tell me what happened in your nightmare?” Harry frowned and said,

“I had done accidental magic, and my uncle punished me for it. It was a normal nightmare, which I had very often in my old time line. Since I have been in the past, I haven’t even had one of them, but today I saw a memory concerning the Dursleys, and that must have triggered it.”

“Oh my, that was a horrible dream then. Do you need a calming draught, or do you think you will be able to sleep again?” Dumbledore asked, taking in Harry’s flushed and shaken form.

“No, I’m fine. I have to get up and finish the grading anyway,” Harry answered, ignoring his grandfather’s protests, and went back to his desk, where he did not get much work done, until suddenly his father entered his room. He made him sit next to him on the bed and asked,

“Harry, Albus said you had a nightmare? Can you tell me what it was about?” Harry groaned and explained,

"It was a memory of the Dursleys. I had done accidental magic. I was late for the bus, because my aunt made me do so many chores, so that I left too late, and the bus departed in front of my eyes. Dudley had just succeeded to get on it and was laughing at me. So I just somehow managed to apparate me onto the bus next to Dudley, and he as well as my aunt saw it. Therefore, my uncle beat me with his belt and locked me into the cupboard for a week without food." Severus frowned and asked,

"Harry, do you often have a nightmare like this?" Harry shook his head.

"No, Dad. I had many of them in the old time line, and even sometimes in the past, but not very often. But since I have returned from the past, I have not had one of them." Harry sighed. His stomach was churning, and he was on the verge of throwing up. He had thought everything concerning the Dursleys belonged to his old time line, which he didn't have to consider any more. Had he been wrong? His father laid an arm around his shoulders trying to calm him. Severus scowled noticing the heat his son was radiating. Feeling his forehead, he confirmed that he was having a fever again.

"Harry, I want you to lie down in your bed and rest. I don't want you to do any more work today; is that clear?" Harry groaned and countered,

"No, Dad, I'm fine, and I need to finish the grading, before Granny comes." However, before they could discuss this any more, Harry was drawn into the next memory.

*An about three year old Harry was walking the grounds of Hogwarts together with his parents. All of them were wearing elegant muggle clothes, and Harry was wondering where they might be going.*

*"Where are we going, Mommy, Daddy?" Lily sighed.*

*"Harry, you know, my mother, who is your other Granny, has her birthday and will become 50 today. Normally we don't visit her, because she doesn't like magic people like us, but today we have to go. We will apparate now, so hold on to Daddy or me, Harry," Lily said and they were gone, only to reappear in a small street with muggle houses.*

*His grandmother greeted them very hesitantly and suggested for Harry to go and play with Dudley, his cousin, who was sitting in the garden, playing with blocks. Timidly he went out into the garden, sat next to his big cousin and said in a friendly voice,*

*“Hello, I am Harry; may I play with you?” Then he took one of the blocks in his hand in order to build a small castle. However, his big cousin jumped up to him and pulled the block out of his hand, knocking Harry over, and shouted,*

*“Stay away from my toys, you freak. I don’t play with freaks.” Harry got up from the floor shaking and went inside to sit on the sofa with his dad in order to read one of the books he had brought with him. Both his parents had watched the scene and voted to never bring Harry near Dudley again.*

As soon as Harry noticed that he was back to Hogwarts and opened his eyes, Severus handed him two potions, and he fell into a dreamless sleep within seconds.

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When he went to his first Transfiguration class in the next morning, he was still shaking inwardly. Fortunately, during the first lesson he was so busy helping the students to change a teddy bear into a different colour that he didn’t have time to think about his recent memories. However, when the last of the morning classes ended, Minerva motioned him to come over to her office. Before she could say anything, Harry apologized to her for not finishing the grading the day before and said,

“However, it is nearly finished, and I can take another pack of parchments with me to grade.” Minerva shook her head and answered,

“Harry, I would like you to go and see Poppy after lunch. Tell her about your memories and your nightmare. You know that she is a qualified psychologist, and I am quite sure that she will be able to help you to get over it much better than anyone else will. I will see you after dinner, alright?” Harry nodded and said,



“Yes, of course. Thank you, Granny.” After lunch, he told Albus where he was going and very reluctantly went to the Hospital Wing for his talk with Pomfrey.

## Chapter 10 – Retirements and Arrangements

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She made him sit down in her office and tell her everything about his memories as well as his nightmare he had the day before. Harry was surprised to notice how much it helped him to talk about the things he didn't even want to remember. After talking with Poppy for about an hour, he felt much better.

"Alright, Aunt Poppy, thanks for talking to me. It really helped a lot," he said, sending a grateful smile to Pomfrey, who ruffled his black hair and sighed.

"Harry, you know that you can come anytime. I am always here for you to listen. Now, I will accompany you to your quarters." They were just about to leave, when Ron and Hermione entered the Hospital Wing. Harry followed Madam Pomfrey out of her office to his two friends. Ron was spiking green boils on his right arm, and Hermione explained that a potion they had just been brewing had swapped over his arm. It only took Poppy two minutes to heal Ron's arm, because the boils already began to fade as soon as she put the healing cream on the arm.

"Alright, you may return to your class," she said and turned to Harry, when Hermione suddenly asked,

"Oh please, Madam Pomfrey, we didn't have a chance to talk to Harry in months; could we perhaps stay for a few minutes and talk to Harry?" Pomfrey frowned and glanced at Harry, who was looking at her pleadingly.

"Alright," she agreed, "until this lesson is over. Harry, you can take your friends over to your room if you wish." Harry nodded and motioned to his friends to follow him.

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"Harry, I haven't seen you at all except from Transfiguration class; how are you?" Hermione asked immediately. Harry sighed and replied,

"I am fine. In the morning, I assist McGonagall with the classes, and in the afternoon, I am grading papers. As I am still getting memories back, I normally have to stay in our quarters. And in the evening I have discussions with McGonagall, before Ginny comes to stay until curfew. Therefore, there is really no time to go and meet you. However, perhaps you could come and visit me when you have a free period in the afternoon?" Hermione frowned and asked,

"Do you think we will be allowed to come to the teachers' quarters to visit you?" Harry gave her an annoyed glance and said,

"As I am living there at the moment, yes, of course." A few seconds later, he was pulled into a memory.

*An about twelve year old Harry was sitting in Potions class, Anna to his left, Ron and Hermione to his right side. Suddenly Harry noticed that Ron whom he was watching while brewing his own potion was starting to stir clockwise, which he knew was wrong.*

*"Ron," he hissed, "you must stir counter clockwise!" He had not noticed that his father was standing behind them and nearly fell from his chair, startled, when he heard the teacher's voice.*

*"Mr. Snape-Dumbledore, I already told you before to concentrate on your own potion." A few minutes later Harry saw that Ron was going to put the wrong ingredient in and could not refrain from whispering,*

*"Ron! No! The eggs first."*

*This time his father was really fed up and said, "Mr. Snape-Dumbledore, this is the third time that you disturb this lesson. Detention with me at 7 o'clock tonight."*

When Harry came back to reality, his friends were watching him worriedly. "Harry, are you alright?" Hermione asked him anxiously and Harry nodded, before he went over to Pomfrey's office to get his potion. She ordered him to lie down on his bed and didn't even reprimand Hermione and Ron to go to their classes, when they immediately sat down on both sides of him. They spent the next hours talking, until Harry fell into the next memory.

*Harry and his friends were about 14 years old. He, Anna and Ginny met with Ron and Hermione in front of the huge Entrance Door. It was dark outside, and they tried to be as quiet as possible, because it was already after curfew. Harry was carrying a huge basket filled with butterbeer and other delicacies Dobby had given him. They went over to the lake and had a nightly picnic, which was great fun and ended with Harry falling into the lake. Harry swam back to the edge immediately and told his friends,*

*“Come in for a bath; it’s great in here!” They didn’t even have to think about it – taking their robes off, the other four followed Harry into the lake for a swim, which they enjoyed greatly, until suddenly a tall figure towered over the edge of the lake saying,*

*“If you are sure that you are clean enough, please get off the lake, dry yourselves and return to your dormitories, before anyone notices your absence.” With this, the tall figure retired in the direction of the entrance door. It didn’t take them more than two minutes to do as they had been told, and nobody spoke a word until Ron stated,*

*“That was your father, Harry.” Harry nodded mischievously and they walked back to the castle giggling and chattering.*

While Harry was watching the memory, Hermione had gone to call Poppy, who gave him another strawberry potion and motioned him to stay where he was. After a glance on his watch, Harry told her, “I am sorry, Aunt Poppy, but I have to return to our quarters, because I have to finish the grading, which I couldn’t finish yesterday.” Pomfrey only scowled at him and said,

“No, Harry. You will stay here at least until dinner. I will speak to Minerva about it.” Ron laughed at Harry.

“It’s alright, Harry, we are going to stay with you. Tell us more about your old time line and the time you spent in the past. We want to hear everything.” Hermione nodded her consent.

They talked until Lily came looking for Harry shortly before dinnertime and took him back to their quarters for dinner, after Ron and Hermione promised to visit him, whenever they had a free period in the afternoon. During the last weeks, Lily had been taking turns with

Severus, so that one of them could always have dinner at home with Harry and Marina. Harry ate his dinner very quickly and went back to his grading immediately afterwards, so that he had just finished the last parchment, when Minerva entered their quarters. Harry sighed inwardly; he would have finished earlier if the thought about something he wanted to discuss with his grandmother had not been popping up all the time.

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After they had discussed everything concerning the tests, which Harry had been grading and his animagus classes, Harry asked his grandmother,

“Granny, I am sorry, but I have to ask you something about Quidditch.” She nodded and looked at him expectantly, so he continued, “Have I been organizing tournaments with Beauxbatons and Durmstrang in the last years?” Minerva sighed. She was not supposed to talk to Harry about it, was she? He had to get his memories back on his own. But if she didn’t tell him, he wouldn’t be able to fix appointments before the end of the school year. Reluctantly she replied,

“I am sorry, Harry, for not replying immediately. You know, that I am not supposed to tell you anything, but that you have to get your memories back on your own. But I will tell you concerning the tournament, because it is time to arrange everything. Yes, since you have invented the tournament, we have had it every year except from two or three times, and it has always been organized here at Hogwarts and has taken place here at our school. Therefore, I would appreciate if you could organize it as well for this year. You should have the names of the people you always approached at Beaubatons and Durmstrang, although I don’t know where you have this kind of information – maybe you should have a thorough look through your drawers. You have been Quidditch captain for the Hogwarts team for more than two years now, so you have already organized the tournament twice – or even three times when you count the first one in the past.” Harry sighed and said,

“Oh, in this case, it is good that we talked about it; otherwise I would not have known. Tonight I will have a look at my desk, and I hope that I will be able to find some data about whom to contact. I know that I have taken copies of the whole conversation with the other schools in the past, but I don’t know if I did that in this time line. Maybe I should talk to Julia about it. She once told me that I always shared my strategies and everything else about the Quidditch teams with her.” Minerva nodded.

“Then it would be the best to ask your sister apart from looking into your drawers. I will leave you to it now; I have to discuss something with your Grandfather. Good night, Harry.” Harry used the rest of the evening until Ginny came to visit him to have a thorough look into the drawers of his desk. And luckily, he found a pack of parchments with the whole communication concerning the Quidditch tournaments of the last two years. He also asked Ginny about the tournament, but she didn’t know anything, except from the fact that Harry had been organizing the whole event. When she asked him,

“Are you going to organize a tournament this year as well?” he nodded.

“At least I will try; I hope it is not already too late to get appointments with the other schools.” After Ginny had gone back to Merlin House, he copied the first letter twice, one copy for each school, only leaving out possible dates for the tournament, because he had to discuss the dates with the Headmaster first. *Maybe he could ask his parents about the dates and only contact Albus for approval later?* He went over to the living room and sat down in front of the fireplace. Severus and Lily, who were both grading papers in their offices, came over as soon as they spotted Harry. He smiled at his parents and told them,

“Mom, Dad, as much as I appreciate to have you here beside me, you don’t have to interrupt your work because of me; I’m fine.” Severus, who had brought his parchments with him, smiled mischievously and said quietly,

“Harry, I can grade the papers here or there; as long as Marina is in bed, I don’t mind.” Harry smiled gratefully at his father and said,

"I have something to discuss with you anyway. You know, I have to organize the Quidditch tournament, before it will be too late to get appointments. Unfortunately, I only remember the tournament, which I arranged in the past, but not the tournaments of the new time line. Granny has told me a little, but I still need some help. I found copies of the parchments from the last years, so I have already prepared the first letter to the other schools, and I just have to fix possible dates for the tournament. I know I have to get them approved by Granddad, but I thought maybe I can just decide on the dates with you. What do you think?" He noticed his parents exchanging a small glance, before his mother hesitantly started to talk.

"You see, Harry, your father and I have discussed this item a few weeks ago, and we both came to the conclusion that it would be better for you not to organize a Quidditch tournament this year."

Severus, who noticed Harry's disappointed expression, interrupted Lily, saying, "Please, let me explain, Harry! Frankly speaking, we think that you are in no condition to pull the whole event through. First, you don't have your memories back about the last tournaments. Secondly, the tournament has not taken place every year, so there is no problem to wait with the next one until next year. Third, you are still getting many memories, and your condition after viewing a memory is still quite bad, although your immune system seems to have improved a lot. It would be no problem, if you only played in the morning and didn't participate in the other events at all, but as we know you from the past, you wouldn't agree to that. In the past, you struggled to do everything, even if your condition was not good, and at the moment, with your memories still coming back, you cannot afford that. So we think it would be better not to organize a tournament this year." Before Harry could counter anything, Lily added,

"Harry, I know that you hate to hear this, but before becoming angry at Severus and me, please remember that we love you very much and only want what is best for you!" Harry sighed. *He knew that, but...*

"Maybe I should delegate the whole team captain thing. I mean, I am not attending any practise; I am only going to catch the snitch in the

matches. Shortly after I came back from the past, I have already assigned Ginny and Anna the Co-captainship; so maybe I should just make them captain and retire from the whole thing. Then I could arrange the tournament together with Ginny in her name and let her pull the event through. Next year, I cannot play for the teams anyway, because I will be a teacher. Therefore, it is just a matter of a few months anyhow, and I could still play in the matches until the end of the year. What do you think of that?" Lily and Severus viewed their son lovingly. *They were so proud of him!*

"Harry," Severus said, "I think that would be a very difficult, but wise decision. Normally the Headmaster and the Head of House decide about the captainship, but if you already have nominated Co-captains on your own, I can't imagine that Albus will not approve of your decision to make the Co-captains take over from you. And concerning Merlin House it should be Lily's decision, but from the next year onwards you will be Head of House anyway, so there shouldn't be a problem either. Lily?" He threw a questioning glance at his wife, who nodded and said,

"Harry, I agree fully with your father. I know that it is a very difficult decision for you, but I think it would be the best. Then you can just go to the matches to catch the snitch without any other pressure or responsibility, and you can still act as Co-captain and advise the captains if you want to." Harry thought for a moment.

"Um... no. I would recommend the new captains a Co-captain, whom they of course do not have to take, but probably will take when I propose it. That would be Fabian Weasley for the Hogwarts team, although he is on the second team at the moment, and Julia Snape for the Merlin team. I would, of course, advise the team captains if they need my help, but nothing more." Harry sighed. "I will miss Quidditch a lot; in fact I would have preferred to remain a student for the next year." Severus laughed.

"Harry, how about playing on the teachers' team?" Harry snorted and asked sarcastically,



“As what? Keeper, to catch the Quaffle instead of the snitch? I have never played anything but seeker, but I know for a fact that you are the seeker and a very good one as well.” Severus sighed.

“Harry, I could as well play chaser, in fact, I don’t mind at all, and you are a much better seeker than me. And Minerva is our team captain, but I cannot imagine that she wants to keep this position when she becomes Headmistress. So there is quite a possibility that she will make you the new team captain. Then you could ask the team for regular practises if you want to, or you could even organize a teachers’ teams’ tournament with the other schools or something like that, or put up a common Hogwarts team consisting of teachers and students in order to play against a team for example of the ministry or other magical organizations. There are a lot of possibilities to play Quidditch.” Harry gave his father a small smile and thoughtfully said,

“Alright, in this case I think I will also talk to Granny and Granddad about it tomorrow, and if they don’t mind, I will retire as team-captain from both teams.” With this decision, he went to bed, trying to occlude his mind from every thought of Quidditch or the Dursleys, before he tried to sleep. But unfortunately, he was not able to get an undisturbed sleep. He fell from one memory into the next during the whole night. At least, they were all positive memories about Quidditch, but it was not enjoyable. Fortunately, his father spent the whole night with Harry and fed him potions from time to time. Although when Harry asked him for a dreamless sleep potion, when he woke up after the third or fourth memory with a very bad headache, Severus declined and told him they could not always suppress the memories, otherwise Harry would have to suffer from them for several years. When it was time to get up in the morning, and Harry had taken the lemon potion in order to be able to attend classes in the morning, Harry was knackered.

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At breakfast Harry whispered to Anna and Ginny, who were seated to his left and right,

“If I retired as Quidditch captain, would you take over as captain?” Ginny was so startled, that she nearly choked on her pumpkin juice.

“You are going to WHAT?” Anna asked unbelievably. Harry shook his head and hissed,

“Quiet! I don’t want everyone to know although I am not sure yet. I am just thinking about it. But it would help with my decision if I knew whom I could rely on for the rest of the year. As I cannot attend the practise, I am not much use to the teams anyway. And I have to leave both teams this summer in any case. Until summer, I will continue to play seeker of course, but only in the matches, not in the practise. Normally the Headmaster and the Head of House choose the captains, but as I have already nominated you as Co-captains, Dumbledore won’t do anything against it, and my mother has already agreed. And I have already thought of new Co-captains: Julia for the Merlin team and Fabian Weasley for the Hogwarts team – but that is of course up to you to decide; this is just an advice.” His two friends threw a glance at each other, and Ginny whispered,

“Alright, Sweetie; it’s your decision. We don’t want you to retire, but if you think you have to do it, we will take over for you, and concerning the Co-captains, you are right and we will probably do as you suggested.” Anna nodded her consent.

*cocoCOCOcoco*

With a relieved expression, Harry thanked them and went to his first Transfiguration class. In the last lesson before lunch, he had to teach the 7th years’ class, and Harry was just leaving the classroom together with the students, when Minerva came back to the classroom and asked, “Where are you going?” Harry turned to her and explained,

“We are going out to the grounds; sometimes it helps to try to transform at a different place, and I can’t imagine a better place to transform into an animal than beside the lake. It’s alright to do so, isn’t it?” McGonagall laughed surprised and said,

“Of course Professor Snape-Dumbledore, go on with your lesson. I think it is a good idea and I hope it will work for many of the students.” Harry took his class outside, sat in front of them and told them to watch their left hands. Then he held his left hand up for the students

to see and transformed only the left hand into one of his white phoenix wings.

“Now, look at your own left hand and imagine it to be the left hand, foot, wing or whatever your animal has instead of a human hand. That is the first step, and it should be possible for most of you.” This time, ten students were able to transform their hand, and a few students begged him to stay with them on the grounds until after lunch, so that they could practise a little more. Harry laughed and agreed, but announced,

“The class is officially finished. Those, who want to leave, are free to do so.” It was pity enough that he couldn’t simple add special evening lessons to the official Transfiguration classes. Suddenly he had an idea. “Are any of you staying for the Easter holidays?” he asked, and watched the astonished faces looking at him. “I mean,” he explained, “if some of you stayed here during the holidays and have time, which you don’t need for the preparation of your NEWTs, we could have additional classes during the holidays. We had to do them in the morning, however. If you stay here and are interested, just come and talk to me.” By then, the students had began to talk to each other eagerly. Apparently, his idea had been a good one. However, a glance to his watch showed him that lunch was over and it was time for the students to head to their next class. He quickly dismissed them and went back to their quarters to get a head start on the grading.

cocoCOCOcoco

Shortly after Harry had started to read the 5th years’ homework, Dumbledore and Marina entered the quarters and came into his room immediately. Albus did not waste time to ask sternly, “Can you imagine how worried your parents were, when you did not show up for lunch?” Harry frowned and said,

“I am sorry, but my students didn’t let me go. But you just could have asked Granny, she would have known that my students did not show up either, and she even knew where we had our lesson, so it would have been no problem to find us.”

“Minerva finally told them, but you cannot keep your students over lunchtime; they need to eat lunch, and you have to eat too.” Albus, who normally was so calm and never got upset, was getting a little angry, and Harry got annoyed as well.

“I – did – not – keep – them! They kept me! And I told them they could leave anytime to go and eat lunch, but you know, they want to manage the animagus transformation, and they are aware that they don’t have much time left until their NEWTs. I even had to disappoint them by telling them that I cannot arrange evening lessons for them, because I can only teach in the morning. A part of them is even thinking about spending their Easter holidays here in order to have animagus lessons in the morning. Anyway, may I go on with my grading now please? I want to finish it quickly in order to take a short nap, because I could hardly sleep last night.” Albus sighed and said,

“Don’t you think you should eat something first? And then take a nap, and afterwards grade the essays? I am sure Minerva does not want you to do her work although you are tired.” Harry was getting impatient. His grandfather could be as unnerving as his grandmother could. He decided to ignore the last suggestion, turned back to his desk and the task ahead, and continued to work, until Lily came into his room an hour later.

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“Hi, Mom, what are you doing here?” Harry greeted her astonished. Lily smiled at him and said,

“I have a free period and just thought to come and look after you. Have you eaten lunch?” Harry shook his head and replied,

“No, Mom, I am not hungry; I’m too tired and my head hurts. I just want to finish these parchments and then take a nap.” Lily glanced at him piercingly, put her hand on his forehead and said firmly,

“No Harry; I want you to go to bed and take a nap now. You are tired and feverish and need to rest, before the memories start again. Get ready for bed, and I will fetch a potion for you.” Harry frowned, but by now felt too tired and achy to contradict his mother and just obeyed. He downed the potions Lily brought him and was asleep within

seconds. Lily tucked him in and stayed with him for a while, and by the time she had to leave for her next lesson he was still sleeping peacefully. Fortunately, he didn't see any memories, and by the time Severus came to wake him up in time for dinner, he felt very refreshed. After a quick dinner, he continued the grading. However, he still had not finished everything, when Minerva arrived shortly after dinner.

"I am sorry, Granny, Mom made me take a nap and I overslept, so I still have not finished the parchments," he apologized to Minerva, who just smiled and replied,

"Don't worry; we don't need them tomorrow but the day after. And if you cannot do them tomorrow, I will finish them in the evening. It's no problem at all. But your mother said you wanted to discuss something with me about Quidditch?" Harry sighed. He had not thought about Quidditch at all during the day.

*cocoCOCOcoco*

"Alright, but maybe we can talk in front of the fireplace and have some tea?" he suggested, hoping that maybe his parents would join the conversation to make it easier for him. Minerva nodded and left his room, and Harry sat on the sofa next to Marina, who was doing a puzzle, while Lily was watching her. Harry told his grandmother about the conversation he had with his parents the previous evening and about the decision, he had finally made. Minerva threw him an astonished glance and asked,

"Is that what you really want, Harry?" And Harry, feeling comforted by the presence of his parents, as Severus in the meantime had come out of the potions lab, replied,

"I don't really want it, Granny, but I just think it would be better for the team and also for myself. And anyhow, I am only in the teams until summer, because after the summer I won't be a student anymore, will I?" Minerva, who had been watching him closely, sighed and said,

"Yes, Harry, that is true. I am sorry, but I completely forgot about that. After the summer you can play on the teachers' team; you just have

to discuss with your father who is going to be seeker.” Severus laughed and told her,

“We already discussed this yesterday evening, and if you as captain don’t mind, maybe I could replace Filius Flitwick as chaser from now on.” Minerva smiled at him.

“Filius will be glad to be replaced; he wanted to quit the team years ago, but we kind of forced him to play all the time. So Harry will be our seeker; that’s good. I mean, he has never lost a game so far. With Harry in the teachers’ team, the students won’t have a chance.” She seemed very pleased with this decision and smiled mischievously. “Anyway, Harry, you have to tell Albus about it and give him the names of the new captains.” Harry nodded and promised,

“I will tell him tomorrow.” Harry unsuccessfully tried to hide a big yawn and remembered something. “By the way, Granny, the 7th years’ are very enthusiastic; they didn’t want to finish the lesson today, and they were even begging me for extra lessons during the evening. As I had to decline the latter, I promised them morning lessons during the Easter holidays in case they were staying here during the holidays. Today ten students managed to transform their left hand, which is a great success compared to what we managed so far.” McGonagall seemed to be amused, and when Harry asked for the reason, she said,

“You seem to be very proud of your students; I know why they are so enthusiastic – lessons are fun when you have a good teacher. But they don’t have much time left until the holidays, only the rest of this week and the next, because during the week after we will have tests. By the way, during the tests week, you can take the mornings off; it is not necessary that we both sit there and watch them writing their test.” Harry listened astonished, thought about it for a moment and finally nodded.

“Maybe that’s good. I thought, maybe I should try for about a week, not to suppress the memories at all. I mean, I want the rest of the memories to come quickly so that I can forget about the whole thing; in fact I had planned that for the holidays, but when I have to teach the 7th years’ during that time as well, I can very well use the test

week, when I don't have to go to classes. As I am here at home anyway, I can grade as many tests or homework as you want me to; I have lots of time." Severus nodded affirmatively and said,

"Harry, although I think this week will not be funny, in my opinion it is a very good idea. That is also the reason why I did not give you a dreamless sleep potion last night; we cannot suppress the memories all the time. These memory problems should be over after the summer holidays, otherwise you won't be able to fill a whole teaching position from September onwards." McGonagall interrupted him and shook her head.

"Don't worry about that now. When he still has problems in September, I will share the position with him like we do it at the moment; that's no problem at all." Harry nodded and gave her a thankful smile. Severus nodded satisfied too and asked,

"Did you have any memories today?" Harry shook his head.

"No, Dad. I hope I won't get one after another tonight like last night; I was so tired and achy all day, because I couldn't properly sleep but had to view that many memories during the night." Harry sighed and glanced at his watch. It was nearly curfew, and Ginny had not come yet. Maybe Quidditch practise had taken too long tonight. But then he remembered that it was Thursday – there was no Quidditch practise on Thursdays...

## Chapter 11 – Flashing here and there

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Suddenly Lily, who had watched her son and noticed his glance at his watch, remembered something and said, “Oh, Harry, I am sorry, I completely forgot to tell you, that Ms. Weasley has detention with Mr. Filch tonight, so that she probably won’t make it here before curfew.” Harry glanced at his mother with a relieved expression on his face and told her,

“Oh, that’s good, thank you Mom. I had just begun to worry where she was, especially as there is no Quidditch practise on Thursdays.” Severus cleared his throat and suggested,

“Harry, I don’t know if you intend to join us tomorrow night for the full moon,” Harry’s eyes started to twinkle with joy and he nodded eagerly, “but after your disturbed night yesterday, I think you should go to bed. I will stay with you, and when you have memory visions and I don’t notice it, please wake me up.”

“And when you don’t feel well tomorrow morning, just stay in bed; you don’t have to come to classes then; even your animagus students will have to be content with me,” McGonagall added strictly.

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This night was not better than the one before, and in the morning Severus and Harry were putting up quite a fight if Harry was well enough to attend classes. Totally fed up with the two of them, Lily fetched Poppy’s toy thermometer and thrust it under Harry’s tongue, and when it told Harry to shut up and stay in bed, he finally quietened and accepted that he would be missing at least the first class in the morning.

“But you have to tell Granny that I will come to the second class and take the 7th years’,” Harry made his parents promise; “Otherwise I won’t stay here at all.” Severus glared at his son and said,

“Alright, but you may only take this class; afterwards you will return here immediately. I will come before the third class starts and check if you are here. And if I cannot find you, you will be in a lot of trouble.”



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When they met in the forest just after curfew, Harry had the idea to flash all of them into the huge park of Potter Manor, so that they could enjoy the night there for the first time since ages. The others liked the idea immediately, and Harry flashed James, Sirius and Remus over, before he returned for his parents. As it was still before midnight, James went and invited his parents, so that they started the night with a picnic next to the lake, which looked beautiful in the light of the full moon.

“Harry, what do you think about visiting us during the Easter holidays? You could either come with your parents and sisters or even alone and stay for a few days,” Mrs. Potter asked, while they were sitting near the lake. Harry frowned and said,

“I would love to, Granny, but at the moment I am not able to go anywhere, because I still get memories back and as I feel quite sick afterwards, I prefer to be at home. But maybe in the summer if that would be alright with you.” Mrs. Potter smiled at him.

“Of course, Harry, you are always welcome, and you know how to contact us.”

After their picnic, they spent a few hours playing around in their animagus forms, until Harry flashed Remus and his parents back to Hogwarts in time for breakfast.

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When he talked with Ginny, they decided that Harry should organize the tournament, but that Ginny as the new captain of the Hogwarts team would represent him during the event in the afternoons and evenings if necessary. As soon as Ginny left shortly before curfew, he filled the dates he had arranged with his grandfather into the new copies he had made a few days ago and thought about flashing to the owlery to hand the letters to Cyclops. But then he had a brilliant idea. From his recently retrieved memories, he knew that the name of the team captain of Beauxbatons was Simone Bateaux and of Durmstrang was Peter Schiff.

He transformed into Icicle, took the letter to Simone into his left foot and flashed over to where he imagined her to be. As a phoenix he was able to flash to any person he knew about – it was such a valuable gift to have, that he still could not really believe it and forgot about it most of the time. He found Simone sitting together with several other girls in a room what he supposed to be the equivalent to their house common rooms. The room was not as colourful and cosy as their common rooms in Gryffindor or Merlin; it looked relatively plain and elegant with the furniture in a light beige colour. The room was surrounded by large windows, but as it was already dark, he could not see anything outside. He jumped straight in front of Simone, and before he knew what happened most of the girls started to shriek, at least until they had a good look at him. Then he could hear, as far as he could understand the French,

“Simone, whose bird is this?”

“Oh, look, he is adorable!”

“What kind of bird is it? It looks like a magical bird.”

“Maybe a phoenix?”

“No, Juliette, they are not white, they are red.”

Harry grinned, but the girls could not see it, they could only hear a beautiful trill and looked at him in awe. He stretched his foot out so that Simone could take the letter off his foot. She read it and said aloud,

“It is from Harry Snape-Dumbledore. He is inviting us for a Quidditch tournament again this year.” Now turmoil broke out. Everyone was happily shouting and cheering at the same time, so that Harry could not understand a word. ‘The next time I’ll be stuck at home, I will try to study a little to improve my French’ he resolved and wondered if he should transform back or better flash back to Hogwarts immediately. Simone was watching him quietly.

“Are you waiting for an answer?” she finally asked and Harry shook his head. “Can you understand me?” she asked again, and Harry nodded. “Alright, then please tell Harry, that we are very pleased and

we love to visit Hogwarts again. I just have to fix the dates with our headmistress, and I will send you an owl during the next few days.” Harry/Icicle nodded his consent and in a flash of ice, he was gone.

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When he returned to his room, he transformed back immediately and went out into the sitting room. Nobody seemed to have noticed his absence. ‘Should he flash to Durmstrang as well?’ he thought but remembered just in time, that if France was one hour ahead in time, Bulgaria probably had to be even two hours ahead. So he had to postpone flashing there to tomorrow. He bade his parents good night and went to bed. After a few minutes, Lily came into his room, tucked him in and sat on the edge of his bed. She watched him closely, felt his forehead, nodded contently and finally asked,

“Is everything alright, Harry?” Harry smiled at his mother.

“Yes, Mom, it was a nice, quiet day, and I didn’t have any memories apart from the few in the morning, so everything is fine. Really,” he added. He would love to tell her about Beauxbatons, but he could imagine what the reaction would be and as did not want to endanger his trip to Durmstrang, he decided to wait a day. As soon as he came back from there, he would tell his parents about the other schools. “Good night, Mom,” he said tiredly and closed his eyes. His mother stayed where she was watching her son proudly, until she noticed his breathing evened and he was fast asleep after a few minutes. Harry did not notice Severus coming into the still enlarged bed, but when he woke up from a memory vision, his father was at his side instantly forcing a potion through his throat.

After breakfast, Marina urged him to play with her, and as it was Sunday, he knew he should do so, but first he wanted to get rid of his letter to Durmstrang. Therefore, he told Marina,

“I am sorry, little sis, but I have to do some work first. Now, let me work for an hour without disturbing me, and I will play with you until lunchtime. How is that?” Marina nodded eagerly, and Harry withdrew into his room. He started to grade the papers, only for his desk to look as if he was working at it. Then he transformed into Icicle, took the

letter to Durmstrang into his foot and flashed to where he supposed Peter Schiff to be.

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Peter was surrounded by the students Harry knew from his memories as his team members in a room that was supposedly the common room. It was a very gloomy, large room with dark brown furniture and only very few windows. Harry thought he would probably be going crazy very soon being forced to spend his time in such a dark place. He flashed directly in front of him and stretched his foot out for him to take the letter. Fortunately, he could not understand one of the students asking,

“What is the chicken doing here?” Peter read his letter and his face changed into a huge smile. As soon as he told his friends what the letter was about, they cheered in a similar way to how the students at Beauxbatons had reacted. Finally Peter knelt down in front of Icicle and told him in English,

“Thank you very much for delivering the letter. You are a very pretty phoenix. Are you Harry’s?” Harry nodded and trilled an answer. Peter went on, “Please tell Harry, that we are looking forward to the tournament very much. I will try to confirm the dates today and send an owl to him. Can you tell him that we are very grateful for having him organizing...?” Suddenly he stopped, threw a curious glance at Icicle and said, “Wait! I could understand what you just said. You said you are Harry, didn’t you? Why can I understand you?” Harry trilled,

#You understood correctly. Maybe...um... are you a bird animagus?#

“Yes, Harry, I am a Hawk. Therefore, I am able to understand you? Wow, that’s great. Can you transform back, so that we can talk for a while?” Harry shook his head and replied,

#Sorry. No, not today; I have to go back, because I didn’t tell anyone that I was coming here. Maybe I can visit you another time, but you have to clear with your Head of House, if it is alright for me to visit you here.# Peter nodded and said,

“I will do that, Harry, you know, the organization of the tournament will be a good excuse, won’t it?” He laughed. “I will send you an owl.” Harry nodded, trilled his good-bye and went back to Hogwarts with a flash of ice.

*cocoCOCOcoco*

Being back into his room, he continued grading parchments until a very excited Marina stormed his room only a few minutes later. “Harry, where have you been?” she shouted reprimanding. Harry sighed and asked,

“Why did you notice that I went somewhere in the first place? I told you not to disturb me for an hour, didn’t I?”

“Harry,” his father came into the room, “you know Marina, and you made one mistake. Normally your door is always open, isn’t it? But this morning, you closed your door, and Marina was very worried if you might be ill again, and she just could not wait an hour to check on you. Therefore, she opened your door and noticed that you were not here. Could you please explain where you have been?” Harry nodded and said,

“I was going to tell you and Mom anyway. Let me come out into the living room.” He sat on his favourite spot on the sofa with Marina on his lap, and told his parents about delivering the letters to Simone and Peter. They were speechless. It took Severus a few minutes to collect himself far enough to say,

“Harry, do you know how dangerous that was? Why are you always looking for even more trouble than you are already in?” and Lily added,

“Harry, I fully agree with your father. Why do you always have to do such crazy things?” Harry was watching his feet while he was busily cuddling Marina, who had remained unusually quiet during his talk with their parents. Finally, he said,

“I am sorry for not telling you in advance. I don’t know why it could have been dangerous, but...” his voice ebbed out and he was drawn into a new memory.

*It must be a memory of the last Quidditch tournament. Harry was walking down the street to Hogsmeade together with Simone and Peter. They headed down to the Three Broomsticks, sat down and Harry ordered three butterbeer.*

*“Now Harry, how does it feel to win the tournament for the fourth time in a row?” Peter asked, and Harry grinned saying,*

*“I don’t mind how many times it might be, I just care that I don’t want to loose a game, and so far I have lost none.” Simone smiled at them and suggested,*

*“We should do this every year; I mean, come here for a butterbeer when the last game is finished.” Both boys nodded their consent enthusiastically.*

Harry was back in their living room and thankfully gulped down the potion Severus held in front of him. Then he leaned back into his father’s arms and closed his eyes. After a few minutes, he felt better and sat up only to notice a huge envelope with his name on it sitting on the table in front of him.

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He reluctantly opened the envelope and found a card written by the Weasley twins:

*The official opening of WWW*

*– The Weasleys’ Whizzarding Wheazes Shop in Hogsmeade –*

*Next Saturday during the Hogwarts Hogsmeade weekend 12 o’clock*

*As our silent partner your presence will be appreciated*

Harry looked up and noticed that his parents had watched his face changing into a huge smile he couldn’t hide fast enough. So he had to tell them something.

“Um... you know the Weasley twins, um... I mean...Fred and George Weasley of course.” When his parents nodded, he continued and told

them the story about their first joke shop in the old time line. When he finished telling them how he persuaded them to found a joke shop even in this time line, Severus laughed and told him,

“You know that Albus is often being called a meddling old coot, don’t you? You are as meddling as your grandfather, aren’t you, my son?” Harry snorted and told them,

“I don’t know if you will like it, but on Saturday at noon I have to be in Hogsmeade. If you don’t want me to go on my own, you are very welcome to accompany me, but I just have to go, and if it’s only that I flash there at five minutes to twelve and flash back at ten past twelve!” His parents laughed and Lily said,

“We understand that, and we will decide what to do on Saturday morning, alright?” Harry gave his parents a thankful nod. It was so good to have parents who could understand his wishes and needs – he was really happy now.

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After his animagus class on Saturday morning, he flashed over to Hogsmeade and managed to arrive at the twins’ shop exactly a minute before the opening was going to start. Ginny was nervously waiting for him a little aside a large group of students who were gathering in front of the entrance door. She visibly relaxed when the beautiful white phoenix hopped onto her shoulder.

A moment later, one of the twins opened the huge front door and an announcement could be heard:

“Welcome to the opening of our joke shop! We are especially glad to greet our little sister and her boyfriend who at the same time is our silent partner, without whom the founding of this shop would not have been possible. Come here Ginny Weasley and Harry Snape-Dumbledore!” Harry quickly hopped down to the ground and transformed back into himself, and Fred guided them through the shop, where the group of students followed them. ‘Funny,’ Harry thought. Nothing was much different from what he remembered of his old time line. The students seemed to be delighted, and at least the opening day seemed to be a full success – not that Harry had

doubted it of course. Suddenly he became aware of the time. Unbelievably Ginny and he had already spent a whole hour in the shop and if he didn't want to get memories here, he would have to flash back soon. Excusing himself to Ginny, he looked for one of the twins, and when he finally found George, he asked,

"Now, did I promise you too much? Your shop seems to be the highlight of the day!" George laughed and answered,

"Yes – the only pity is that it was your idea and not our own – but we are very grateful and happy of course." Harry shook his head vehemently and replied,

"No, George, that's not true! It was not my idea but yours. YOU founded this shop in my old time line – I only told you about your own idea. Congratulations by the way!" He glanced at his watch and mumbled,

"Sorry, George, but I have to flash home now. Good luck with your shop; I will make sure to come over from time to time." After a huge good-bye to Fred, who had come over to them in the meantime, Harry transformed back into Icicle, but before he could flash away, Ginny managed to grab his tail feathers and was flashed with him. Together they arrived back in Harry's room at Hogwarts. Only then, Harry noticed that Ginny was with him, transformed back immediately and threw her an astonished glance.

"Sorry, sweetie, but I didn't want to spend the whole Hogsmeade weekend without you. If you cannot stay at Hogsmeade, I thought we could stay here together, can't we?" Harry laughed – that was his Ginny! He stepped over to her and pulled her in a hug saying,

"Thank you Ginny. I appreciate it very much. I'm sorry for not being able to spend more time at Hogsmeade. Shall we go out in the living room and ask Dobby for lunch?" Ginny agreed and they spent the rest of the day together in the Snape quarters.

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On Sunday morning, Harry remembered something important he wanted to discuss with his parents. He looked from Severus to Lily, wondering about how he should ask.

“Um..., Mom, Dad? Um..., do you remember, that before I went back to the future, Hagrid gave me an egg for my birthday?” He noticed that his parents were glancing helplessly at each other. Severus frowned and replied hesitantly,

“I am sorry, Harry, but for us, you know, more than eighteen years have passed and we don’t remember every detail. What is it about this egg?” Harry sighed.

“Alright. Hagrid gave me a Runespoor’s egg for my birthday and said the Runespoor would hatch in about three weeks time. The night I returned here, I had to stay in the Hospital Wing, so I gave it to Hagrid and asked him to care for it.”

“Oh, right, I remember that,” Severus interrupted him, “In fact it was me who took it to Hagrid; I just didn’t consider what kind of egg it was.”

“Anyway,” Harry continued, “I think it is time for me to go and get the Runespoor back. So, um..., would you mind me keeping it here in my room?” Lily and Severus exchanged a glance, and Lily asked carefully,

“Harry, is this Runespoor poisonous?” Harry thought for a moment and said,

“I’m sorry, Mom, but I am not sure. I haven’t thought about that. If it were poisonous I should not keep it here together with Marina. Maybe I just have to ask Hagrid to keep it.”

Lily glanced from one to the other. She felt bad to have to ask Harry to give the snake up, but with a five year old and especially with a very active five year old like Marina it was better to be on the safe side. “How about going to Hagrid, visit the Runespoor and ask him about it? We still have some time before lunchtime,” she suggested. Harry nodded eagerly, and Marina squeaked,

“Yes, I want to visit Hagrid now!” However, Severus asked Harry softly,

“Harry, how comes, that you had a memory vision at 10 o’clock in the morning? Did you forget to take your potion, or does it not work anymore?” Harry blushed and replied,

“I am sorry, Dad, I must have been so wrapped up in my thoughts about the Quidditch tournament that I forgot to take both potions. I will take the one for my immune system now, but I don’t think it would be reasonable to take the lemon potion now. If you think we should go to Hagrid now, I will transform into Icicle until we are there.”

*cocoCOCOcoco*

They decided to go immediately and Harry as Icicle flashed his parents and his sister down to Hagrid’s hut. Hagrid was very happy to have so many visitors and invited them to tea and rock cakes, which only Marina wanted to try. Harry cleared his throat.

“Um, Hagrid; in fact I have come to look after the Runespoor – how are they?” Hagrid looked at him for a moment as if to remember something, and then said,

“Oh, yes, yes, the Runespoor. Of course, Harry! They are beautiful. Come and have a look!” He guided Harry to the fireplace at the end of the room, where a huge snake with three heads was lying. Two of the heads seemed to be asleep, but the middle one was awake and turned towards Harry, when he approached.

&Hello, how are you?& Harry proceeded to ask in Parseltongue.

&Oh, you can speak our language,& the middle head said pleased.

&Yes. What are your names?& Harry asked again, and the middle head explained.

&I am Hebi; our left head is Habu, and our right head is Migi. Are you our new owner?& Harry nodded and watched the three heads carefully.

&Are you poisonous?& he asked Hebi, and she replied,

&Only Habu, our left head is poisonous; but as we are still young, she does not have a lot of poison yet.& Suddenly the left head, Habu, woke up and turned to Harry, hissing angrily at him. Harry was so shocked about the sudden movement and the angry hissing, that he stepped back frightfully, not even noticing his sister's fearful screaming.

## Chapter 12 – The Runespoor

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&What do you think you are doing?& The left head of the Runespoor hissed angrily. &If you are our new owner, why didn't you come and get us out of here? It is cold here, and nobody is able to talk to us! We have tried to tell the big balloon head that we don't like dead rats – we want them fresh. He just had to let us out, and we could find our food by ourselves. We can smell that there are many rats outside, but he wouldn't let us. And his fireplace is always too cold.& Harry laughed at the complaints of the snake. Then he noticed his sister's crying and asked,

“ Marina, what is wrong? Why are you crying?” Marina looked up to him with big eyes and said warily,

“Are you alright, Harry? I thought this thing was going to attack you!” Harry pulled Marina into a big hug and said,

“No, Marina, everything is alright.” Then he turned to Hagrid and told him, “The left head is complaining that your fireplace is too cold and that they don't like dead rats, they want fresh ones.” Hagrid listened interested and said,

“Oh, that's what they want. All right, they will get what they want. The left head is the most aggressive one; the others seem to be quite peaceful.” Harry snorted.

“Yeah, and the left one is the poisonous one. By the way, the left one is called Habu, the middle one Hebi and the right one Migi. This is how the middle one introduced them to me.” Then he turned back to the Runespoor.

&Hagrid says, you will get what you want. Can you promise me, not to bite anyone?& By this time Habu had woken up Migi, and all three heads nodded affirmatively to Harry. Then Migi decided to speak to Harry.

&Hello new owner. What's your name, by the way?&

&Oh, I am sorry; I'm Harry& he replied.

&All right, Harry. We promise not to bite anyone who has friendly intentions towards you. By the way, will you take us with you, or do we have to stay with this big balloon head?& Harry laughed at their antics and asked Hagrid,

“What are we going to do with them? Mom is afraid of having them in our quarters because of Marina. They have promised not to bite anyone who has friendly intentions towards me, but as Marina is still so small...”

“I’m not!” Marina interrupted him furiously, but suddenly his vision started to fail and before he was pulled into a memory, he managed to transform to Icicle. He relaxed immediately – that had been an escape in the last second. As the others were watching him worriedly, he quickly explained to his mother,

#I felt my vision fail and was afraid to be thrown into a memory, so I just transformed in order to get away from the memory.# Lily translated his words to the others, and Severus said,

“Well done, Harry. Hagrid, maybe you could think about it, and we, or at least Harry, will come down again as soon as he is able to.” Hagrid threw a big smile at Severus saying,

“Of course, Severus, that’s no problem. Maybe it is safer to keep them here until Marina is bigger. They won’t like it, but if Harry can visit them from time to time, they’ll be able to live with it.”

cocoCOCOcoco

On their way back up to the castle, Lily gave Harry a ride on her shoulder, until they reached their chambers and Harry transformed back. It only took a few minutes until he was drawn into a memory vision.

*An two or three year old Harry was sitting on Severus’ lap watching a Quidditch match Merlin House against Slytherin. Lily and Minerva McGonagall were sitting on each side of them, eagerly watching the game. Suddenly Harry pointed to the sky and shouted,*

*“Dere, de nitch!” Everyone looked at him and followed his finger up to the sky where a small golden flash could be seen in front of the dark clouds. Not noticing the attention he attracted, Harry commented, “De seekews are not vewwy good, dey are too slow. Dey have to pwactise more wif’e nitch.” His high child’s voice could be heard very well; therefore the whole stand erupted with laughter, while the Merlin seeker quickly caught the snitch, which had not moved at all after Harry had pointed to it.*

Harry held his throbbing head and smiled. *Some memories just were too cute.* When he noticed the questioning glances his parents threw at him, he explained giggling,

“That was a memory of a two-year old me helping the Merlin seeker to catch the snitch in a game against Slytherin.” Severus gave him a very annoyed look and said,

“Believe it or not, the Slytherin captain tried to annul the game because of your interference, but Madam Hooch told him that you didn’t specifically help Merlin House, and that both seekers could have seen the snitch you showed to everyone. And the Merlin captain told you, you should see that you would be sorted into Merlin House, because they would always need a good seeker.” Harry snorted and asked,

“And that’s why they made me seeker in my first year, although first years are not allowed to play on the house teams?” Lily shook her head and said,

“No, Harry. That was an entirely different story!” When Harry glanced at her enquiringly, she sighed. “I am sorry, my dear, but you know that you have to wait until the memory comes back on its own; I should not tell you anything. Now, it’s lunchtime, and as Julia is already back as well, I think we should sit in the kitchen and have lunch.” She glanced at Harry and added, “Or shall I just make sandwiches and we eat here?” Harry gave her a thankful look and nodded. He managed to eat one of the delicious sandwiches before the next memory started.

*An ten year old Harry was standing in the pitch, his broom in one hand, watching the practise of the Merlin Quidditch team. It was*

raining, and the clouds were hanging low over the pitch. Harry followed the seeker with his eyes, trying to find the snitch at the same time. Suddenly the seeker crashed into one of the goal posts and fell from his broom. It only took Harry a few seconds to push his own broom into the air and race underneath the student to catch him onto his own broom. After another few seconds, he managed to land both of them safely onto the ground, where they were surrounded by the stunned team members. The captain was the first to move on. He made sure the seeker, who only seemed to have a small head wound and a broken arm, was able to walk and asked two students to take him to the Hospital wing. Then he turned to Harry and said,

“Very well done, Harry! You probably saved his life – thank you very much. Now, I will accompany you to your mother; she has to know what happened. And... you will be a first year after the holidays, won’t you?” Harry nodded while he was watching the floor – he didn’t like this kind of attention. Everyone would have done what he did; it was not a great deal. “Alright then. Our seeker, whom you just saved, is a seventh year and will leave Hogwarts in four weeks; therefore after the holidays we need a new seeker. Would you be interested to play seeker for us, provided you will be sorted into Merlin House?” Harry glanced at him with a twinkle in his eyes and whispered,

“I’d love to, but first years aren’t allowed to play on the teams, are they?”

“Normally not, but I will ask your mom to let you be our seeker, although you are a first year.” When they reached the Entrance doors, they ran into Professor McGonagall, who had witnessed the whole incident from her office.

“Has someone taken Mr. White to the Hospital wing?” she inquired sternly.

“Yes, of course, Professor. And I have found a new seeker for our team,” the team captain smirked. Seeing the astonished glance he received from Minerva, he added, “Don’t you think saving a student’s life should be rewarded somehow? I think Harry should gain the seeker’s position, even if he will be a first year.” McGonagall laughed and countered,

*“Alright; if he is sorted into Gryffindor, I will make him seeker in his first year, but if he is sorted into Merlin, you will have to ask Professor Evans-Snape. But you can tell her my agreement in this matter.” Harry glanced at her and said,*

*“Oh, thank you so much, Granny; I would love to play seeker in the house team!”*

*“I know that, Harry, I know,” his grandmother assured him.*

Harry came back to reality slowly. He hardly could open his eyes, because his head hurt so much. Suddenly he felt a cold phial pressed to his lips and far away, he heard his father’s voice saying, “drink, Harry.” He felt better immediately and gave Severus a grateful smile. Later in the afternoon, he had to watch a few more memories; one or two of them was of his discovering that he could speak to snakes.

*Harry seemed to be eight or nine years old. He was sitting next to the lake with Julia, his parents and his great grandparents having a picnic on a sunny afternoon. It was probably during summer holidays, as no other students could be seen. Suddenly he heard a voice,*

*&It’s so cold here, I need a warm place to sleep. Maybe I should go inside the huge castle&. Harry wondered what it was but nevertheless hissed a reply,*

*&Maybe you should go down to the hut over there to see Hagrid. He’ll probably be able to help you.& He had no idea how he knew that he was not talking to a human, but somehow it seemed to be the best to send the speaker over to Hagrid. All of a sudden, the owner of the voice came into view – it was a small snake.*

Suddenly the memory changed to a different one.

*Harry seemed to be about the same age. He had a bad dream about this evil man with the red eyes again and woke up with tears in his eyes. ‘Maybe Mom or Dad are still up’ he thought and went out of his room to look for his parents. He couldn’t see them, but he noticed a black snake rolled up in front of the huge fireplace. The snake was looking at him and hissed,*



*&Don't be afraid, Harry, it's me, Dad.& Harry glanced at the snake and replied,*

*&You are a snake; how can you be my dad?& A second later Severus had transformed back to his human form and motioned to Harry to sit on the sofa with him. Harry was stunned.*

*"Harry, I am sorry, I didn't want to startle you; the snake is my animagus form; I had a bad headache and knew I would feel better in this form, so I transformed and took a rest in front of the fireplace for a little while. Have you noticed that you are able to speak to snakes?" Harry jumped in fright. He hadn't even thought about that.*

*"Do you remember the snake we met outside a few months ago, who complained that it was cold and you sent it to Hagrid?" Harry nodded surprised and a little afraid.*

*"But, Dad, why? Is it normal, that wizards can speak to snakes?" Severus sighed and said,*

*"No, Harry. Only people descended from Salazar Slytherin are able to speak Parseltongue. However, the Snape family is an old family directly descended from Slytherin, and as the youngest boy in the direct line, you are even the heir of Slytherin. That is why you are able to speak to snakes," he explained patiently.*

*cocoCOCOcoco*

The next time he was lucid enough to open his eyes, he noticed that it was dark outside and he was lying in his bed, his father sleeping next to him. Harry groaned and before he could try to sit up, his father held a phial out for him. Harry gulped it down and reached for the next, drank it and asked, "How late is it?" His father sighed, when he noticed that Harry was slurring the words and told him,

"You have been asleep or stuck in memories for more than three days. It is Thursday morning." Harry looked at him in horror.

"But my animagus classes..." he started, and Severus smirked.

“Harry, you are in no condition to think about classes; I have just given you the memory suppressing potion, so you will have a few hours to rest properly. I will stay with you, because Albus and Poppy have been covering my classes for the whole week and will do so today as well.” Harry shook his head.

“No, Dad,” he protested immediately, “I have to take the animagus class, and I have to organize the Quidditch tournament. I also have to help granny with the grading.” Severus snorted, rolled his eyes and asked,

“Harry, do I have to take your temperature with Poppy’s toy, or will you believe me, when I tell you that you have quite a fever and have to stay in bed today?”

“No, but...” Harry was getting upset. *Could his father not understand that he had pressing matters to take care of?* Severus sighed and shoved the thermometer in Harry’s mouth ignoring his protests. After a minute it flared red, and Poppy’s voice told Harry to stay in bed and rest. Harry sighed and asked,

“Have the answers from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang come concerning the Quidditch tournament?” Severus sighed and replied,

“Yes, Harry, and I have read them and fixed the final dates with Albus and Minerva. The first weekend will be the one, when Saturday is the 30th of April, and the second, when Saturday is the 21st of May. Apart from that, I didn’t organize anything, because I thought you would prefer to do everything on your own. I only asked Ms. Weasley to write a reply to Beauxbatons and Durmstrang on your behalf, which she did yesterday.” Harry threw his father a thankful smile and relaxed. He was nearly asleep again, when his mother entered the room, sat on the other edge of his bed and placed a cool hand on his forehead.

“Oh, my...” she started and having a good look at Harry, she continued delighted, “Harry – you are awake! How do you feel?” Harry smiled at Lily.

"Fine, Mom. I just want to get up, because I have to organize a few things," Harry whined. Lily threw a questioning glance at Severus who slightly shook his head. She said,

"No, Harry, you can't. But rest for an hour, and then we will all have breakfast together in the kitchen, alright?" Harry nodded thankfully. Lily turned to Severus. "Then I will floo-call Minerva and ask her to excuse us from breakfast and Harry from classes again." Harry sat up excitedly and begged,

"No, Mom, please tell her that I will take the animagus class in the third period this morning. Please, Mom!" Severus rolled his eyes annoyed, and Lily went to talk to her grandmother. A few hours later, Harry and Severus put up quite a fight about Harry being able to take over a class or not, which ended abruptly when Harry said, "I am really sorry, Dad, but I have to," transformed into Icicle and flashed away.

cocoCOCOcoco

Severus was stunned. *His son... how could he?* Didn't he have any respect towards his parents? And why was he putting himself into danger? He knew that he should not flash when he was having a fever. And was he not aware how tiring it was to teach a class of dunderheads, when he was not feeling 100 percent well? Or hadn't he gone to teach the class – had he gone somewhere else just because he was fed up with the discussions with him? Severus thought for a moment about going up to the Transfigurations classroom and look for Harry, but he abandoned the thought quickly. If he had gone there, Minerva would watch him and if necessary send him back or take him to Poppy. So he decided to try to relax and do what was best in order to relax, went to his private lab to brew a potion.

Harry flashed directly in front of the Transfigurations classroom and waited until the bell announced the end of the second class. Then he transformed back and went into the classroom as soon as the students started to leave the room. Minerva threw him an astonished glance and asked, "Harry, what are you doing here? Your mother

said you were awake but too ill to get up let alone teach a class.” Harry frowned and replied,

“No, granny, I am fine and I want to teach the animagus class. I will stay here in the classroom with them, and when I have any problems, I will come to get you immediately, alright?” His grandmother watched him sternly and said,

“Alright, Harry. But we can go outside if you prefer to have the class there, because I would prefer to stay and watch today, if you don’t mind.” Harry smiled at his grandmother and nodded gratefully.

“Of course not, Granny thanks.”

*cocoCOCOcoco*

By this time, the seventh years’ students had filed in and Harry turned to them. “All of you who prefer to have the lesson outside, please raise your left hand.” As there was not a single left hand remaining on the tables, Harry told them, “Alright, we will meet outside in two minutes,” offered Minerva a ride and after transforming into Icicle flashed them down to the lake. When everyone had joined them for their outside class, he raised his voice. “I am sorry, that I have missed our last lesson, but I hope you have progressed during this time. Please show me how far you are able to transform.” He watched his students expectantly, while he changed only his left hand into white feathers. This time, most of the students were able to change their left hands into the front paws etc. of their animagus forms. A few students were even able to change their right hands, arms or even also their feet. Harry was very content. He changed his hand back and told them, “Oh, you are doing very well. You have made great progress during this week. Try again to change each of your arms and legs, one after another.” The students tried hard during the lesson, and in the end, Harry was very satisfied. His grandmother was stunned – never had a seventh years’ class been so successful with the animagus transformation. With a glance at her watch, Minerva noticed that it was already lunchtime.

“I am sorry, class, but it is already lunchtime, and the lesson is over. Did you have to announce anything else, Professor Snape-Dumbledore?” She glanced at Harry. He sighed and said,

“As you know, on Saturday morning will be our last class before the holidays. Next week, we won’t have any classes together, because you will have your tests during the week. If Professor McGonagall does not object however, I will hold animagus classes three times a week during the holidays, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings. We will meet here directly after breakfast, or in case it is raining, we will meet in the Transfigurations classroom. Is that alright with you?” he asked turning to his grandmother, while the class was erupting in applause. She frowned at the tumult and replied sternly,

“Yes, you may have your classes during the holidays, but only these three times a week, and don’t beg Professor Snape-Dumbledore for more lessons, because he will not be allowed to teach any more during the holidays. And you,” she threw a strict glance around, “don’t forget that you have to study for your NEWTs.” With this, she dismissed the students and invited Harry to come to lunch with her, but he declined and headed back to their quarters. He was knackered but happy to have been able to teach his favourite class. By the time he returned to their living-room, his mother was waiting for him. Harry frowned; he knew he would be in trouble with his dad, and he had to apologize to him, didn’t he?

cocoCOCOcoco

“Harry, are you alright?” Lily asked worriedly. “How dare you flash away to teach a class against your father’s orders? He is very upset and said, that he is going to teach his own classes in the afternoon, so that you will have to stay with Poppy.” Harry groaned and said,

“Mom, I know what I did, and I’m sorry, but I had to. Where is Dad? I want to apologize to him.” Lily sighed and pointed to Severus’ private lab. Harry glanced at her and took a few steps in the direction of the lab, when suddenly the door opened and Severus emerged. Harry ran over to him, gave his father a big hug and apologized immediately. “Dad, I am really, really sorry, but please understand that I just had to teach the class.” Severus scowled.

“Harry, I am very angry with you. Why do you always have to put yourself into danger? In fact, I would like to ground you for at least a month, but I think you are kind of grounded enough because of your

memories. Instead, until the Easter holidays, I will not stay here with you but go and teach my own classes. Therefore, you will have to stay with Granddad or Aunt Poppy during classes. And I tell you now, if you don't behave and do exactly what they tell you, I will think about something else. I am very disappointed."

Harry felt his eyes getting wet and quickly escaped to his room, curled up on his bed and tried to sleep. When Lily followed him a few minutes later and asked him to come to lunch, he declined and told her, he was too tired. Pomfrey kept him in bed for the next two days, but Harry didn't mind, as he was drifting in and out of memories during the whole time and was hardly aware of his surroundings. His condition did not change over the weekend and only slowly got better the next week, and Harry was glad, that Albus had managed to convince Severus to stay with Harry while he would be watching over the Potions classes during the tests.

*cocoCOCOcoco*

On the last day before the holidays, Harry was finally allowed to go to the Great Hall for breakfast. He sighed while he thought about how much time had passed during which he hadn't been able to do anything useful. 'It is only a good week until Easter,' he thought horrified, when he had an idea.

## Chapter 13 – Easter Holidays

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*one more chapter today, because it is Harry's birthday :-)*

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He pulled a golden box out of his bookshelf. It was the box containing the chocolate phoenixes, which Albus had given to him in the past. He decided to send his friends three phoenixes each for Easter as a kind of apology for his not giving Christmas presents to anyone except Ginny three months ago. He took many chocolate phoenixes out of the self-refilling box and wrapped them as little packages consisting of three phoenixes each. When he finished the wrapping, he called Dobby and asked him to take the packages to each member of his family and friends on Easter Sunday.

When Dobby had popped away with the presents, Harry noticed that one phoenix was still left out of the box and opened it absentmindedly. He had a look at the card and saw that it was one of his own and that his name had automatically adjusted to Harry Snape-Dumbledore. Even the text had adjusted itself and named him 'Assistant teacher of Transfiguration'. Wow – that was really cool, he thought and put the phoenix into his mouth.

Harry enjoyed the holidays very much. Every second day he had to teach the animagus class, but on each other day, his parents took Harry and his sisters to interesting places within the wizzarding or the muggle world. They went to Diagon alley, apparated to a beach in Wales, and even visited the zoo in London. Fortunately, his memory visions had decreased to about two or three each day, so that he could really take pleasure in the activities.

From their visit to the beach, he developed the idea to spend the night of the full moon at the beach, and a fire-call to James and Sirius and a little talk to Remus confirmed that this was a splendid idea. Harry had to flash twice each way to bring everyone to their destination, but the six friends enjoyed playing on the beach in their animagus forms. Of course, Lily had asked Dobby to prepare a picnic,

which they enjoyed on the beach. And finally, they even took a nightly bath in the sea. Harry could not recall to have ever experienced so much fun during his holidays; it was just great.

cocoCOCOcoco

The animagus classes were a lot of fun too. The most promising students, who had made the greatest progress so far, had all stayed for the holidays to attend the class, and a few of the others joined them. By the end of the holidays, three students had managed the complete transformation into a toad, a ferret and a raven, and about ten other students could transform several parts of their bodies. With the rest, Harry was about sure that they would not manage to become an animagus during their remaining time at Hogwarts. The ten students who already managed a great deal were devastated, when the last lesson arrived.

“Professor Snape-Dumbledore, can’t you think of a possibility to teach us some more, until we manage to transform completely?” one of the most promising students asked at the beginning of the last lesson. Harry frowned. He would like to teach them, of course, but...

“Can you wait for a moment? I will ask Professor McGonagall for help. Maybe we can do something.” The students promised to wait without practising just by themselves, and Harry knocked at the door of his grandmother’s office. Fortunately, they had their lesson in the Transfigurations classroom, because it was raining outside. ‘Very convenient,’ Harry thought and opened the door, after he was called in.

“Hi Granny; I would like to ask you something,” he started uncertainly. Minerva motioned him to sit down and go on, and Harry explained that he would like to give the students some more animagus lessons, and that he thought, his memories had become rare enough for him to try to teach in the evenings. He told her however, that he was still a little unsure about the memories and asked, if it would be possible for her to supervise the lessons. Minerva frowned and asked sternly,

“Harry, do your parents know about this? Have you talked to them?” Harry shook his head.



“No, Granny, but I think my parents will be alright with it, when you are with me, and the students are devastated, because they managed a lot, but they need some more lessons. Maybe you could accompany me to the classroom and have a look?” His grandmother nodded and said,

“Of course, Harry, I would love to see their progress. And about the lessons, we can talk while they practise. Let’s go.”

Professor McGonagall was impressed with the progress of the students. “I have never had so many students in one year who were able to manage the animagus transformation. Normally it was one student a year, if there was even one,” she said to Harry admiringly. “We can arrange an animagus class together in the evening once a week if you want to, Harry, and if you are ill or are confronted with a memory during class, I will take over. Normally I will only watch. How is that?”

Harry smiled grateful at his grandmother and said, “Oh, Granny, that’s great – thank you very much. When would it be convenient for you, Granny? As you know, I don’t have anything else in the evening, so any day will be fine with me.” Minerva thought for a while and answered,

“How about Friday night? For the students it might be the best, because they aren’t as busy with homework as on the other weekdays.” Harry nodded his consent and told the students,

“Could you listen for a moment please? Professor McGonagall has agreed to help me; therefore, we are able to hold an animagus lesson every week, which will take place on Friday evening after dinner here in the Transfiguration classroom. The first lesson will be on Friday next week.” The students cheered and applauded by this announcement.

Suddenly Harry had an idea. He cleared his throat, and everyone was looking expectantly at him. “I will have to ask the headmaster, but I think we should have an animagus party during the last week of school before the summer holidays, when your NEWTs are over. Not only the animagi of this class, but all animagi of the whole school could get together for an animagus party in the Great Hall – how is

that?" The tumult was yet bigger than before, and even Minerva smiled and whispered to Harry,

"Where do you always get your good ideas, Harry?" Harry smirked and dismissed the students.

cocoCOCOcoco

When he entered their quarters, his parents and sisters were sitting around the fireplace watching him expectantly. Harry frowned and asked,

"Is something wrong?" Everyone laughed, and Severus said,

"No Harry, but we have a surprise for you." When Harry glanced at him enquiringly, he continued, "You wanted to know your other Granny, my mother, didn't you?" Harry interrupted him excitedly,

"Yes, of course. Can we meet her, Daddy?" Severus laughed and replied,

"Yes. We thought about going to Snape Manor, where she is living, this afternoon in order to stay until Sunday. Do you think you will be well enough for this trip?" By this question, Harry got very self-conscious and replied,

"Dad, frankly speaking, I am not sure. I know that I am asking a lot, but could you stay with me during the nights?" Severus and Lily exchanged a glance, and Severus said,

"Of course, Harry. As Albus has already excused us for the weekend, I would suggest that you pack your bag with everything you will need until Sunday and then we can leave. Don't worry about your potions; I have already packed them into our luggage." Harry threw his parents a grateful smile and happily went into his room to pack a few things. Ten minutes later, he was back and ready to leave. Marina was jumping around the room excitedly. When she saw Harry, she asked,

"Harry, do you have your swimming trunks? Can you teach me swimming please? I want to learn it this weekend!" Harry looked questioningly at his parents and asked,

“Do you think we will go swimming?” Lily glanced at Severus and said hesitantly,

“Harry, we can go for a swim, but PLEASE listen; you are only allowed to swim if Daddy or I are with you. Do you understand me?” Harry frowned and replied in a small voice,

“Yes, Mom, I can understand that, and I promise that I will only go swimming with you or Dad.” He quickly returned to his room to fetch his trunks. A few minutes later, they stood around the fireplace. Severus went first and shouted,

“Snape Manor.” The others followed quickly, and they arrived in the room Harry had seen in the memory a few weeks before.

*cocoCOCOcoco*

Eileen Prince AKA Harry’s other Grandmother, greeted them happily. “Harry, Julia, Marina – you are so big! How are you all?” She busily gave everyone a big hug and ushered them into the kitchen, where a huge cake was waiting for them. When a house elf arrived, whom Harry remembered from a memory vision as Mandy, Marina went over to him and pulled him into a hug shouting,

“Mandy, I have missed you so. Where is Sandy?” Mandy bowed his head and replied,

“Sandy is making tea, Mistress Marina, she will be serving tea in a minute.” Harry laughed at the antics of his little sister – she really could be cute.

After they had cake and tea – Harry would never have believed that they would be able to manage this huge cake –, Severus ordered the children to go into their rooms and unpack the luggage, which the house elves had already put into their rooms. Harry looked helplessly at his father. He did not remember where his room was. Severus sighed inwardly and smiled encouragingly at his son.

“Harry, I will accompany you. I have to bring some of my things to your room anyway.” Harry threw him a thankful glance and followed Severus up the stairs into a room, which was decorated in white, dark

blue and green – Harry liked it immediately. Severus laughed at Harry and asked,

“Do you like it?” Harry smiled back and nodded eagerly. Severus smirked and said, “I believe that. I mean, a very talented artist has decorated this room.” Inwardly laughing about Harry’s confused look, he added, “His name is Harry Snape-Dumbledore. Anyway, unpack your bag, and I will get whatever I need here, and then let’s head downstairs again. We can spend the afternoon outside in the park.” Twenty minutes later, everyone had come down, and they were just on their way into the garden, when their grandmother came over and asked,

“Harry, would you mind going into town to get some groceries for me? I went shopping this morning, but I forgot a few things.” Marina interrupted her asking,

“Harry, may I come with you? I want to go into town.”

“I want to go too,” Julia added. While Harry unsuccessfully tried to hide his shock, Lily laughed and with a glance at her son and Severus said,

“Why don’t we go all together? I like this small town, it’s so different from Hogsmeade, and you know that we normally don’t get to see anywhere else. We still have enough time to go swimming tomorrow and on Sunday.” Fortunately, Severus had promised to himself to stay close to Harry all the time – on their way back, Harry was overcome by a memory vision, and Severus who was just beside him noticed him swaying and was able to steady and hold him a few minutes, until the memory was over. Marina had been walking hand in hand with Harry, but Lily quickly pulled Marina’s hand out of her brother’s, and Harry gratefully leaned into his father’s arms, when he slowly drifted back into reality. Severus made him drink a potion he had brought with him in any case, and asked worriedly,

“Harry, can you walk back? Or do you want to flash?” Harry shook his head and replied,

“No, can’t flash now, but I can walk back; it’s alright, I’m fine.” Severus snorted.

cocoCOCOcoco

They were just back in time for dinner, and Lily instructed everyone to go to their rooms to wash their hands and come back immediately. Dinner reminded Harry of dinner at Potter manor, which in the past always had reminded him of dinner at the Weasleys. He still felt a little unsure about his Grandmother as he hardly hadn't any memories about her, but dinner was a funny affair anyway. When dinner was finished, Marina asked excitedly,

"Harry, Julia, shall we go to the Playroom?" Harry threw an unsure glance at his parents, while Julia agreed immediately. Harry accompanied his sisters to the Playroom and was fascinated – the room contained of several electronic devices, games, a television and even a DVD player. They played a game for a few minutes, but when his sisters sat in front of the TV to watch a DVD, Harry excused himself and went to bed early. During the night, he was confronted with several memories, all of them memories of his grandmother or Snape Manor and its surroundings.

They spent the entire next day out in the garden. The Manor had a huge garden, nearly as big as the park, which belonged to Potter Manor. At lunchtime, Mandy and Sandy brought them a huge picnic basket with everything they could have imagined to eat. Severus and Harry took Marina for her swimming lessons several times, and after the third time she tiredly fell asleep in the middle of the afternoon. Lily was reading a book, which Severus had got her for Christmas and that she had wanted to read ever since then, and Julia was lying on her stomach reading on for her next potions lesson. Severus had gone looking for certain herbs he wanted as potions ingredients, and Harry had joined his father.

For dinner the house elves had prepared a barbeque outside on the terrace, which everyone enjoyed very much – especially Marina, who was excitedly running around all the time. The rest of the evening passed relatively uneventful – they enjoyed sitting in the park talking to each other without noticing that it had gotten dark a long while ago. Marina was fast asleep on Harry's lap when they finally moved inside.

Unfortunately, Harry had to struggle through many memories and drifted in and out consciousness during the night, but finally consciousness overweighed. He groaned, but before he could say anything, Severus handed him several potions and after Harry had drank each of them asked, "How do you feel, Harry?" Harry sighed and mumbled,

"I have been better, but it's alright; your potions helped a lot." Severus raised an eyebrow; this straight answer was very unlike Harry and did not sound too good. He glanced at his watch – it was nearly time for breakfast.

"Harry, do you feel up to go to breakfast and spend the day in the garden, or would you prefer to return to Hogwarts? Or do you just want to stay in bed here?" Harry apparently had to think about it but finally said,

"I would like to spend the day in the garden; I also want to talk to Grandma." Severus eyed him curiously and asked,

"Did you see many memories about Grandma and Snape Manor?" Harry gave him a slight nod.

*cocoCOCOcoco*

After breakfast they went into the garden and enjoyed a nice, sunny day near the lake – it was actually so warm, that one could forget that it was still April. By lunchtime, Severus and Harry had managed to teach Marina how to swim, and she was bouncing with joy. After lunch, Severus suddenly asked,

"Julia and Harry, I need to pick up some more herbs and other potions ingredients from the greenhouses; do you care to accompany me?" Both of them shouted,

"Yes, Dad!" They spent a few hours in the huge greenhouses and enjoyed a lesson about several kinds of herbs, which were often used as potion ingredients.

“This,” Severus explained holding a small herb in his hand, “is the main ingredient of the Vabana potion. Do you know what the Vabana potion is, Julia?” Julia shook her head, and Harry said,

“I’m sorry, Dad, but I don’t know either.” Severus frowned at his son.

“You got an O in your Potions NEWTs, didn’t you?” he sneered, and Harry blushed.

“Dad, I have taken the NEWTs eighteen years ago. And in this time line with you as Potions teacher, I have only taken five years of Potions classes, you know. In the past we didn’t learn about this potion, not even in your Potions tutoring.” Severus grinned and explained patiently,

“The Vabana potion is a relaxing draught – something between the calming draught and a cheering charm.”

cocoCOCOcoco

The rest of the afternoon was spent near the lake. Harry told Severus he would be looking for his grandmother and went into the house to find her in the drawing room. He cleared his throat and hesitantly asked,

“Hello Grandma. I was wondering if you would like to sit near the lake with us, so that we could talk for a while.” His grandmother smiled fondly at him and said,

“Hello Harry. I am very glad to see you. Lily told me you didn’t feel well because you were getting many memories back. Are you alright now?” Harry sighed and replied,

“Yes. Last night I have seen many memories, mostly about us being here at Snape manor. Until then, I couldn’t even remember you; I had only seen one single memory about you before, but now I remember a lot about our holidays here with you, and I am very glad about having these happy memories.”

“How long does Madam Pomfrey think it will take you to get all your memories back?” his grandmother asked thoughtfully, and Harry answered truthfully,

“She said probably about a year. But I am afraid – you know I haven’t told anyone – but I am really afraid, that it will take longer and that I will get memory visions when I am teaching a class, as I will be a full teacher after the summer holidays.” He told her everything about the memory suppressing potions and of his problems with the memory visions, and she asked worriedly,

“Harry, please excuse me for asking this, but do you regret your travel into the past? And do you regret that you changed the time line?” Harry shook his head immediately.

“No, Grandma. I changed the time line in order to save my parents’ lives, and I managed not only to save their lives but to get a father I like much more, two sisters who didn’t even exist before, two grandmothers, one grandfather and one pair of great grandparents. In my old time line, I was raised by my mom’s sister and her family, who hated and abused me, and now, in this time line, I have a very lovable, caring family. That is more than I ever wanted to have – the only thing I ever wanted to have was one caring parent, and now I have so much more. I am very, very happy, Grandma.” Harry hadn’t even noticed that his grandmother had walked over to him, but suddenly he was pulled into a bear’s hug, which somehow felt familiar.

“Alright, Harry, shall we join the rest of the family outside?” she suggested, and Harry moved out of the room but was thrown into a memory vision. He just managed in time to sit down on the floor in order not to fall down.

*Two-year-old Harry was running around the garden at Snape manor. His parents, his grandmother and his great grandparents Albus and Minerva were sitting at a table on the terrace and were watching him laughing about his fast small steps.*

*“Harry, come here and eat your breakfast,” Severus called him, but Harry answered,*



*“Oh, Daddy, Hawwy not hungwy, Hawwy wants his pwesents now.” He gave Severus a puppy look and run around the table where they were sitting, until he stumbled over the leg of a chair and fell down. Everyone was watching him expectantly thinking ‘Is he going to cry or not?’, but Harry got up, climbed on his grandmother’s lap and when he saw that everyone was watching him, announced,*

*“Is okay, I’m fine. Hawwy is two and a big boy, not a baby anymowe, and big boys don’t cw.” With that, Albus could not help laughing loud and handed Harry a birthday present.*

Holding his head Harry stumbled off the floor, when his grandmother suddenly gripped his arm. “Harry, are you alright?” she asked worriedly. Harry sighed and mumbled,

“Yes, I’m fine. That was a memory of my second birthday here at Snape manor. Let’s go and join the others.”

cocoCOCOcoco

They went over to the lake and sat down in the shadow next to Harry’s parents and sisters. Harry decided to lie down in the grass for a moment, which did not go unnoticed by his grandmother, who got up and quietly told her son about the memory vision Harry just had experienced. Severus sighed and sat next to Harry.

“Harry, is everything alright? Do you need a potion?” he whispered and felt his forehead. Harry leaned in the cool touch but didn’t show any other reaction. Severus shrugged and went back to sit on his spot beside Lily. Suddenly Marina woke up from her nap and noticed that her grandmother had joined them.

“Oh, Grandma, can you tell us a story please?” she begged, until her grandmother began to tell her an interesting story about magical animals in lakes. Too soon, it was time for dinner and everyone headed inside the manor.

“Julia, Marina, Harry!” Lily said, “Please go into your rooms and pack your bags; don’t forget your swimming trunks. Mandy and Sandy will take your bags downstairs while we are eating dinner. After dinner we have to return to Hogwarts.” They were just eating dinner, when

suddenly Fawkes arrived and held a piece of parchment in front of Severus, who very astonished took the paper off Fawkes foot and frowned after he had read what was written on it.

## Chapter 14 –Grindybows and Brombybows

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“What is it, Severus?” Lily asked anxiously. *Hopefully it wasn't any of Albus' strange ideas.* Severus sighed and stated,

“St. Mungos is asking for Harry. They have a patient with something on his foot that they cannot heal, and they have to cut his foot off if Harry cannot help him. Pomfrey would take Harry to Mungos, but Albus wants to ask us first if Harry will be able to go.” Harry nodded and said,

“Sure. What do I have to do? Floo to St. Mungos, or should I go to Hogwarts first?” Lily eyed him worriedly and said,

“You flash or floo – whatever you prefer – over to Aunt Poppy and ask her to check on you first and decide if you can go to St. Mungos at all. And then, you let her tell you what to do. That would be the best, wouldn't it, Severus?” Severus nodded and added,

“Yes, I think so. Maybe I should go with Harry.” Harry threw him a hopeful glance, which didn't go unnoticed by his parents, and Lily agreed and said calmly,

“I will manage to take these two back home on my own, no problem.” Marina did not waste a second to ask,

“Mom, couldn't I stay here with Grandma for a few days? Please!” Lily glanced hesitantly at Severus, but his mother laughed at her granddaughter and turned to her son and his wife saying,

“If you don't mind, Lily and Severus, Marina can stay with me for a few days.” It was not the first time for a grandchild to stay at Snape manor, so they quickly agreed on it, and Harry, after he had enough time to think about it, told his father,

“You don't have to accompany me; I will be fine on my own. Aunt Poppy will be with me anyway.” Severus threw him a questioning glance and asked,

“Are you sure, Harry? I do not mind going with you.” But Harry shook his head, and countered,

“How can I be a professor at Hogwarts in only a couple of months, when I still need my Daddy to accompany me going to a place within the magical world I know well enough?” He decided to take the floo in order not to waste any magic on flashing and seconds later arrived at Poppy’s office in Hogwarts.

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“Oh, Harry, there you are.” Poppy stated. “How are you? Are you well enough to heal someone?” Harry shrugged and told her,

“I think I’m fine, but Mom said I should ask you to check on me and tell me if I could do it. Um... I had quite a lot of visions this weekend.” Pomfrey motioned him to sit down and waved her wand over him twice, frowning at his high temperature. She fetched a potion, handed it to Harry and said,

“Drink this and lie down in your old room. I will check your temperature again in a few minutes, and then we will decide what to do. In the meantime, I will floo-call Healer Burnham and ask if it has to be done today or if they could wait until tomorrow morning.” After a few minutes, she entered Harry’s room, checked on him again and with a relieved expression on her face said, “Fortunately your fever has gone down a bit. Healer Burnham said it should be done as soon as possible, so you have to choose if you think you can do it.” Harry sat up immediately and stated,

“Of course I will try to do it. Will you come with me?” He eyed her anxiously, and Pomfrey laughed.

“Of course I will come with you and try to help you. Let’s take the floo in my office. You have your portkey, don’t you, Harry?” Harry glanced at the ring Dumbledore had charmed it for him, so that it would take him back either to the dungeons or to the hospital wing depending on the password Harry used to activate it. He showed the ring to the healer and said,

“As you know, I have my portkey always with me.” She glanced at his ring as if she saw it for the first time and asked him,

“Where did you get this? It is beautiful. Do the animals have a special meaning? Are they your animagus forms?” Harry nodded and told her,

“Yes, Aunt Poppy. My mom gave it to me in the past, when we spent Christmas at Potter manor. It has the six animals of the Marauders on it, a stag, a dog, a bear, a snake, an owl and a phoenix.”

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The entrance hall of St. Mungo’s was very crowded, when they stepped out of the floo, and Harry groaned inwardly seeing so many people. Pomfrey quickly ushered him in the direction of the head healer’s office, while she was walking on his right side, shielding him a little.

“Hello Harry, Healer Pomfrey,” Healer Burnham greeted them, when they arrived at his office. “Are you in a better condition today, Harry?” the healer asked, and Harry blushed and said,

“Yes, I’m fine, thank you, sir.” Pomfrey however shook her head saying,

“No, he is not fine, but his condition is a little better than the last time.” Burnham frowned but said,

“Alright; the patient is Malcolm Longbottom, and he was bitten by a Brombylow very badly. The question is if we will be able to save his foot.” When they arrived at Mr. Longbottom’s room, Harry eyed him curiously and noticed that in spite of the pain he obviously was in, he was awake, and that he resembled Neville a lot.

“Hello Mr. Longbottom,” he greeted him quietly and introduced himself, before he asked, “Do you mind if I have a look at your foot?” Mr. Longbottom glanced at him friendly and answered,

“Hello Mr. Snape-Dumbledore. Of course not, my boy, thank you very much.” Harry threw a glance at the foot – this should be no problem for him. He informed the patient accordingly and asked,

"I am sorry, but I just have to ask a personal question. Are you somehow related to Neville?" Mr. Longbottom laughed at him and told him,

"Yes, Mr. Snape-Dumbledore, he is my nephew and godson." Harry sighed relieved and said,

"Neville is a very good friend of mine. We are in the same year at Hogwarts." Then he made himself comfortable on the edge of the bed near the bad foot. He threw a glance at Madam Pomfrey, who proceeded to sit on a chair just in front of Harry, and gripped the foot with both hands trying to let his magic flow through his hands. This time he managed to notice on his own when it was sufficient and released the foot immediately, before Pomfrey could pull him away.

"Very good, Harry," Pomfrey commended instantly, while the healer examined the foot and said,

"Mr. Longbottom, your foot is as good as new. Thank you very much, Mr. Snape-Dumbledore." Neville's uncle looked at his foot unbelievably and shot an astonished glance over to Harry, before he finally found words to thank Harry, who was getting uncomfortable with the attention and just shook his head saying,

"No problem, Mr. Longbottom. I am glad that I could help and hope you will be back with your family soon."

Afterwards Harry moved to stand up from where he was sitting, but the healer pushed him back immediately.

"No, Mr. Snape-Dumbledore, you cannot just get up and run away. Let me check on you first." Harry shook his head and said very annoyed,

"Please, let me go. I am fine, and Madam Pomfrey is with me anyway." The healer waved his wand over Harry and told them,

"He is much better than the last time. His magic resources are a little drained, but they are still at about 60; however he has quite a fever again." Poppy nodded and replied,

“Yes, I know about that, because he already had it before we left Hogwarts. It is because of his memory visions that are troubling him. I even gave him the strongest fever reducer I have before we came here. Anyway, we better get back to Hogwarts now; his parents will be waiting for him.” Mr. Longbottom sat up in his bed and said,

“Thank you very much, Mr. Snape-Dumbledore; Be assured that I will never forget what you have done for me today! And please give my regards to Neville and tell him to either beware of Brombylows or take you with him.” Harry blushed and laughed before he replied,

“No problem, Mr. Longbottom, I am glad I could help. Good night.” He stood up from the bed of Neville’s uncle and turned to Madam Pomfrey.

“Where shall the portkey take us, dungeons or hospital wing?” She glanced at him and said,

“The dungeons please, because I will put you to bed straight away, so if you don’t want to stay in the wing...”

“Oh no,” Harry groaned, said, “Please touch my ring,” and activated the portkey by saying ‘Merlin’s Home’. Seconds later, they arrived in Harry’s room in the Snape quarters.

“Thank you, Aunt Poppy, for accompanying me. Otherwise I would have panicked I think. I feel very much more secure and calm when you are with me when I have to do healing magic.” He threw her a grateful glance, not really prepared for her answer,

“Please get ready for bed; I will talk to your parents for a moment, before I come back once more.” Harry was fast asleep even before Poppy returned or his parents arrived to say good night.

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During the next two weeks, Harry was quite busy. Apart from assisting in Transfiguration lessons, grading papers and holding animagus classes, he had to prepare the Quidditch tournament, which would take place in a few weeks. And on Saturday, he had to play seeker for the Merlin team in a Quidditch match against

Ravenclaw. Fortunately, the weather was beautiful, and Harry managed to catch the snitch quite fast – Merlin beat Ravenclaw in an eighteen-minute game 170 – 00.

So far, Harry had not had any more memory visions and had in accordance with his father and Pomfrey stopped to take the memory suppressing potions. He had gone back to taking every meal in the Great Hall and had even started to spend more and more time in the Merlin common room with Ginny and his other friends. He also managed to elaborate a schedule with Hermione and Ron, so that they were able to meet more frequently after classes.

This Sunday, Harry attended the Quidditch practise of the Hogwarts team for the first time in weeks.

“Probably you all know by now that I have transferred the captainship to Ginny. Fabian Weasley is the Co-captain, while I remain as an unofficial Co-captain,” he explained to the team. “Nevertheless, I have been organizing the Quidditch tournament in accordance with the captains of Beauxbatons and Durmstrang. Ginny has probably told you the dates, so that you know we will have the first match next week. As you have probably heard, I am not allowed to play during practise but only in the matches, however Ginny has asked me to supervise today’s practise.” With this, he sat down in the stands and watched the two teams playing, so that he could give a few advises later.

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As usual, the guests arrived on Friday just before dinner. This time, Harry had organized, that each member of the two Hogwarts teams had to care for two students of Beauxbatons or Durmstrang, depending of the gender of course. The guests would have to stay in the same dormitory and would eat at the same table as their Hogwarts team member in charge of them. Harry unfortunately had to make an exception for himself, as in spite of his begging his parents did not allow him to spend the night in the dormitory. Therefore, he asked Brian, his best friend in his dormitory, to take care of Peter and his friend from Durmstrang between curfew and breakfast.



On Saturday morning, Harry woke up very refreshed after a potion-induced night of dreamless sleep. When he took a glance out of the window, he groaned. The rain was pouring, and the clouds were hanging very low – *How was he supposed to catch the snitch in such a weather?* ‘It will take ages,’ he thought.

This time, Harry had invited the French Minister of Magic, Mr. Dupont, to referee the two matches of the weekend, and he had agreed immediately. He introduced each of the players, and released the snitch in order to let the game begin. As Harry had feared in the morning, it took him four hours to catch the snitch – fortunately the Durmstrang seeker was not faster, and Hogwarts won the game 540 – 370.

“And that with two reserve chasers and the reserve keeper, because half the team is in bed with a cold,” Harry whispered to Ginny on their way to the changing rooms. She smiled at him and gave him a kiss in his wet face.

“You know, Harry, as much as I pity Ron for not being able to play today, I am very proud of our reserve team.”

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The party in the Great Hall took the whole afternoon. What else could be done in such weather? After four hours playing or watching Quidditch in the rain, everyone was just happy to be in the dry, warm hall having tea, hot cocoa and many delicacies the Hogwarts elves had prepared. Only the pumpkin juice had a strange taste and everyone was told they wouldn’t get anything else to drink unless they drank their potion-laced juice first. One of the Beauxbatons students at Merlin table asked Harry,

“Why does pumpkin juice always taste so strange at Hogwarts?” Harry grinned and replied,

“Only the pumpkin juice you get after long Quidditch games in the rain tastes strange because they mix Pepper-up potion in it; normally it just tastes normal.” The girl threw him an unbelievable glance, until Ginny laughed and told her,

“That’s true.”

At first, everyone had been sitting together with their guests at their own tables. However, after a few hours some of the students who were not involved in the event at all had left, and the others were changing seats in order to have the possibility to talk to others – and maybe even to have the possibility to sit at a different table, even if it was only for a few minutes. Suddenly Neville slipped into the seat next to Harry, which Ginny had just vacated.

“Hello Neville,” Harry said happily surprised.

“Hello Harry,” Neville answered with an unsure glance at Harry. “Harry, I want to thank you for saving my uncle. You know, he is my godfather as well, and I am very fond of him. Thank you very much.”

Harry shook his head. “No, Neville, you don’t have to thank me. I would have done it for anyone, but I must say it was a very happy feeling to be able to help a good friend’s relative.”

“My uncle said, he also wants to thank you. Therefore he would like to meet you whenever it is convenient for you.”

Harry fidgeted uncomfortably in his seat. “No, Neville, please tell him that is really unnecessary. Tell him I’m glad that I could help and that he is fine again.” He sighed. “By the way, Neville, what is a Brombylow?” Neville laughed and replied,

“Harry, you know what a Grindylow is, don’t you?” Harry nodded and said,

“Of course, there are many in the lake here.”

“Right,” Neville told him, “and a Brombylow is about the same thing, just that they don’t live in lakes but in the sea.” Harry raised an eyebrow; he had not assumed that there was such a simple explanation to his question.

Shortly after his conversation with Neville, Harry was pulled into a memory vision.

*An about thirteen or fourteen year old Harry was walking around the lake together with Ron and Hermione. Suddenly Harry spotted Neville sitting behind a tree sobbing. He motioned Ron and Hermione to go on and went over to Neville to ask what the matter was.*

*"Oh Harry, I just can't do Potions. Everyone tells me it should be so easy for me, because I am good at Herbology, but I am just too stupid." Harry glanced at his friend shocked and said,*

*"No, Neville. You are not stupid. But I can tutor you in Potions if you want me to." Neville threw him a hesitating glance.*

*"But... but would your father not object if you tutored me?" Harry stared at him unbelievably.*

*"And why should he do that? He doesn't have to know in the first place, but even if he knew, he wouldn't have a problem with it. On the contrary, he would be glad if you got better at Potions I think." He thought for a moment. "The only problem is time. Maybe we could meet on Tuesday and Thursday after dinner in the potions classroom. I will ask Dad, if we can use the classroom, if not I will come up with a different potions lab."*

*"Would you really do that for me?" Neville asked happily, and when Harry nodded, continued, "Alright, then I will meet you on Tuesday after dinner in the potions classroom. Thanks Harry, thanks a lot." Harry just shook his head.*

*"No problem, Neville."*

When Harry returned to the present, he noticed immediately that he was sitting at Merlin table in the Great Hall and that his girlfriend was watching him intently. She put an arm around his shoulders, and he leaned into the touch and laid his head onto her shoulder. "Are you alright, Harry?" she whispered into his ear. Julia, who was sitting opposite Harry and had watched him, told him,

"Harry, wait a moment, I'm getting Dad." Soon she returned with her father in tow, who handed Harry his usual potions and ordered him to accompany him back to their quarters.

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The next day was warm and sunny, and the whole school got together on the pitch to watch the Quidditch match their guests played against each other. This time, the Beauxbatons players didn't even have time to warm up properly, when the Durmstrang seeker caught the snitch after only twenty minutes into the game, and the match ended 150 – 00. Harry cheered and whispered to Ginny, who was sitting next to him,

“Wow – the cup is ours I suppose.” Noticing her enquiring look, he added, “Beauxbatons has to beat us with more than 500 points. I suppose that might be a little hard for them.”

One of Harry's many plans to keep their guests occupied, which was perfect for the situation of an early finished game and splendid weather, was a brunch picnic in combination with a swimming contest. After he had announced his plans to everyone, all guests, students and teachers made themselves comfortable on the ground, where the house elves had prepared blankets to sit on as well as huge picnic baskets with everything they could even think of. When Harry sat down together with Julia, Ginny and Anna, Hermione came over and asked,

“May I join you?” Of course, she was invited to sit with them immediately. “Harry, did you really organize all this by yourself? It's just splendid; you really know how to organize things!” Harry flushed deeply and replied,

“It was not difficult, Hermione, and it's Dumbledore and the house elves who make everything possible.” After everyone had eaten a little – Harry was still full from breakfast – Harry stood and cleared his voice. Noticing everyone's attention on himself, he said,

“I suggest that we will have our swimming race now. It is very easy; all members of the three first and second teams will swim at the same time. The team that is the first to completely assemble on the other side of the lake wins. Every kind of swimming style is allowed, but no animagus transformations please.” With a glance around Harry had transfigured everyone's clothes into swimming suits – even the headmasters of the three schools, Professor McGonagall and the

French Minister of Magic were wearing swimming suits. Minerva frowned and transfigured her, Rolanda Hooch's and Poppy Pomfrey's robes back immediately. "Please stand here on this side, teams," Harry tried to overtone the loud cheering of the students.

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The three headmasters together with the minister made the jury this time. Harry could swim quite fast and was soon among the top swimmers. The lake was very huge and he supposed that it would take the fast swimmers about thirty minutes to completely cross it. However, after about twenty minutes, he heard a cry from behind and shortly afterwards he could hear Julia's voice crying for him.

"Harry, come here!" she shouted, and Harry turned and swam back immediately to see what was wrong.

"Julia, what's wrong? He asked, and Julia told him in a panicked voice,

"You can dive, Harry, can't you? Ginny has been pulled down by something, maybe Grindylows, I don't know." Harry didn't waste another second and dove deep into the water. Oh, it just reminded him too much of the second task of the tournament in the old time line – 'better not think about it now' he thought, while he was frantically searching for Ginny. But the lake was not very clear; he just could not find her. And as he didn't have any means to help him breathing, he had to return to the surface frequently.

Suddenly he had an idea. He tried to summon all his wish magic and thought 'Accio Ginny.' He hardly couldn't believe it, but it worked. Ginny was hovering in front of him, but Grindylows held her in strong grips. Of course, it was no problem for Harry to wish them away from Ginny, but when he started to move his now unconscious girlfriend, two of the creatures attacked his own legs. Harry didn't have time to think; he just had to catch some air.

Holding Ginny with a strong grip in his left arm, he could only use his right arm to swim, because every movement of his legs that were still in the strong grip of the grindylows made them hurt even more. Finally, with the help of his wish magic he managed to get to the

surface, so that he at least could breathe and had a chance of waking Ginny up. Using his right hand this time, he cast a strong 'Enervate' spell, and Ginny blinked confused.

"What happened, Harry? What's wrong? Everything hurts," she stated, and Harry asked urgently,

"Ginny, do you remember the swimming contest? We were attacked by grindylows. They are still trying to pull my legs down. I know that you are hurt, but do you think you can swim?" Ginny shook her head and said,

"No, Harry, I cannot feel my arms or legs; just everything hurts." Harry thought frantically about what to do. He could see that in the meantime, several people were swimming in their direction, but they were still far away and it would still take at least ten minutes until help arrived, and he could hardly feel his legs any more either.

He made up his mind – he was going to try something. Adjusting his left arm a little more around his girlfriend, so that his hand could grip her arm, he tried to send his healing magic just into this one hand and let it flow into Ginny's left arm. But he was careful. 'Think, Harry; you only need a little; you have to heal yourself too later,' he thought frantically. It seemed to have been successful.

"Ginny, is your left arm better?" he asked urgently, and Ginny said,

"Yes, Harry, I can feel my left arm again and it doesn't hurt. Did you do that?" Harry nodded and tried to adjust his arm again in order to grip Ginny's other arm, and he somehow managed, although it was difficult, because he still had to struggle against the grindylows. "Harry, it worked. This arm is alright too," Ginny suddenly said excitedly. Now I will try to swim with my arms, so that you can try to heal my legs, alright?" Harry nodded and tried to grip one of her legs. Owe, the grindylows were really hurting him. He pushed his wish magic in the direction of his legs and wished the grindylows away, not believing that this could work. He still couldn't move his legs, but as Ginny was swimming on her own, he used one hand to grip her left leg, still swimming only with his right arm.

“Harry, are you sure you are alright healing me? I mean, I could swim like this. Let’s get away here,” Ginny urged him, but he managed to heal her left leg and said,

“Ginny, I know, but help will come, and when I heal your right leg too, you should be able to swim properly. Wait a moment.” He gripped her right leg, and let his magic flow, too tired to be able to dose the magic properly, but he succeeded anyway, and Ginny told him,

“Harry, it’s alright. I’m alright. Now, can you heal yourself?” Harry glanced at her and asked,

“Could you hold my hand, so that I don’t have to swim at the same time?”

“Of course, Harry,” Ginny said and took hold of his left hand. Harry tried to relax and quickly sent a huge amount of healing magic through his right hand into his legs, which stopped hurting immediately.

“Alright Ginny, let’s swim back now,” he suggested, and they swam away as fast as they could in their very tired condition. They didn’t have to swim far until Severus and Peter, the Durmstrang team captain, reached them. Hearing their story, Severus immediately conjured a small boat and helped Ginny to get into it. Peter helped Harry, before he and Severus climbed up as well, and soon they were back to where everyone was waiting for them worriedly.

Poppy who had come and checked them immediately, said, “You both seem to be only tired but otherwise fine; Harry, as you are living with your parents, you may go to your room and lie down, but Ginny, you have to come with me to the Hospital wing for the night.” Harry looked at her unbelievably.

“Why? What is wrong with her? Didn’t I heal her completely? Is she so much worse than me?”

“You did, and probably she is only tired, but someone has to keep an eye on her, which won’t be possible in the dormitory. You are worse, because you drained your magic on top of everything, but your

parents will watch you I suppose. Both of you will be fine tomorrow morning.” Harry was still not content.

“Mom?” he asked, “May Ginny come with us and stay in my room with me? I mean, not in my bed, but in a second bed in my room, or even in Julia’s room?” Lily threw a glance to her son, whom she loved so much and whom she was so grateful to and couldn’t deny. “Alright; Ginny, if you want to come with us, you may.” Harry smiled fondly at his mother and his girlfriend.

After dinner, Fabian Weasley had to do the final greeting as the second Co-captain of the Hogwarts team. He blushed deeply, when Dumbledore suddenly called him and asked him for a final sentence to the guests.

“Dear guests. We hope that you have enjoyed this weekend as much as we did. We want to thank you very much for coming and for joining us for two great Quidditch matches and a swimming contest. I am especially happy about the fact that we have three winners. The Hogwarts team for the first match, the Durmstrang team for the second match, and the Beauxbatons team for the swimming contest. Congratulations to everyone. We are looking forward to seeing you again in a few weeks. Thank you.” When he returned to his seat, Professor McGonagall called him over and said,

“That was a brilliant speech, Mr. Weasley. Mr. Snape-Dumbledore would have said it in exactly the same way; he will be as proud of you as I am. 30 points to Gryffindor.” Fabian blushed and thanked his Head of House before he returned to his seat.

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Unfortunately, a few days later, just during the animagus lesson, which took place once a week on Friday evening, he was drawn into a memory vision.

*Harry seemed to be between one and two years old and was toddling after his daddy through the halls of Hogwarts. He nearly had to run on his short legs to keep up with Severus’ pace, which was of course very slow for Professor Snape. They went to the Headmaster’s office, told the gargoyle “7th tooth” and were let in.*



*In the office, Fawkes greeted them with a trill and Harry turned to him saying,*

*“You awe a stwange bawdy; I not wittew baby and I not wannin; you not nice bawdy.” Then he turned to his Great Grandfather and said,*

*“Gwanddad Abus, Hawwy not wike bawdy.” Albus giggled, and Severus looked enquiringly from one to another, until Albus told him,*

*“Fawkes was just not nice. He seems to have insulted Harry by saying something about little babies running around my office and disturbing his peace, although he knew that Harry would understand him. Harry, I am sorry; Fawkes is very nice indeed, but sometimes he says things, which are not so nice. Just ignore him when he does that, because he doesn’t mean it. In fact, I know that he likes you very much.” He motioned Severus to put Harry into his baby chair and sit down as well.*

*Half an hour later, Harry could be seen very content and nearly asleep in his chair with Fawkes sitting on the baby chair’s table just in front of Harry’s face trilling a story for him.*

Harry had just managed to sit down in time, and fortunately, Professor McGonagall had noticed immediately what was wrong with him and had taken over the class. When he drifted back to reality, she motioned for him to either go and lie down in her office for a moment or go and look for his father or Pomfrey to get his potion. As Harry knew that his father would be supervising the Slytherin team practise, he decided to go to his father in order to ask him for the potion, because the Quidditch pitch would be nearer than the Hospital wing or even the dungeons.

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When he arrived at the Quidditch pitch, there was a huge uproar. Apparently, the Slytherin seeker had fallen from his broomstick and was lying on the floor. Severus was just waving his wand over him checking for injuries.

“Apparently only his leg is broken, so he is very lucky in deed, but he will not be able to play tomorrow,” Severus announced to his horrified

students, who seemed to not take this well. Everyone was shouting and whining at the same time. Their seeker was quite good and they had to play a match against Hufflepuff the next day.

Harry went over to his fellow seeker, ignoring the curious glances the Slytherins shot at him, and took a glance at the broken leg. Before anyone knew what was happening, he gripped the seeker's leg with both hands and healed it. Fortunately, he managed to pull away in time. Still ignoring the looks everyone was throwing at him, he turned to his father as if nothing had happened and said,

"Dad, I just had a memory. Do you have a headache potion or fever reducer, a strong one if possible?" Severus felt Harry's forehead, sighed, pulled two potions out of his robes, and handed them to his son, before he told him to go back to their quarters and go straight to bed. Then he turned back to his students who had been watching his son and his interaction with their Head of House the whole time.

"I apologize, but my son had a fever and needed a potion; what did I miss?" The very excited students spoke all at the same time, pointing over to the seeker, who was now sitting on the ground wondering what had happened. Severus went over to him and said, "Let me check on you again, but I suppose you will be fine, because my son is a natural healer and he has just healed your leg." He waved his wand and confirmed, "Yes, you are alright and free to go. Please finish your practise now and return to your dormitories in order to be well rested for the match tomorrow." Then he went back to his quarters to look after Harry.

On Saturday morning, Harry was eating breakfast at Merlin table together with Ginny, Anna and his two sisters, who had pulled him into a conversation about the Quidditch tournament, when suddenly Ron came over to their table, threw a murderous glance at Harry and shouted for everyone to hear,

"You f... meddling coot. Can't you stop intervening in others' affairs?"

## Chapter 15 – Meddling young coot?

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Harry looked at Ron, stunned. *What was wrong with him? Was he drunk, ill or crazy?* In the meantime Professor McGonagall had come over to the Merlin table and said in a strict, icy voice,

“Could you please explain what you just accused my assistant of, Mr. Weasley?” Ron blushed and said in a very self-confident voice,

“Yesterday evening he healed the Slytherin seeker, although today is the match Hufflepuff-Slytherin. Of course he helps the Slytherins, because his father is Head of Slytherin.” He did not notice that Ginny had gotten up from her seat and was standing next to him, but everyone in the Great Hall could hear the slap Ginny put in his face. Professor McGonagall said in the same icy voice,

“Mr. Snape-Dumbledore is a very generous person. Three weeks ago, he even went to St. Mungos to heal Neville Longbottom’s uncle, although Mr. Longbottom is in Hufflepuff and not in Merlin or Slytherin. It is not a question of the House; it is a question of humanity. If was only by chance that he saw the Slytherin seeker wounded, because he went looking for his father to get a potion for himself. He would help anyone. I am very disappointed in you Mr. Weasley. You are banned from your Quidditch team for the rest of the school year.” Ron did not stop yet.

“You can’t do that! The match starts in thirty minutes. Is that a new approach to make Hufflepuff loose?” Now McGonagall was getting angry.

“Mr. Weasley, please behave yourself. Maybe you should have thought about your team before falsely accusing my grandson of doing unfair things!”

“It’s clear that you take the position of your grandson – I wouldn’t have expected anything else.” Now, Professor Sprout came over and said,

“Fifty points from Hufflepuff. I am very disappointed, Mr. Weasley. Now go and sit down at your table.” Then she went over to discuss with the captain of the Hufflepuff Quidditch team that the reserve keeper had to play for the rest of the year and that they needed a new reserve keeper.

“Harry,” Ginny pulled him out of his thoughts, “What are we going to do about the Hogwarts team?” Harry thought for a moment and said,

“The second team’s keeper will be the new first team’s keeper, and the new Hufflepuff keeper will have to play on the second team.” Ginny nodded her consent and stated,

“Alright, I will tell them tomorrow. Now, shall we go and watch the match?”

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On Sunday morning, the whole school witnessed the howler Ron received at breakfast. Mrs. Weasley’s voice could be heard everywhere.

*“Ronald Weasley! How dare you attack Harry because he helped another student! I am very ashamed of you, and I just want to tell you something I have not told you before: About twenty years ago, when Harry visited the past, he saved your father’s life by healing him from a deadly snake’s bite – if he had not done so, you would not even exist! Please remember that for the next time you are jealous or don’t appreciate him helping other people!”* Suddenly the voice changed and Mrs. Weasley continued in a much friendlier tone, *“Ginny, my dear, please tell your boyfriend that we appreciate very much what he is doing and that we are not only proud of him but that we will never forget what he has done for your father and our whole family!”*

Harry blushed deeply and threw a questioning glance at Ginny who nodded and grinned mischievously.

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Directly after the Easter holidays Harry had started to assist also in the afternoon classes and apart from the memory vision, he had

during the animagus class in the evening, everything had gone very well so far. When Harry arrived at the Transfigurations classroom on Monday morning, his grandmother asked concernedly,

“Are you alright, Harry?” Harry nodded and gave his grandmother a slight smile. “Harry,” the teacher continued, “I have thought a bit and came to the conclusion that there is no use of having you attending the 6th years’ class; if you are alright with it, I would like you to assist me in both sixth years’ classes as well. I mean you already know everything we are doing there, and assisting me would serve as practise anyway. What do you think?” Harry sighed and answered hesitantly,

“When you think I am good enough to assist with these classes, I am fine with it of course – hopefully Ron won’t attack me because of his jealousy.” His grandmother snorted and replied sternly,

“In that case he will have to answer to me. And I believe that you will be well capable to defend yourself, Harry. Also, I would think he should have learned his lesson after the howler he got from his mother.” In the meantime, the students had filed in and they had to end their conversation. Harry gave Minerva a short nod, and the lesson began.

During the next weeks, Professor McGonagall proceeded to leave Harry more and more in charge of the first and second years’ classes going so far that she only supervised the classes and assisted if necessary. Harry slowly became used to the responsibility that came with it and began to look forward to being a full teacher from September onwards.

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One day Hermione stayed back after the combined lesson of Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff sixth years and asked him,

“Are you alright, Harry? Has Ron ever apologized to you?” Harry shook his head and said,

“No, Hermione. He has not spoken to me at all, and I know there is nothing I can do about it, so I decided to just wait it out. I know that I

haven't done anything wrong, and if he thinks he cannot be my friend anymore, then I am sorry." Hermione sighed and told him,

"I know that it's only Ron's fault, and I have told him on several opportunities, so he knows it as well. It's just a matter of how long it will take him to do the first step and apologize. Harry, you know, on Saturday is the next Hogsmeade day; do you think we could go to Hogsmeade together?" Harry glanced at her, slightly confused and replied,

"As Ginny is my girlfriend, I am already going with Ginny, but of course you can join us; Anna is coming with us too." He threw a glance at his watch and noticed that lunch was nearly over. "Hermione, I am going to the kitchens to get lunch; would you like to come with me?" To Dobby's great pleasure, they went to have lunch together in the kitchen. It was good to be able to talk about several things – 'just like in my old time line,' Harry thought on his way back to the Transfiguration classroom, where he had to explain to his stern great grandmother why he had not come to the Great Hall for lunch.

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But the class Harry enjoyed most was still the Animagus class. About twenty students were attending the special class on Friday evenings, and ten of them had already somehow managed the complete transformation and were just practising; the others at least were able to change some parts of their bodies. Harry was very proud of them, and Minerva was delighted about the success of the class. One evening, Dumbledore entered the classroom during their practise and said,

"I have been told this class is an extraordinary competent class, and I would like to see with my own eyes how far you are able to transform." Harry grinned and suggested to the students,

"Alright; go on – this is your chance to show off." His grandfather was very impressed with the students' achievements, and when he commended them at the end of class, Harry used the opportunity to ask the headmaster about an animagus party at the end of the school year. As it was only a month ahead, they immediately fixed a date. The party was going to take place in the evening of the last day of

exams, which at the same time would be the Friday just after the full moon at the beginning of June. Harry grinned inwardly – *He would show the students how to enjoy an animagus party during the night.*

Later the same evening he joined the other Marauders in the forest for today's full moon night. When they sat together having butterbeer and snacks, Harry told the others about the planned animagus party and asked them for help with the preparations. Remus and Severus growled a little, but James and Sirius cheered about the possibility of being involved in a first time animagus party for the students. They decided to meet in the entrance hall at the beginning of curfew and take the innocent students outside for the party in the forest.

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During the next weekends, the school's attention was directed onto the Quidditch pitch. Although Harry did not participate in any practise, he managed to catch the snitch in every match. When Albus presented the Quidditch cup to Anna as the captain of the Merlin team, he said,

"I am sorry, but I just have to use this opportunity to commend Harry Snape-Dumbledore, who has managed to play eight years of Quidditch here at Hogwarts – two of them twenty years in the past of course – without loosing even one match. Congratulations Harry! And of course, congratulations to Merlin House, which has achieved to maintain the Quidditch cup for six years in a row. Well done Merlin!"

The next weekend was the last of the Quidditch tournament. Harry had spent much time on the planning and not only hoped that the Hogwarts team would be able to win the cup, but also that everyone would enjoy the dance party he had organized. This time his parents had allowed him to stay in the sixth years' dormitory with his two guests; therefore Harry was looking forward to the event very much – *Would he finally be able to act like a normal student?*

In spite of Harry's association of the Quidditch tournament with dark clouds and a lot of rain, blue sky and blazing sunshine greeted him when he looked out the window of the Merlin common room on Saturday morning. He hurried downstairs to be ready in front of the Entrance doors, when the Bulgarian Minister of Magic, who would



referee the game, arrived. As soon as he mounted his broom, he remembered how much fun it was to fly in such a beautiful weather. He proceeded to fly around the pitch enjoying himself until the sound of the whistle brought him back from his day-dreams. The match had begun.

It took Harry half an hour to catch the snitch. He knew that they only had to win the game in order to win the cup; therefore, he just ignored everything taking place beneath him and looked feverishly for his favourite little ball. After the Bulgarian minister had announced the end of the game, Harry took the microphone and asked everyone to come to the Great Hall, where Dumbledore had promised to proceed to the 'Handing over the Quidditch cup ceremony' straight away. When everyone had taken their seats in the Great Hall, Dumbledore stood and called Ginny over to the Head table.

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"Congratulations, Ms. Weasley, to the Tournament Cup. I am very proud of our Hogwarts team, especially as this is the fifth time in a row that Hogwarts won the Quidditch cup. Thanks to the whole team!" He cleared his throat and thanked Ginny, when she – under a huge applause of the whole Hall – handed the Quidditch cup back for him to keep in his office. It would be the last time for him to take the cup as a headmaster; next year Minerva would be in the position to receive the cup if the Hogwarts team managed to win it even without Harry as seeker. But he didn't want anyone to know about this fact yet, so he successfully tried to suppress all sentimentality and spoke to the hall again.

"Before we are going to have a victory party lunch, I would like to say a few words. First of all, I want to express my gratitude to Harry Snape-Dumbledore for leading the Hogwarts team for nearly three years. Several of you already know that at the beginning of the school year Harry went back twenty years in the past where he spent two years and already took his NEWTs. However, not many of you will know the fact, that it was **Harry** to have the idea and create the Hogwarts team in the first place. He also organized the first Quidditch tournament between our three schools, and I am very glad about this invention from twenty years ago. Although we did not manage to



have a tournament every year during this time, this year's tournament was the eighteenth, and I hope for many more in the future. Now, I think Harry has planned something for the afternoon – would you please announce what you organized, Harry?”

Harry walked over to the Head table, where Dumbledore put a Sonorus charm on him, before he addressed the students who were looking at him expectantly.

“Thanks for a nice and fair Quidditch game. Maybe I should apologize for finishing it so early, because it was a lot of fun to fly in this beautiful weather. Anyway, as the swimming contest we had the last time was a bit dangerous, at least for my girlfriend and me, for today I have thought about something safer: A treasure hunt!” He cleared his throat and proceeded to explain the details.

“We will divide all members of the six teams into fourteen groups of three people. Each group will contain of one member of each school. As I have organized the hunt, I cannot participate; therefore, I would like to ask my friend Anna Lupin to play instead of me today.” He addressed Anna,

“Will that be alright for you?” She smiled at him and said,

“Of course Harry, I love to.” Harry nodded contently and continued, while the students were watching him expectantly,

“I have prepared one paper of questions for each group, and you have to walk all over Hogwarts in order to answer the questions and to be able to find the treasure in the end. The questions on every paper are the same but in a different order; therefore following people of other groups won't be of any use. In case you are lost, hurt or in other real trouble, call my favourite house elf, Dobby, and he will come and get me to you within seconds. If you need an advice, you may call me as well, just don't bother me about answers to questions; I won't help with that.” He thought for a moment and added,

“You don't have to be the fastest. The aim of the game is to learn as much about Hogwarts as possible, and I would like our Hogwarts students to guide our guests and explain to them as much as they want to know. When you arrive at the place where the treasure is

hidden, you will notice that there will be a treasure for each group – alas, they have numbers, and you should take the one with the lowest number. We will award the prizes during our dance party in the evening. The dance party will start with dinner at 6 o'clock; when you haven't finished your hunt until 5 p.m., you should just leave it and prepare yourself for the party."

With this, he called the members of both Hogwarts teams to the front, including Anna who was replacing Harry, and told the students of Beauxbatons to join the student they wanted to play together with. Finally, he called the students from Durmstrang and asked them to join their favourite pair. When the fourteen groups had found themselves, he told them to sit together for lunch and get to know themselves in order to be able to work together as well as possible.

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When Harry turned back to Merlin table, Dumbledore called him back immediately and told him,

"As your friends are busy with their guests anyway, I would like you to join us at the Head table and explain a bit about the treasure hunt." Harry sighed and sat down between his great grandparents who had conjured a seat between them. Just so much about a quiet lunch in peace without any duties. He told the teachers,

"The questionnaire contains of fifteen questions or orders they have to answer respectively to fulfil. For example, they have to research something in the library, brew an easy potion in the Potions classroom, collect something in the Shrieking Shack, go to the kitchens for a drink etc. They have to fulfil one question in order for the next to become visible on the paper." He pulled a parchment out of his robes and handed it to his grandfather.

"This is the only parchment where all questions are visible." Dumbledore nodded pensively, before he asked,

"Have you thought of this all on your own?" Harry smiled and answered,

“Yes, of course. Nobody knew about it. I have only spoken to Winky, because I need her to stay in the Potions classroom in order to supervise the students while they are brewing their potion, and to Bobby, because he has to hand the correct drinks to the groups, as well as to Dobby, because his help might be needed as well.” He thought for a moment and added, “Ah, and of course, I have talked to Hagrid, because the whole thing ends at his place. When the students knock, he will hand the correct number to them. Maybe I will go and join him at some time.”

“And what are you going to do during the time? Do you have any task to fulfil?” his mother asked. She was very impressed and proud of her son.

“Yes, Mom,” Harry laughed, “At some place they have to call Dobby to get me, and I have to flash them to the other side of the school.”

“And in the evening, you will award them a prize?” his grandmother enquired curiously. Harry nodded happily and said,

“Yes. I sent owls to the shops in Hogsmeade and asked them about sponsoring, and in fact, everyone was very kind. Therefore, I can give the winners, who bring the plate with number 1 on it, a voucher of 20 galleons each for Weasleys Wizarding Wheezes for their shop in Hogsmeade. The second prize is a voucher of 10 galleons each for Flourish and Blotts, and the third prize is a voucher of 10 galleons each for Honeydukes. The fourth prize is a voucher of 10 galleons each for WWW and the fifth prize is a voucher of 5 galleons each for WWW. As we have a Hogsmeade day tomorrow, even the guests will be able to use their vouchers without problems. To the other groups I will give three chocolate phoenixes each from my self re-filling box.” The teachers were stunned and remained quiet until Severus managed to say,

“Harry, you did all of this very, very well, and I am very proud of you. Maybe we should have you organize games and tournaments in the future.” Everyone nodded affirmatively, and Minerva said,

“Harry, as we have already discussed about you joining the teachers’ team in September, I would like to ask you to become the captain of the team. I have discussed this with Madam Hooch, who is my Co-

captain, but she would like to remain Co-captain and have you as captain. What do you think?" Harry gasped with surprise and after a few seconds nodded,

"Yes, Granny, I would like that very much. The only question is, will you all be willing to have Quidditch training once a week, for example on Saturday after curfew?" Dumbledore and Pomfrey gasped, while Harry's parents and McGonagall laughed. Finally, Madam Hooch said,

"Good idea, Harry. I will help you to get them onto their brooms, I promise."

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In the meantime, everyone had finished lunch, and Harry stood up to gather the fourteen groups. He handed each group one of the parchments and explained about the procedure. He told them,

"Don't forget to call Dobby if necessary. If you are stuck with a question, I will help you but for each question, which I really help with, you will lose one position. Now, have fun!" When the teams left, Harry addressed the other students,

"I am sorry, that you are not able to participate in the game; it was my first time to organize something like that and it would have been too difficult to organize such a huge event. But I promise that I will arrange something like that for everyone here, sometime on a weekend during the next school year. Please try to stay out of the way of the groups, so that they will be able to have as much fun as possible. Thank you."

After a huge applause, the students left the Great Hall and Harry returned to the Head table, where his parents and great grandparents were still sitting and discussing Quidditch with Madam Pomfrey and Madam Hooch. He sat down on the seat he had vacated only minutes before and asked his mother, who was sitting just opposite of him, if he could call Dobby to ask for a coffee. Lily glanced at him suspiciously and said,

"Yes, Harry, no problem, but I have hardly ever seen you drinking coffee. Is everything alright?" Harry gave her a short nod and called

Dobby who arrived immediately. He asked the others if anybody wanted coffee and finally asked Dobby,

“Dobby, could you please get a coffee for my Dad and a very strong one for me.” Dobby nodded only to come back with two cups of coffee a few seconds later. Harry had just drunken about half of his coffee, when Dobby arrived again and told him students needed him. Dobby took Harry’s hand and popped them over to the far end of the East tower, from where he had planned to flash the students over to some place in Gryffindor tower.

Finally, he flashed back to the Great Hall and groaned inwardly, when he transformed back. He already had a headache before, but now it was worse and he had to flash another thirteen groups. On his way back to his seat, he stopped behind Severus and whispered, “Dad, can you give me a headache potion please?” Severus glanced at him, put the back of his hand on Harry’s check, and finally pulled a phial out of his robe and handed it to Harry, who gulped it down, recognizing it as his strawberry potion, and handed the phial back and relaxed.

“Harry, what is wrong? Did you get a memory?” Severus asked quietly, and Harry shook his head and said,

“I don’t know, but now it’s fine. Thank you, Dad.” He went back to his seat and proceeded to drink his coffee until Dobby came to get him the next time. Finally, he spent the whole afternoon in the Great Hall drinking coffee and tea together with the teachers, who were discussing his parchment with the questions and tasks in every detail. When he had flashed the last of the fourteen groups, it was already half past four, and he decided to flash into his own room to rest until the dance party. He fell asleep immediately and slept until Lily woke him up in time to change for the party.

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The party was a lot of fun. When he announced that he had invited the group ‘Take That’ for the evening, the applause was deafening. Ginny and Harry opened the dance, and Harry could enjoy the evening very much. About two hours in the party, Harry asked the band for a break and stepped up onto the stage in order to award the

prizes to the groups. The whole Great Hall went quiet as soon as Harry began to speak. He called each group onto the stage and handed over the prizes – the happy faces of the students when they discovered what their prize was were priceless. After everyone had received their present, Ginny stepped onto the stage and stood next to Harry.

“Now, Harry, we also have a prize for you – for the best treasure hunt Hogwarts has ever seen.” She handed him a huge box, and Harry gasped – on the outside of the box, there were three letters: WWW. He hugged Ginny, thanked her and whispered,

“What are they thinking? They know, that I will be a teacher from September onwards, don’t they?” Ginny only smiled mischievously.

The party went on until late after midnight, and it was nearly lunchtime, when most of the students left the castle for Hogsmeade on Sunday morning. Harry and Ginny went to the three shops that had sponsored the vouchers in order to thank the owners profoundly. When dinner was finished in the evening, Dumbledore called Harry over to say a few words, before the guests were going back to their own schools. Harry cleared his throat and said,

“Dear guests, dear Hogwarts students and dear teachers, thank you very much for making it possible for us to have such a great tournament again. As far as I have heard, everyone has enjoyed this weekend very much, and I am very happy that it was such a success in getting to know our guests better. I hope that we will have another tournament next year, although I will probably not be the one to organize it, because I will not be a student anymore but a teacher. However, I promise to support the organizer with all my means and help as much as I can. Dear guests, thank you for coming and for adapting so well, that it was great fun to have you here. And to the Hogwarts students thanks for your hospitality towards our guests; you did very well, and I am really proud of you. Please help to work on the continuation of this already kind of traditional tournament.”

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During the next two weeks, the atmosphere in the castle was quite tense, as everyone was aware that the seventh years had to take

their NEWTs as well as the fifth years were fighting with their OWLs. Harry was glad that he had taken all necessary tests in the past, although it was a strange feeling not to have to study for the end of year tests. The two test weeks passed fairly quickly, as Harry had been busy grading the end of year tests for all classes except from the fifth and seventh years, but of course he had found enough time to organize the Animagus party, which he planned for Friday night. The week before, during their last animagus lesson on Friday evening, he had told the students to come into the Entrance hall at the beginning of curfew, and to bring warm clothes because they would be going to spend the night outside.

After his last classes in the afternoon, Harry floo-called James to talk about some arrangements for the night; afterwards he talked to Dobby who was going to prepare a huge picnic for the Marauders and the twenty students. During the last days, he had tried to convince Minerva to participate in the Animagus Party as well, and she had promised to come and even bring Albus with her. Normally Minerva and Albus spent the Friday night after the full moon at the Snape quarters to watch the children, but today Harry had arranged something else. Julia would remain in her dormitory, although it was Friday night, which she normally spent at home, and Marina was staying with her friend at the Lupins quarters.

‘Speaking of the Lupins,’ Harry thought, ‘I have to teach Amelia how to become an animagus, so that she will be able to accompany us during the full moon nights. Maybe she will have time during the summer holidays.’ He decided to ask her about it the next time he saw her.

Suddenly Harry noticed that he was very tired and told his mother, who had just come back from her last class, that he was going to skip dinner and instead would try to get some sleep before the night. Lily promised to wake Harry up half an hour before curfew, and Harry went to bed. When he changed into his pyjamas, he noticed, that his chest was full of small yellow pustules. He frowned. What could that be? He never had seen such a thing before, and it didn’t hurt at all. For a minute, he thought about showing it to his dad but dismissed the thought and went to sleep for a while.

## Chapter 16 – The Animagus Party and other arrangements

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Lily woke him up shortly before curfew as she had promised. Harry quickly pulled his warmest robe over his pyjamas and went out to the living room to wait for his parents. He was very excited; this time he would not go as the only child participating in the full moon night but as a teacher who was taking his class out for a treat. Severus emerged from the bathroom and suggested,

“Shall we go?” Lily nodded and Harry nearly ran out of the room and through the portrait door. When they arrived at the Entrance hall, nearly everyone was already waiting, and after two more minutes, the last students showed up too. A stag and a black dog were waiting outside the huge Entrance doors. Harry told the students to transform as far as they were able to and follow the teachers out into a small hiding a few meters into the forest. He watched as everyone transformed before he changed into Icicle in order to help the students if necessary. Only five students were not yet able to change completely; Harry made sure that they could catch up with the fast pace of the animals.

When everyone had arrived at their meeting point in the forest, Harry transformed back and greeted the students and guests, introduced James and Sirius to the students and told them the story of the Marauders and the full moon nights. He had Remus asked before if it was all right to speak about his experience of being a werewolf and Remus had told him he didn't mind at all. Then he told the students that they normally played in their animagus forms for a few hours until one of them called them back in order to have a picnic together.

“Today we will do it in a similar way. Let's play here for a while, but please don't go too far. I would appreciate it if I was able to see and hear you, because there might always be bigger animals than you; and we have had dangerous animals before. In about two hours, one of us will call everyone back for our nightly picnic and for some surprises James and Sirius have prepared.” When everyone was looking around to find similar animals to play with, Albus and Lily flew over to Harry, and Albus asked,



#How about a quick flight somewhere?# Harry and Lily nodded their heads, and Lily answered,

#We would love to, Granddad. We always go for a flight around Hogsmeade for some time.# And Harry added,

#Is there a special place you are thinking about, Granddad? And do you think it will be alright for me to leave after bringing my students out here?# Albus thought for a moment and reluctantly said,

#You are right. In this case, it would be better to stay nearby. Maybe we can fly over the lake and up to the mountains and back.# They went for a flight around the lake, but Harry really did not want to go too far away and suggested that they have a rest on the roof of the school. Harry flashed back into the hiding every thirty minutes, but everything seemed to be all right, and the students seemed to enjoy themselves immensely.

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Shortly after midnight, they heard a loud 'bang' from the direction of the lake and seconds later, they could see what had caused it – a beautiful firework flower appeared over the lake.

#Wow; Mom, look; it's beautiful,# Harry beamed, and Lily nodded and asked,

#Grandfather, do you think it will be better from down there or from above, up here?# Albus looked at them and said,

#I don't know, but I think it is quite pretty from here; however, I can imagine that Minerva would prefer me sitting next to her. Therefore, I will fly down now. Are you going to stay here?# Lily and Harry glanced at each other, before Harry stated,

#I can imagine that Dad is waiting for you as well, Mom. Let's fly down too.#

When they arrived on the ground, everyone had changed back to their human forms and was sitting on the ground watching the spectacle above the lake. *But what was that?*

“That’s a bear!” someone said, and everyone looked at the green animal in the sky, stunned.

“And that’s an elephant!” Remus said, sounding very impressed. Now, every firework that shot up in the sky took the form of an animal. Harry had never seen a firework like that. It went on for half an hour displaying more and more different animals. When the fireworks ended, James and Sirius came over to where the others were sitting, and Harry asked immediately,

“How did you get hands on those fireworks? That was very special!” James and Sirius grinned mischievously, and James explained,

“We consulted the Weasley twins, and when they heard that it would be for a class of yours, they just overdid themselves in trying to invent several things, and this was the effect of their research. By the way, they told us that you are their partner – is that true?”

“You’re WHAT?” Minerva and Albus asked simultaneously. Harry blushed deeply – good that it was quite dark – and admitted,

“Yes; in my old time line they wanted to have a shop but they didn’t have the necessary money, so I gave them the money I got from the Triwizard Tournament, which I didn’t want anyway. And in this time line I met them and they were not satisfied with their work at the ministry, so I just advised them to found a joke shop and gave them some of the money I had from the books we published in the past. Therefore they made me their silent partner.” He cleared his voice and said pensively,

“But these fireworks were really great. A pity that the other students couldn’t see the display. Do you know if they only made them for you, or if they have more in stock now that they have invented the fireworks? I mean, I could ask them if we can get some for our leaving feast or for Halloween.” He looked questioningly at his parents and grandparents, and Minerva said warmly,

“I am sure that they will make some more for you if you ask them, and I think it is a very good idea to show to everyone. There are many opportunities for fireworks – for example after the Quidditch tournament.”

“Do you know what, Granny? Speaking of tournaments... I have a great idea,” Harry blurted out. And when he noticed that everyone was glancing at him, he continued, “We could have a tournament of the teachers’ team against a team of the ministry, a team of St. Mungo’s and maybe a team of the dealers in Hogsmeade or in Diagon Alley. A tournament of the employees of Britain’s magical world with who ever wants to participate would be great.” Everyone smirked at Harry. *What a great idea!* Dumbledore was the first to find words.

“Harry, this is a very good idea. Let us consider it during the summer holidays.” Minerva nodded approvingly.

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Suddenly Dobby appeared together with a few other house elves who conjured a table, which was filled with the most delicious food one could imagine within seconds. Harry thanked Dobby and his friends and said,

“As you can see, part of an Animagus party has to be a picnic. Please tuck in.” After eating much more than they wanted, because everything was so delicious, they transformed again into their animagus forms and spent the rest of the night running, crawling or flying around the lake. James, Sirius and Remus who were joined by a few students in form of a wolf, a lion and a horse, were pushing and pulling each other so much that they ended falling into the lake. Most of the others joined them either as animals or in their human forms, but Harry still had enough of the lake where Grindylows were attacking innocent students and refrained from taking a bath. He was not sure if a phoenix would be able to swim anyway, and he didn’t want to go swimming in his human form, because he suddenly remembered the yellow pustules on his chest, which he still didn’t know where they came from.

After everyone had exited the lake, they cast drying charms on each other and gathered all together when Harry motioned them to sit down on the ground once more. He addressed the students and said,

“Now, it is already 5 o’clock in the morning, and I think it is about time to end our Animagus party. I hope you had as much fun as I had, and

as we won't have any more animagus lessons, because you will finish Hogwarts next week, I want to thank you for your attention during my class and I would like to ask you to hand in the registration forms for the ministry during your last Transfiguration classes next week. And I also want to ask you to be careful whenever you transform into your animagus form – please only do it if you are full aware, awake and healthy; otherwise, it can be very dangerous. Good night.” With this, everyone headed back to the castle. When Severus, Lily and Harry arrived at their quarters, Severus snorted and said,

“You are the right person to warn people about only transforming when they are awake and healthy. Let me tell you this – I could hardly refrain from laughing during your speech. Alright, let's head to bed and get a few hours of sleep, hoping that Marina won't be back too early.”

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Harry slept through breakfast and lunch and only woke up when Marina jumped onto his stomach and shouted,

“Wake up you lazybones!” Harry mumbled,

“Gerrof” and pushed Marina off his bed. Then he tiredly stumbled out of bed and went to the bathroom to take a shower. He noticed that the yellow pustules had spread over his whole belly and briefly thought about asking his father or Pomfrey about it, but then he remembered the match against the teachers he was going to play the next day and decided to wait until after the game.

When he came out into the living room, he noticed that the others had just started to eat a late lunch in the kitchen and joined them, glad not to be scolded about sleeping through breakfast and lunch.

“Harry,” Severus reminded him, “Have you already taken your potion?” Harry nodded and replied,

“Yes, Dad, I took it in the morning before I went to bed. What do you think about our party during the night? Do you think the students enjoyed it?” His parents exchanged a glance, before Lily answered,

“Yes, of course, Harry. It was great being with so many animagi, let alone the beautiful fireworks and the delicious picnic. Can’t you imagine how much we would have enjoyed something like that as students if our teachers had arranged such an event?” Harry glanced at her sceptically, but his father assured him as well,

“It was a good idea in the first place, and you really made the best of it – I am sure that for your students this night was a memory they won’t ever forget. You did very well, Harry, and we are very proud of you.” This was the confirmation Harry needed. He threw his father a grateful glance and relaxed. The rest of the afternoon was spent reading, playing and resting around the fireplace until it was time to go to the Great Hall for dinner.

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When Harry woke up early on Sunday morning, the first thing he noticed was that the weather was incredibly good for a Quidditch match. Beautiful sunshine made the lake twinkle. Harry was very thankful to have a window that was charmed to show him the view onto the lake – the scenery at Hogwarts, which he liked most. As long as he had such a window, he didn’t mind living in the dungeons at all.

After breakfast, everyone headed outside to the Quidditch pitch to watch the final game of the year, the match students against teachers. This match was always the highlight of the end of the year and nearly every resident of Hogwarts was watching. As usual, Mr. Potter had come to referee the match. He announced the players on both sides and blew the whistle for the game to begin, and Harry shot up in the air. He just loved flying in such a nice and warm weather. As he didn’t have to care about how many points they had to get before taking the snitch, he started to look for the snitch immediately.

When he noticed that Severus was watching him and following him consequently, he tried his stunt by going down until about two meters above the ground only to pull up again in the last second, but Severus seemed to be too intelligent and too used to Harry’s stunts to fall for it and remained at a certain height. Suddenly Harry noticed that he had difficulties to breathe. ‘Oh, no – what is wrong now?’ he thought and tried not to panic but to look for the snitch, carefully flying

around the pitch. But instead of getting better, it got steadily worse, and finally Harry could not help panicking, flew over to Severus and gasped,

“Dad, help, I can’t breathe.” Severus glanced at him and shouted to his colleagues,

“Minerva, get the match stopped, Poppy come down with me immediately.” Then he turned to Harry, who was hovering next to him and said, “It will be alright, Harry, try to take deep breaths and hold on to me, I will take you down so that Poppy can help you. Then he proceeded to fly carefully downwards, holding his right arm around Harry. As soon as they arrived on the ground, Harry heard the whistle and Mr. Potter’s announce ‘break time’ from far away, before he passed out. In an instant, Poppy, Minerva and Albus were gathered around them, while the other teachers were busy keeping the students away from them. Poppy did a check and excitedly told Albus,

“Albus, please call Fawkes; he has to flash us to the Hospital Wing immediately – we cannot loose minutes walking up there.” Dumbledore called his phoenix, which appeared immediately and took Pomfrey and an unconscious Harry to the Hospital Wing. Severus excused himself and ran after the two, and Albus said to Minerva,

“I think we just have to cancel this game. Harry can be replaced by the reserve seeker, but Poppy and Severus cannot play, and I’m afraid I will have to go to the Hospital Wing as well, because they might need me.” With this, he transformed into his phoenix form and went away in a flash of fire. Minerva sighed and announced,

“I am very sorry to have to announce that we cannot continue our match at the moment. One of the students and three members of our teachers’ team are unavailable any more for the moment. You are dismissed; thanks for coming. I am sorry.” She thanked Mr. Potter and said,

“I hope to see you on the first Sunday in October for our next match – hopefully under better conditions. Please give my best regards to your wife.”

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As soon as they arrived in the infirmary, Pomfrey fetched an inhaler from her office, sat next to Harry on the edge of his bed, enervated Harry and explained as calmly as possible,

“Harry, this is an inhaler. I will hold this in front of your mouth, and you have to take calm, deep breaths to get the medicine into your lungs, alright?” Harry nodded and tried to breathe deeply. In the meantime, Severus and Lily had arrived and sat down on Harry’s bed as well. Lily eyed his son worriedly and asked,

“What is wrong with him? Will he be alright?” Poppy sighed and told them,

“This was an asthma attack, but I don’t know why he got it. Harry, did you have problems before, or did it just start the moment you told your father?” Harry, who was feeling much better now, answered,

“It started a few minutes before, but when I noticed that it would get worse, I told Dad.” And suddenly he remembered something. “Oh, but I saw this morning, that I have some yellow pustules on my chest; I don’t know what they are; I was going to ask you after the match.” Pomfrey’s look had gotten very stern and she helped him to pull his shirt off immediately to have a look at his chest. In the meanwhile, the pustules had spread over nearly his whole body, and were now starting to appear on his arms and legs. She looked at them shocked and asked solemnly,

“Severus, have you ever seen something like this? It looks like some kind of allergy, especially since he does not have a fever this time.” Severus frowned and said pensively,

“Is there someone at St. Mungo’s who is specialized on allergies, whom we could ask over? The only thing I can imagine is that it could be an allergy against moon fern, which is one of the ingredients of the potion for his immune system. But he has taken it for five months now without problems, so I don’t know what to think about it. Alas, I know for a fact that moon fern can cause pustules like this.” Pomfrey didn’t waste any time but decided to floo over to St. Mungo’s immediately. Ten minutes later, she returned with a woman she introduced as

Healer Akai, who was specialised on allergies. After prodding and testing for about an hour, she confirmed,

“Yes; he has an allergy against moon fern. Has he ingested large amounts of it recently?” Severus groaned and explained about the potion for Harry’s immune system, which he had developed in many years, because Harry needed it so badly.” The healer glanced at Harry pitifully and said,

“I am very sorry, but he must not take this potion anymore; it could be very dangerous.” Healer Akai excused herself, spoke to Pomfrey for a few minutes and flew back to the hospital. Poppy sighed and returned to Harry.

“He should be fine now, as long as he doesn’t take his potion anymore, but I am going to keep him here until at least tonight, probably tomorrow morning. She started to apply a cream onto the pustules, which felt wonderfully cool on his skin. Although his parents, grandparents, sisters and girlfriend stayed with him nearly all day, Harry could not help feeling very depressed. After more than two years of falling sick every second week, his father had invented such a good potion for him, and now he wasn’t even allowed to take it. *Was this the end of his full moon nights?*

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A few days later, Dumbledore joined the Snapes in their quarters after dinner. “Good evening Lily, Severus, Marina. Would it be possible to speak to Harry for a few minutes?” Severus and Lily threw a glance at the closed door of Harry’s room, before Lily said,

“Probably yes, Albus, but he is just having his discussion with Minerva as every evening. Perhaps we could have some tea in the meantime?” Albus agreed immediately, and called Dobby to bring tea for everyone. They had just finished their first cup of tea, when Minerva and Harry emerged from Harry’s room, and Albus called Twinkle for more tea.

“My dear boy,” Albus addressed Harry, “There is something I need to speak with you about.” Noticing that Harry was listening expectantly, he continued, “As you have decided together with Minerva, you will



cease to be a student at the end of this year and from that point onwards will be a full teacher of Hogwarts. As a teacher, you have the right to have your own private living quarters at Hogwarts apart from the office you will get of course. My question now is, whether you want to live in your own quarters or if you prefer to stay here with your parents and want me just to add an office to your quarters here. What do you think, Harry? You don't have to answer now, if you need more time to think about it." Harry glanced at him slightly confused. He had never thought about things like that. Of course, he wanted to stay with his parents; he was so happy to finally have his own family that he did not under any circumstances wanted to miss this any more. He looked his grandfather straight into the eyes and told him,

"No, Granddad, I don't need time to think about it. I have already decided that I want to stay here together with my parents and my sisters. Of course, it would be nice to have an office directly connected to our quarters. Will it be possible to have a door which leads to Merlin House like Mom has it in her office?" Dumbledore laughed at his grandson and said,

"Your mother's office will lead to Gryffindor from now on. Of course, you will have your own office, and it will have three doors. One leads to this sitting room, one to Merlin House and the third one to the Transfigurations classroom. As a teacher and Head of House, you need this much of comfort to be able to work efficiently. And I am very glad that you choose to stay with your parents, especially as your health is not the best; having you here with your parents is much less worrying for every one of us. We will also have a connecting room from your sitting room here to Minerva's and my sitting room, so that it will be easier for me to watch Marina and her friend. And in order to be able to teach them properly, we will add another room to your quarters, a sort of classroom for kids like Marina or for possible younger siblings, nephews or nieces."

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Harry snorted and said, "You know exactly that Ginny will still be a sixth years' student in autumn. So you will have to wait some more years for that, I'm afraid. By the way, I would like to ask you something. As far as I have heard, relationships between students

and teachers are not allowed. But Ginny already is my girlfriend. Am I not allowed to be together with her for two years, or do I have to be engaged to her, or...?" Dumbledore laughed and then sighed and said,

"I have thought about this problem for a few weeks now. In fact, it is difficult. One solution would be if she ceased to be a student and would take the post of an apprentice, as there is no law concerning the relationships between teachers and apprentices. You told me that she wants to become a healer; does she still want to?" Harry nodded.

"As far as I know, yes. And you know that she already has a training position at St. Mungo's for when she finishes Hogwarts." Albus nodded pensively and said,

"Yes, my boy thanks to you. What I have thought of is to ask Poppy if she would take her as an apprentice. She would learn Healing mainly of course, but would also be able to attend classes, which are important for a healer like Potions or Herbology. I will ask Poppy tomorrow, and if she agrees, I will suggest it to Ginny. Of course, I don't know if she'll be interested and if her parents will agree.

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As Dumbledore had promised, he talked to Pomfrey and after she had agreed very reluctantly, he talked to Ginny as well the next day, which was just a day before the end of the school year. Dumbledore excused Ginny from her afternoon lessons and took the whole afternoon to explain everything to Ginny explicitly.

She was very surprised but able to realise very quickly that this would be the optimal solution for her. Although she would not be in Merlin House anymore and therefore would not be able to play Quidditch for the Merlin team, she could still play for the Hogwarts team as a student. She would live in her own room at the Hospital Wing, just as Harry had his own room there before. And she could continue to be Harry's girlfriend and hope that he would marry her as soon as she turned 17, which would be the case in a little more than a year. But the most important thing was that she could start immediately to learn healing. She had always wanted to become a healer, and this was a

very good opportunity. Moreover, Harry had told her from his experiences that Pomfrey was a very good teacher.

“Yes, Professor, I would like to become Madam Pomfrey’s apprentice,” she told Dumbledore after thinking about it for a few minutes. Dumbledore gave her a pensive glance.

“Alright, Ms. Weasley, then we need to invite your parents here and ask them. As you are still under age, you need your parents’ consent for this, especially as it is a very important decision which will influence your future life greatly.” Ginny sighed and said,

“I can understand that, Professor. Could we try to see if my parents can come over immediately? I would like to talk to them before I get my hopes up too much.” Dumbledore laughed and put his head into the floo in order to call Molly, who stepped through the floo seconds later. Arthur Weasley, who had been nominated the new Minister of Magic a few weeks ago, was very busy, but still managed to come over to Hogwarts for an urgent meeting.

Dumbledore explained the whole story to the Weasleys, and after hearing all details and Ginny’s opinion on the matter, they decided that it would be all right with them, if Ginny decided she wanted to take the post. Arthur thanked Albus for creating this opportunity for his only daughter and hurriedly left the headmaster’s office through the floo. As it was nearly dinnertime, Dumbledore invited Mrs. Weasley to join them for dinner in the Great Hall. Ginny was very happy and very excited – she just couldn’t wait to tell Harry everything.

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Ginny dragged her mother over to Merlin table and sat her in the seat next to Harry, while she sat on the opposite side.

“Harry,” she hissed excitedly, while Harry was greeting Mrs. Weasley, whom he liked very much. In his old time line, she had been like a mother to him, and as he had seen from his memories, even in this time line she had always been very kind towards him. He threw a confused glance at Ginny, who continued,

“Harry, Dumbledore told you about this apprenticeship thing, didn't he?” Harry nodded and replied,

“Yes, Ginny, he did. And?”

“I'll do it! And my parents already agreed,” Ginny beamed happily – a feeling which matched exactly with Harry's feeling at this moment.

“Oh Ginny, I am so happy for you. And for us,” he added. “Congratulations my dear!” Ginny thanked him and proceeded to explain everything to Anna, Julia and Marina who were hanging on her every word to hear the story firsthand. In the meantime, Harry returned to his conversation with Mrs. Weasley. She told him, that they had decided that Ginny would enjoy two weeks of holidays at the Burrow and come back to Hogwarts to start her apprenticeship on the 1st of July. Harry cautiously asked Mrs. Weasley,

“Err... Did Ginny tell you about our relationship?” Molly glanced apprehensively at him and said,

“Yes, Harry. She told us months ago, and we appreciate it very much. I know you from baby time onwards and I am quite sure that you won't do anything to hurt her. And I also know that this was the first reason for Albus to come up with this apprenticeship. But in fact, it will be the best thing Ginny can do anyway. Why loose two years taking NEWTs in subjects she will never need again? It is much better that she can start to study what she always wanted to learn. And you will look after her, won't you Harry?” Harry smiled at her.

“Of course, Mrs. Weasley, I will try my best.” After dinner, Harry approached his grandmother.

“Um... Granny? Em... I just have a question... you see, .... um... wouldyoumindmyprankingtheseventhyearsstudentstomorrow?”  
Minerva scowled at him.

“Harry! Could you please say whatever you just said in a plain sentence?” she said exasperated. Harry looked at his shoes and repeated his question.

“Would you mind me pranking the seventh year’s students tomorrow?” Minerva laughed and told him she didn’t mind at all, provided he would only prank the students and nobody else. Harry was delighted.

“Thank you Granny. We will have fun tomorrow.”

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And fun they had. While he pretended to assist the professor, he used his wish magic to transform all clothes the students were wearing into strange clothes changing either their form or the colour if not both. Fortunately, the students didn’t know that he was capable of wandless magic let alone wish magic, so nobody could suspect him as he was obviously walking around the classroom without a wand in his hand. Finally, before they left the classroom in their strange attire, he wished their hair a sparkling orange, green or yellow throwing sparkles into the air, which formed to letters saying ‘bye-bye Hogwarts’. As the seventh year’s class was just before lunch, all students in the Great Hall had their fun with this prank.

When Harry entered the Great Hall for the Leaving feast the same evening, Minerva approached him immediately and asked,

“Harry, your prank for the seventh year’s is great fun, but when will it wear off? They are still sparkling.” Harry grinned naughtily and replied,

“Don’t worry, Granny, it will wear off after 24 hours, so this will be shortly after they board the Hogwarts Express.” His grandmother gasped and threw him a stern glance, before she returned to the Head table and exchanged a few words with her husband, who grinned and whispered mischievously,

“Wait, Minerva until I’ll be finished with him tonight. He will want to kill me afterwards, but I’m sure you will have fun.” Minerva cast him a curious glance, while Albus stood to open the Leaving feast.

## Chapter 17 – Violet

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“Dear students,” Albus addressed the hall, “Again a year has passed and 41 students have finished their final year at Hogwarts. 40 of them are seventh year students and one of them is a sixth year who during this school year went twenty years into the past where he stayed for two years and finished his sixth and seventh years taking the NEWTs in the past. I have much to say this time, so I suggest that we have our dinner first, and I will talk to you again after the main course.”

In an instant, the tables were full of delicacies, and everyone enjoyed the meal thinking that it would be the last time for more than two months to have such a feast.

“Now, this year’s leaving class has a speciality,” Dumbledore continued after everyone had finished the main course. “Fifteen of the forty students are capable of the animagus transformation. This has never happened before as normally we have about one student a year capable of transforming into an animal. As your professors have assured me, all of these students’ animagus forms are registered with the ministry. And Mr. Arthur Weasley, our new Minister of Magic has awarded Hogwarts the Order of Merlin 3rd class for the best and most efficient Transfiguration class ever.” He held a golden plate in his hand and showed it around.

“Everyone who is interested may look at it during the feast; later it will be stored either in the headmaster’s office or in the office of our Transfiguration teacher – I have to discuss this with my colleagues later. Anyway, thank you Professor McGonagall and Professor Snape-Dumbledore for excellent teaching, thank you students for excellent work; it is a great honour for the school to have been awarded the order of Merlin.” When he made a short pause, Professor McGonagall stood and said for everyone to hear,

“I decline any responsibility for this. Professor Snape-Dumbledore was the only one to teach the students the animagus transformation. Therefore, your applause belongs to him and the seventh year’s students. Congratulations!” Harry blushed deeply and looked down onto his plate, while the hall was erupting in applause. “Therefore, I

have already decided that the award will be placed in the Transfiguration teacher's office, which will be Harry's from the next school year onwards." Dumbledore cleared his throat during the loud commotions that was starting throughout the hall with his wife's announcement and continued,

"Alright, as Professor McGonagall has already told you that Professor Snape-Dumbledore will be your new Transfigurations teacher," he was interrupted by another huge applause, "I may tell you now, that I will be going to retire in order to teach the youngsters at our school, who are between six and eleven years old. Therefore I will remain at Hogwarts and I am going to meddle and interfere all the time, but your headmistress will be Professor McGonagall." The hall went nearly silent after this announcement; everyone was stunned – *The headmaster was going to teach the kids leaving the headmaster's office to his wife?*

"Wow – cool," Fabian Weasley said aloud, and the whole hall erupted with laughter.

"Now, I have two more awards to give to a student. Harry please come over here for a moment." Harry pretended to have not heard anything, but Ginny and Julia dragged him out of his seat and pushed him into the direction of the Head table, where he glowered at his grandfather. Albus continued,

"I want to award the Order of Hogwarts 1st class to Harry Snape-Dumbledore because of what he did for our school. I will explain this a bit," he added, when he noticed the questioning faces of many of the students. "Many of you are taking things for granted, which would not exist, when Harry had not gone to the past and invented them. He has invented the Hogwarts team and the Quidditch tournament as I told you some weeks ago. But he has also discovered and revived Merlin House, which did not exist for more than five hundred years. And when he was in the past, he vanquished Voldemort, a very evil wizard, who had put our world in a great war. Because of this, he has changed our future so much, that he constructed a different time line from the one in that he grew up. I know several people here in this room who did not even exist in the other time line, because they

either had been killed by Voldemort or because their parents had been killed before they were even born.”

“Who for example?” someone asked aloud, and Dumbledore hesitated for a moment but replied,

“For example Professor Evans-Snape, Julia and Marina Snape, Anna and Brianna Lupin, Fabian and Florian Weasley, and many more. Harry has also found the diaries of Salazar Slytherin and translated them from Parselscript into English, so that his father, Professor Snape was able to brew the cure for werewolves. Anyway, Harry, please take the Order of Hogwarts 1st class.” Harry took the medal from his grandfather and thanked him.

“And finally I have one more thing I want to give to my great grandson today. It is the Order of Dumbledore for the student most capable of getting himself into trouble. Here, Harry, you really earned it,” he said and the Great Hall exploded with laughter, while Dumbledore handed Harry one more medal. Harry snorted, when he looked into his grandfather’s eyes, which were twinkling merrily and took the order as well. Everyone was laughing now, and Harry growled at Dumbledore, before he returned to Merlin table as quickly as possible.

“Last but not least,” the headmaster continued to speak, “I would like to announce that Ginny Weasley, who has finished her fifth year today, will cease to be a student from now on and will continue to study at Hogwarts as an apprentice to Madam Pomfrey. Congratulations Ms. Weasley.” Harry grinned when he noticed that Ginny blushed under the applause just as he had before.

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The first week of the holidays passed in a blur. In the morning, Harry went to his grandmother’s office to look through all her notes concerning the curriculum for each class. At least for the first year, he would mainly stick to Minerva’s lesson plans. As she had more than forty years of experience with the Transfiguration class, her plans could not be too bad, he thought. In the afternoon, Harry, Anna and their sisters spent a lot of time outside playing Quidditch or going for a swim in the lake. After a dinner in the Great Hall, where a round table in the middle of the room had replaced the six tables that filled



the hall during the school year, the Snapes spent the evening in their quarters, where their grandparents, the Lupins and Poppy joined them nearly every evening.

Two weeks into the holidays, Harry began to notice, that he was missing the effects of the potion he had not been able to take for three weeks now. He began to tire much faster, and each time he went for a swim, he woke up with a sore throat the next morning. Harry groaned inwardly and thought, 'That was it. When the school year starts, I can hardly leave the castle in order to be able to teach properly. Hopefully Dad will be able to invent another potion for me.' The change in his mood did not go unnoticed with his parents and grandparents. One evening, after Marina had retired to bed, Minerva and Albus joined the Snapes in the living room, and Minerva asked Harry,

"Harry, please tell me the truth. We have all noticed that something is wrong with you, but what is it? Do you have a problem?" Harry sighed and shifted uncomfortably in his seat. He didn't want to talk about it, let alone with so many people. He would have preferred just to speak to his father or mother, but now he had to say something. He sighed again and said,

"It's nothing. It's just, that I start to miss my potion. I felt better during the time while I was taking the potion every morning. I'm tired, and I'm afraid to go swimming any more or to go out for the full moon, because I don't want to catch a cold each time again." He threw a helpless glance at his father. Severus smiled at his son calmly and told him,

"Harry, I am working on the potion every free minute, and I hope to be able to come up with something. However, at the moment, I cannot do anything. I will also try to improve the potions I made for you to replace the pepper-up potion, and apart from that I would like to find out why pepper-up potion doesn't work for you. I will have to discuss this with Poppy. During the holidays, you don't have to worry a lot, and during the school year, you just have to be careful. Maybe you should schedule the teachers' Quidditch practise for Friday nights, so that you have the whole weekend to recover if necessary." Harry laughed a bit and countered,

“But Friday night is the Marauders’ night, isn’t it, at least once a month?” Severus thought for a moment and suggested,

“We can ask the others if we can switch the Marauders’ night as you call it to Saturdays. During the school year, you won’t be able to join anyway, only during the holidays.” Harry hoped that nobody would notice the tear that was just running down his cheek.

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One morning at breakfast, an owl brought a letter for Lily. Very astonished she mustered the envelope and said,

“It seems to be from my mother. Normally she only writes to us for Christmas – I wonder what might be wrong.” Severus smirked and suggested,

“Maybe opening the letter would help to clarify certain things.” Lily hesitantly opened the letter and started to read. While she was reading, the look on her face changed from curious over helpless to upset.

“Lily?” Severus asked worried, “What’s wrong?” Lily looked at him and sighed.

“Do you remember that we discovered a few years ago that Petunia’s child was on the list of magical children in the Hogwarts book?” Everyone nodded expectantly. “Anyway, they have somehow discovered that this child, Violet it was I think, is magical and now Petunia wants to get rid of it.” Everyone gasped, and Harry said,

“What!? Mom, let us take her in then. If you don’t want to, then I will take her. I know what it means not to have a family who cares and I also know what it is like to be hated by the Dursleys.” Lily sighed and glanced over to her husband.

“What do you think, Severus?” She asked. Severus sighed and said,

“I agree with Harry and I have no problem adding her to our family. Did your mother say something about where and when we should get her?” Lily shook her head, and Harry said,

“Can we go to the Dursleys immediately and bring her to Hogwarts? She must hate it there and must be happy about any minute we can get her out of there earlier.” Severus nodded and suggested,

“Lily, do you want to take Harry with you and go to see your sister now? Maybe she will be happy if you take her immediately, and we can prepare the papers for an adoption later.” Lily frowned and asked,

“Harry, you know where they live, don’t you? Can you flash both of us there?” Harry nodded and transformed into Icicle on the spot and in a flash of ice, they appeared in the park on Magnolia ring.

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“Alright, Mom, it’s a five minutes walk from here.” He transfigured their clothes into muggle attire, and they walked up to Privet drive No. 4. Petunia opened the door and was stunned. Obviously, she had not expected to see her sister and nephew in front of her door.

“What do you want?” she hissed at Lily in a tone Harry only knew too well. Lily somehow managed to remain calm and friendly, a fact, which Harry could only admire.

“Maybe you could let us in, and while we are drinking a cup of tea we can discuss something. I did not come because I wanted to, but because I got a letter from Mother telling us that you and your daughter needed our help.” Petunia’s face turned white, and she quickly opened the door to let them in.

When Petunia told Lily to sit down in the living room while she would be making tea, Harry motioned her to keep Lily company, while he could make the tea. He still remembered everything about the Dursleys’ household. The two sisters talked about the problem and finally agreed that it would be the best for everyone, if the Snapes could take Violet in and adopt her. Petunia glanced at Lily and said,

“Thank you Lily; I am really very grateful. You can’t imagine how much Vernon hates her.” At this point Harry snorted. So far, he had been able to behave very well and had not contributed a word to the conversation. When Petunia glanced at him suspiciously, he quickly found an excuse.

"I think she will like it at our place. My little sister is exactly the same age, and she has a friend in the castle, who has also just turned six years old; therefore it will be as if they were triplets. Can we take Violet with us immediately? Where is she?" Harry asked carefully, but Petunia apparently looking for an excuse told him,

"Oh, she has just gone to see a friend; she will be back in the afternoon." Harry glanced at her suspiciously, using his wish magic to open the locked door of the cupboard. He was not the least bit astonished when a small girl stumbled out of the small space. Petunia was stunned. How could Violet have been able to open the door? She had made sure that it was properly locked when she went to open the front door before. Lily glanced suspiciously from one to the other, and Harry smiled at his cousin and said,

"Hello. You certainly are Violet, aren't you? Nice to meet you; I am your cousin Harry, and this is my Mom." Violet took a few unsure steps in Harry's direction with her thumb in her mouth, and he held both hands out to her, so that she could sit on his knee. 'Maybe she has never experienced that someone spoke in such a quiet and friendly voice to her,' Lily thought and asked,

"We have come to ask you if you would like to come and live with us. We would like to have you very much, and I have a little daughter who is only three months younger than you; she would be your sister." Violet threw an unsure glance at Harry, and he nodded affirmatively and explained to her,

"Yes Violet. We live in a huge castle that is full of magic. Magic is real, and you are a witch like my mother, and I am a wizard. We can do magic just like you can." He noticed that Violet was glancing at Petunia with an anxious look on her face and added,

"How about you come with us and see how it is to live with us? If you like it you can stay and we will be your family, and if you don't like it you can come back here." Violet glanced at him and her eyes were wide open.

"Do you really mean dat? Fiolet may come wif you? Fiolet not good gawl, Fiolet is fwake and aways doing bad fings." Harry looked her

straight in the eyes and trying not to think about how babyish her language still was at the age of six, said sincerely,

“No, Violet, you are not bad at all. I know that you are a very good girl, and I like you very much. What you are doing is magic, and it is very good; you are not a freak. Your parents don’t like magic, and therefore I think it is better for you to live with us, because you are like us.” The little girl was listening intently, and when he finished she jumped off his knee and asked,

“Can we go immediately? Will you really take me wif you?” Lily and Harry nodded and stood as well. Lily turned to Petunia and said,

“I suggest that we take her with us and see how she likes it, while we wait for the guardianship papers to arrive from the ministry. As soon as we have the papers we will come again because we need you to sign guardianship over to us.” When Petunia agreed with this, she continued,

“As we just got mom’s letter at breakfast, we only decided to fetch her, but we have not yet decided who will be going to become her guardian. It will be either Harry or me. He will be of age at the end of July, and is going to stay at Hogwarts as a teacher just like my husband and me. We are living together, so it probably doesn’t really matter, but we will observe her for a few days and then decide what will be the best for her. Do you agree with this, Petunia?”

Petunia glanced at her before she voiced a question. “Why is it that your son should become the guardian of his cousin and not you as his aunt?”

Lily sighed and after a glance at Harry who gave her a short, approving nod explained everything about Harry, his travel to the past and his experiences in his old time line.

“Do you understand this, Petunia? When I told the others about mother’s letter, Harry was the first to say ‘let’s go and get her’. Because of his experiences, he will be the best to know how she feels and how to help her. But we don’t have to decide this immediately. We can wait with the transfer of the guardianship for a few weeks. Alright Petunia?”

Petunia nodded her consent and said once more, "thank you, Lily," and hesitantly added, "and Harry." Harry told Violet,

"Violet, if you have anything that belongs to you, then get it so that we can take it with us, because we will leave now." Then he turned to Petunia and said,

"Aunt Petunia, I know that you won't like this very much, but I would like to do this here instead of at the park, because nobody apart from you can see us here. I will transform into a phoenix and flash Violet and mom back to Hogwarts. Mom will show Violet how to grab my tail feathers."

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With this, he transformed into Icicle ignoring Petunia's gasp, and as soon as Lily and Violet had grabbed his feathers, he flashed straight back to the Hogwarts entrance gate. He just had to show the little one the beautiful view of Hogwarts.

As soon as Harry had transformed back, Lily thanked him and told him,

"You just can't imagine how glad I was to have you with me, son." Harry smirked and countered,

"And you will never understand how well I know how glad you were not to be alone with your sister. Remember I know her really well. I have lived in that house for ten years and have even spent five more summers there. But enough of that," he said and turned to Violet.

"Welcome to Hogwarts, my dear. Tell me are you hungry? When was the last time you got something to eat?" Violet just looked at him and told him,

"Fiolet not allowed eating cause Fiolet not good gawl, only good gawls may get finks to eat and dwink." Harry had not expected anything else and told his little cousin again,

"Listen to me, little one. You are not bad, you are a very good girl, and we will now go to our quarters, which will be your new home. It is

inside of this pretty, huge castle, and I just know that you will like it very much. And when we are at our rooms, we will have lunch. Does that sound good?" Violet's eyes lightened and she said shyly,

"Yes, I would like dat vewwy much. Fank you." Lily, who had quietly watched the scene, was horrified about the situation in which her niece had been and about how well her son was able to understand this situation. She knew that he had had a bad time with the Dursleys, but she had never been able to imagine that it had been so bad. They walked down to the dungeons and Harry and Violet sat down on the sofa, while Lily walked into Marina's room and conjured a second bed for Violet. Later she would ask Albus or Minerva to get another room added to their quarters but that had time until they would add Harry's new office; then the layout of their quarters would change anyway.

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In the meantime, Harry tried to explain to Violet that the whole castle was full of magic and conjured a stuffed dragon for her like his own one, which Minerva had conjured for him when he was little. He handed her the dragon and she asked unbelievably,

"Is dis fow me? Weally fow me to pway wif?" Harry laughed and told her,

"Yes, of course. Did you never have toys at the Dursleys?" She obviously tried to fight the tears in her eyes and said,

"I had many toys, but den I did somefing bad and daddy fwew all my toys way, said Fiolet fwweak and fwweak not allowed to pway wif toys." Harry glanced at her and asked carefully,

"May I hug you as I always do with my little sister Marina?" Violet nodded shyly and only flinched slightly, when Harry put his arms around her shoulders. Harry could well remember that he had been much worse even through his time at Hogwarts. He proceeded to explain to Violet about House elves in order to be able to call Dobby without having her panicking. Finally, he called his friend, and Dobby arrived with his usual 'pop'. Ignoring Violet's flinch, he introduced her to Dobby, who smilingly said,

“Oh, Master Harry, Dobby is very happy. Dobby likes children so much, and Dobby promises to take good care of Mistress Violet when Master Harry is in classes or busy.” Harry grinned as Dobby showed exactly the reaction he had expected.

“Thank you Dobby. Anyway could you please bring lunch for us and call Marina and Severus for lunch please?” Dobby nodded and went away with a pop. Minutes later Albus arrived with Marina in tow just as Severus emerged from his lab. Harry introduced everyone to Violet, who had proceeded to sit on Harry’s lap again. Fascinated she looked at Dumbledore’s beard. He sat next to her and asked with a bright twinkle in his eyes,

“You may pull it if you want to.” Harry and Marina laughed and Violet looked enquiringly at Harry.

“If granddad tells you to do it, then you can – but try not to hurt him please, because he is a very nice granddad and I love him very much,” he told her quietly. She seemed to think for a moment, before she asked,

“Gwanddad is Hawwy’s gwanddad and awso Fiolet’s gwanddad?” Harry smiled at her and answered,

“Yes Violet, granddad is your, Marina’s, Julia’s and mine great granddad, but we just call him granddad. And he is also the granddad of Aunt Lily and your mother.” She laughed happily and bent forward to pull the long white beard just a little.

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In the meantime, Dobby had brought lunch, and Minerva and Julia had joined them as well. Violet seemed to intend to remain on Harry’s lap, although Marina had invited her happily to sit next to her, but Harry did not mind at all; he was not very hungry anyway and gladly shared his lunch with Violet. She was very quiet and shy, but seemed to feel well together with Harry in spite of the huge family she just had met for the first time.

Harry had been thinking about himself at the Dursleys for a few minutes, and when Minerva asked him what was wrong, he replied,



“I was just thinking about my own experiences with the Dursleys and thought maybe I should take her to Aunt Poppy and ask her to check on her.” His parents and grandparents agreed immediately, and Minerva suggested she would ask Poppy to come down to the quarters. Harry threw her a thankful glance, and as Violet seemed to be tired, he took her into his own room and put her onto his bed lying down next to her. She was asleep in seconds, and Harry was not able to stay awake any longer.

An hour later, Lily came into Harry’s room and laughed at the view of her son and niece sleeping peacefully next to each other. When she tried to wake them up, Poppy stopped her and said,

“Let them sleep, so I can check on her without any trouble. We can wake them up later if we need to.” She did her normal checks on Violet and was satisfied. “Of course I don’t know if she has any bruises or welts, I have to see her without clothes for that, but magically I cannot find any problem; she seems to be very healthy. I would assume that the Dursleys treated her very well until they just recently found out about her being magical. Let me just check on Harry too, I think he looks not too well. Is something wrong with him?” Lily frowned. That was unexpected.

## Chapter 18 – Healer's apprentice

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"He mentioned something, that he was already missing his potion and that he noticed his health was getting worse, but he didn't say anything special." Poppy waved her wand over him and sighed, before she told Lily,

"He seems to be very tired and he has a bit of a temperature. It is not bad, but he should rest as much as possible. Tell me if it gets worse." Lily nodded and said,

"Alright, Poppy, I will see to that. Thank you very much. Do we have to wake Violet?" Pomfrey thought for a moment and replied,

"No. You will let her take a bath later anyway I suppose. Just make sure that you have a good look at her and see if she has bruises or something else. If there are any problems, just call me immediately." Lily nodded and said,

"She seems to be very fixed on Harry already, so maybe he will be the one to give her a bath, but I will make sure that he knows. He was the one to suggest letting you check on her anyway." Poppy threw her an astonished glance and excused herself promising Lily to find an opportunity to check on Harry again in a few days.

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It was quite late in the afternoon when Harry was pulled out of his dream by a small voice next to his head, which called,

"Hawwy?" He slowly opened his eyes wondering where he was and nearly jumped when he recognized Violet next to him on his bed.

"Hello Violet," he greeted her, "did you have a nice long sleep?" She laughed and happily leaned into his arm. "No, Violet," he told her laughing as well, "don't make me sleep again. Let's get up and have a look what the others are doing. Maybe we can go and fly for a while." She glanced at him curiously and asked,

"Fwy?" Harry laughed and told her,

“Yes, we fly on broomsticks; let’s go; I will show you. Maybe Marina and Julia will come with us.” They went out in the living room where Minerva and Lily were having tea laughing at their still sleepy faces.

Harry looked around and asked, “Where are the others? I promised Violet to take her on a trip on my broom, but I thought maybe Julia and Marina would accompany us.” Lily frowned at him and told him what Poppy had said and that he was supposed to rest and not going to fly, but he argued that he had promised Violet to take her and that he was not going to break the promise, especially as he was feeling well enough. With the promise to be back in an hour, they left their quarters and walked up the stairs to the Quidditch pitch. Harry was glad to see that his grandfather and godfather were already flying with the other kids and quickly introduced Violet to Remus, Anna and Brianna.

Finally, he mounted his broom and put Violet in front of him asking her, “Alright, Violet?” Having seen how much fun the others seemed to have, she just couldn’t think about being afraid, but beamed with joy, and Harry went up into the air. At first, he flew really slowly in order not to frighten her, but as she seemed to enjoy herself, he increased the speed a little. Violet seemed to have much fun and even looked a bit sad, when Harry told her they had to go back to their quarters. When they arrived at their quarters, Lily was astonished about the change in her niece. Her eyes were shining with joy and she happily told Lily,

“Aunt Lily, I had so much fun; Hawwy took me wif him on his bwoom and went vewwy fast. May we go to fwy again tomowwow?” Lily laughed and carefully said,

“We will see what we are going to do tomorrow, but Harry and the others normally go outside to fly every afternoon. However as Harry will be a teacher when the holidays are over, he has many other things to do as well. But you can always play with Marina and Brianna and whoever is looking after them.

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Now, let me take you to the bathroom to wash you up a bit, and then we will go to the Great Hall for dinner. Our grandparents will be there as well." Violet looked around anxiously and finally mouthed,

"Hawwy?" Lily sighed. She knew that her son was very friendly and lovable, but her niece was really fixed on him. But apart from that, she seemed to mix in well. She told her,

"Harry has gone to his room I think. Either he went to wash up as well or he went to lie down for a moment because he is still tired. But he will go to dinner with us. Now, let's go and wash you a bit." She took her to the bathroom to wash her face but noticed that the girl stank as if she had not had a bath in weeks. Trying to speak calmly, she told Violet,

"I think you had so much fun playing that you got dirty, and I would like you to have a bath so that you will feel much better afterwards." However, as soon as she tried to pull her shirt over her head, Violet began to shake all over and screamed,

"No baf pwease. Fiolet good gawl now. Pwease I want Hawwy!" It only took thirty seconds until Harry came running into the bathroom to look what the matter was. He sighed and sat down on the edge of the bathtub pulling Violet close to him, before he asked her,

"Violet, did the Dursleys give you baths, which were much too cold or too hot?" She nodded fearfully. "Now, Violet, listen to me please. I promise you that you won't get a bath here that is too cold or too hot. You will take a bath every evening, but either Aunt Lily or I will help you taking the bath and we will mix the water for you to have a temperature you will like." He turned to Lily and asked,

"Does she have any more clothes?" Lily shook her head, and Violet explained,

"My Dad told me fweaks would not get new clowfs. Ewwy Sunday I haf to take my clowfs off and mom washes dem and I wait cold in my cabbad until dey aw weady." Lily threw a look of horror at Harry, sighed and told Harry that she would get some of Marina's clothes as they were about the same size anyway. Harry glanced gratefully at his mother and asked Violet to take her clothes off while he prepared

the bath. Finally, he reached up to a shelf beneath the tub, got Marina's bath toys out, and put them into the tub for Violet to play with. Although Lily had not yet told him about Poppy's orders, Harry watched Violet closely but to his great satisfaction could only see very few bruises on her arms.

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As soon as Violet had finished her bath, which she indeed liked very much, Lily helped her to put Marina's pyjama on with a light blue robe on top. When she had finished watching herself in the mirror, Harry took her to his father's lab in order to ask Severus for the bruise salve. He made Violet sit down on a chair and carefully applied the salve on her bruises, which faded away in an instant. Violet looked at her arms unbelievably, and Severus laughed at her and said,

"You see, little one, magic is very good indeed." Still looking a bit afraid she nodded and whispered,

"Yes. Fank you, uncle Sewwus." Harry had to try hard not to laugh at his little cousin's antics.

Dinner was a funny affair. Violet had again insisted on sitting on Harry's lap. Marina and Minerva were sitting on each side of Harry, each of them eagerly talking to Violet. She didn't talk much but at least ate everything that Harry shoved into her mouth. When she had finished eating, she leaned back into Harry with one thumb in her mouth, while her other hand was busily cuddling the dragon Harry had given to her. Slowly her eyes began to close. Harry, who had watched her for a few minutes nearly jumped from his seat, when Minerva suddenly talked to him.

"Harry, you know that you have to eat as well; I know that you haven't eaten at all so far, and believe me if you fall back into missing meals, I will drag you up to Poppy for nutrient potions." Harry glared at her and started to eat a little until Dumbledore finished dinner.

When they returned to their quarters, he put Violet who was sleeping peacefully onto her bed, tucked her in and sat on her bedside for a while to make sure she wouldn't wake up, before he returned to the living room where the remaining residents of the castle were having

tea together as usual. Noticing that his favourite spot on the sofa had been reserved for him, he sat down for a while sipping at a cup of tea and wrapped up in his thoughts about the Dursleys. He really hoped that he wouldn't get nightmares about them, but he was so tired that he didn't want anything more than to sleep. When he noticed that he just couldn't keep his eyes open any longer, he said good night to everyone and went to bed.

He woke up a little later when a cold hand gripped his own and a voice told him,

"Harry, you have to get up, it's Violet."

Hearing his little cousin's name, Harry was wide-awake immediately, jumped out of his bed and ran over to the children's room, where Violet was being cuddled by Minerva. She appeared to have had a nightmare and was still sobbing into her granny's robes and silently crying for Harry. He sat next to his grandmother on the bed and took Violet into his arms.

"What happened, little one?" he asked soothingly. "Did you have a nightmare?" She nodded and said,

"I had a bad dweam. I dweamed Daddy came wif his bewt and hit me cause I was a fweak and made pwetty fower fwy over to mummy. I not bad gawl, I wanted to make mummy to be happy. Den he wocked me in de cabbad fow de howe day, alfow I wanted to dwink so badly." She continued to sob into Harry's pyjamas. He stroked her back soothingly and tried to stay calm although he was shivering from the cold. He turned to his grandmother and asked her,

"Granny, I am tired and cold. Do you think I just could take her with me into my bed? I can't sit here any longer." She eyed him suspiciously, put a hand on his forehead to feel his temperature and told him,

"If you are well enough, you may take her with you, otherwise we will manage to look after her here, but you should go back to bed, you are a bit warm." Harry nodded at her, lifted Violet into his arms and went back to his own room. Minerva, who had followed them, took out her wand and enlarged Harry's bed, so that they could sleep together

comfortably. Then she waited until Harry had tucked Violet in, before she went over to Harry's side of the bed and tucked him in before she went back to the living room.

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The others were still sitting in front of the fireplace, but she noticed that they had proceeded to drinking butterbeer. Being questioned about her great grandchildren Minerva explained that Violet was now peacefully sleeping next to Harry in his bed. When Severus scowled at that, she told him, that Harry wanted to go back to bed because he was not feeling very well and that Violet would not let him go.

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On the next day, Albus and Lily were looking after the children together. The Lupins had gone away for the day, so they only had to occupy Marina and Violet. Marina was more than happy to have another sister who was even going to share her room. Lily had talked to her in the morning while Violet and Harry were still asleep, and had told her that Violet didn't have a nice home before and that she was not used to hugs, kisses and jokes. She also explained that her babyish talking was because she was not allowed to have friends whom she could talk to, and she asked Marina to be friendly to her new sister and not to laugh about her mistakes or her fears. But Marina was such a nice, open girl that Lily knew that she could fully rely on her and that she would even defend Violet against others. Therefore, the two girls were getting along very well, although it was clear that Violet was missing Harry. Several times, she asked,

"Where is Harry? He not wake Violet anymore?" And each time Lily replied,

"No, Violet, Harry loves you very much and he wants to spend time with you, but he has to work now. He is together with Granny and she has to teach him what she did in her lessons, because when school starts again in two months, Harry will teach the classes Granny taught before. But you will see Harry again at lunchtime." With this Violet calmed down until she got unsure an hour later and asked the same question again, which Lily answered patiently.

At lunchtime, she was sitting on Harry's lap again. But when she wanted him to feed her, he said,

"Oh, Violet, you are such a big girl; remember you are Marina's big sister now, aren't you? Therefore, I am sure that you will already be very good at eating on your own, won't you?" He transfigured a spoon into a small, handy spoon with a dragon on it and gave it to her. Violet rewarded him with a huge smile, while Marina shouted over the table,

"I want one too, please Harry." He laughed and transfigured another spoon with a dragon and handed it to his sister. Minerva, who was sitting next to Marina, admired the spoon and said proudly,

"That's my successor in Transfiguration." Harry rolled his eyes. Then he remembered something. He looked around the table and turned to Poppy, who was sitting at Marina's other side and asked,

"When will Ginny be coming back?" Pomfrey glanced at her watch and said,

"She will arrive with the Hogwarts Express this afternoon. Would you care to go to the station with me?" Harry glanced at the kids and sighed. Then he answered frankly,

"I would love to go, I just don't know if the kids will let me go. But..." Marina interrupted him and shouted,

"Yes, Aunt Poppy, Violet and I want to go too." Harry rolled his eyes, and Poppy said calmly,

"Why not? Let's leave a bit earlier, then we will be in time even when we take the kids with us." They agreed to meet in front of the Entrance doors at half past four.

When they returned to their quarters, Violet asked Harry shyly,

"Hawwy, can we go fwyng again?" And Marina agreed immediately,

"Yes, Harry, please! Let's go flying." Harry sighed; he had been working with Minerva the whole morning, and he was really tired; but someone had to occupy the kids anyway, he thought and said,



“Alright, but we will only stay outside for about an hour. Then we’ll come back, rest for a while, and take a shower or a bath before we go to the station to collect Ginny. Julia, are you coming too?” Julia nodded enthusiastically, and Violet asked,

“Who is Ginny?” Harry just wanted to answer, when Marina blurted out,

“Harry’s girlfriend.”

“Hawwy’s gawlfwend?” she replied, not understanding the meaning. Harry sighed and pulled her onto his lap, before he explained,

“Ginny is a really nice girl and a very good friend of mine, and I am glad that she comes back today, because I love her very much.” Violet watched him pensively and asked,

“Ginny lives here wif us?” Harry laughed and explained that Ginny would live with Poppy, because she was going to learn healing from her.

They had just got their brooms and were about to leave, when Severus came and said,

“Harry, let me take the kids for an hour. I have spent enough hours in my lab for the moment and you can very well use a rest. We will be back in about an hour.” Harry was very relieved and gave his father a thankful glance of which he was sure it had been understood. He went to his room to take a short nap, from which he didn’t wake up until Lily came and told him he had to get up if he wanted to go to the station in time. Severus had already bathed the children, and they were ready to go.

Walking together with two six-year-olds took a lot more time than Harry had expected. Violet seemed to have adapted to her sister very quickly and they had much fun together. They just managed to be at the station the moment the train arrived.

Harry pulled Ginny in a big hug and said, “Welcome back, Ginny; I’m glad you are here.” Then he introduced Violet her as Marina’s new sister and told Violet, “Look, Violet, this is Ginny.” Noticing Ginny’s

enquiring look, he mouthed, "later!" After Ginny had greeted Madam Pomfrey, they started their way back to Hogwarts. Harry and Ginny were holding hands and the two little troublemakers were running in front of them. After a few minutes, however, Violet came over to Harry, held both her arms up and said yawning,

"Pwease, Hawwy, can you cawwy me like you did yestewday? Fiolet so tawyed." Harry frowned, but bowed down so that she could climb on his back and gave her a piggy-ride back to the castle. In the Entrance hall, they parted from Ginny and Poppy and went back to their own quarters, where Julia was already waiting for them.

"Harry, listen. Granddad fire-called to tell that we won't have dinner in the Great Hall tonight. We will have a barbeque near the lake today – isn't that great?" Harry glanced at his sister with a happy twinkle in his eyes.

At the barbeque, Harry finally had the opportunity to talk to Ginny, while his parents were looking after the kids. They had many things to speak about, and one big topic was Violet. Harry was glad that Ginny already knew about his past and told her everything about how life at the Dursleys was and about how her brothers and parents always had managed to help him and save him from them. He also told her that Violet was so fixed on him because of him being able to understand her and her problems, which resulted from the way she was brought up, and that he was thinking about adopting his little cousin. This last point was what he was the most unsure about. As he fully intended to propose to Ginny as soon as she turned 17, her opinion concerning this matter was very important to him.

Ginny turned quiet with this revelation and thought about everything he had been sharing with her during the last thirty minutes, before she took a deep breath, turned to him and said firmly,

"Harry, I can understand very well what happened to you at the Dursleys and that you want to help Violet who happened to meet a similar fate to yours in your old time line. I don't have any problem with it and I will accept any decision you make in this matter." Harry took a deep breathe and asked carefully,

“You even wouldn’t mind to marry someone with an adopted child?” Ginny laughed and told him,

“You know, sweetie, I love you because of how you are, and you just are like this – I know that you just have to adopt her, because you are so good and understanding and everything I love. However, it would be nice to get to know her a little; I mean not with your whole family around, but just the two of us and her – and Marina of course depending on what we are going to do.” Harry gave her a very relieved smile and suggested,

“We could take them to the zoo, when you have a free day. Do you have the weekends off, or how does this apprenticeship work?” Ginny told him that she had every weekend off during the holidays, but would have to take turns with Pomfrey when school started again, and they decided to take the two six year olds to the zoo next week Sunday.

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During the next week, Ginny and Harry spent every evening after dinner together either walking around the lake or sitting in Harry’s room talking. On the day Ginny had returned to Hogwarts, Harry had noticed that she seemed to be quite anxious about her new studying field, which he could understand very well. Suddenly not being a student any more, but to have to study and work as an apprentice to just one teacher, was a severe change. He just hoped Ginny would not regret it later, as he felt more than a little responsible for her decision to accept the apprenticeship. When they were sitting together in his room the day after the barbeque, he cautiously asked her,

“How do you feel being an apprentice to Aunt Poppy and not a student anymore?” She sighed and said,

“It is just difficult to get used to. I’m probably going to miss the company of the other students, but on the other hand, Madam Pomfrey seems to be really nice except for when you have to meet her because you are ill and she wants to keep you there.” Harry grinned and nodded.

“I really know her very well; in the past I have lived next to her office for more than a year, and in this time line I have known her from baby times onwards. She knew about me and my history the whole time, studied Psychology in order to help me, and in fact she was able to help me a lot. When I have any problems – mental problems, not health problems of course –,” he grinned again, “I just go and talk to her. I don’t know if it is because of her studying psychology, but she always manages to help me. And I know that she is an excellent teacher. It is a pity that we don’t have general Healing classes here at Hogwarts in spite of having such a good teacher,” he added. Ginny nodded happily. She had been so afraid of returning to Hogwarts under the conditions she had agreed to, but maybe everything would just work out well.

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On Saturday morning, Harry woke up to someone jumping onto his stomach. Then this someone started to giggle and whisper happily in two different voices, which even in his still half unconscious condition he found himself at 4:30 in the morning he could recognize as the voices of his two little sisters. He groaned and told them,

“F... off, I’m tired. It’s much too early; the animals in the zoo are still asleep and won’t get up for another five hours!”

Marina and Violet proceeded to climbing back onto his bed and lying on each side of him in order to try to sleep again, which was of course impossible for all three occupants of Harry’s enlarged bed.

For their trip to the zoo, they took the Knight bus, which alone was worth Violet’s excitement. When the bus came into view, she let out a huge gasp and tried to hide behind Harry, who lifted her up into his arms and said,

“No, Violet; look at the bus. Isn’t it beautiful?” Violet must have agreed with him, because she cautiously left her safe place behind Harry and nodded enthusiastically. In only two huge jumps the Knight bus took them just in front of the zoo. Violet gasped again and whispered to Harry,

“Won’t de muggews see us when we get off de bus?” He shook his head and explained to her that only magical people were able to see this fascinating exemplar of a bus.

During the whole morning they spent in the zoo, Marina took care of her sister, who had never been to the zoo, and explained everything she knew to her. Harry was astonished to hear that Marina remembered even the most detailed information he had explained to her before.

“Very good Marina,” he complimented his little sister after she had explained to Violet that grey parrots came from Congo, while macaws normally lived in South America, and most parakeets in Australia. Violet was glancing at her new sister in awe.

After walking around the zoo, Ginny noticed that not only the kids but also Harry was knackered and suggested to return to Hogwarts, but Harry contradicted immediately,

“No, we cannot return yet; there is something else we have to take care of today, and before that we could move to the Leaky Cauldron for lunch. What do you think, Ginny?”

This time they took the underground and arrived at the Leaky Cauldron half an hour later. After eating a quick lunch, they went into Diagon Alley to use the opportunity to buy a few things and ended up at Fortesque’s ice cream parlour, where the kids enjoyed a huge ‘Dragon feast ice cream’, while Harry and Ginny had ice coffees. Fortunately, it was still early in the summer, and as the Hogwarts letters had not been sent out yet, the students could not buy their supplies yet, and therefore Diagon Alley was not very crowded. Therefore, they were able to have a peaceful half an hour at Fortesque’s until Harry stood up and said,

“We still have something else to do today; let’s get over with it.”

## Chapter 19 – Baby time

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“What else do we have to do?” Ginny curiously questioned Harry encouraging him to tell her that he wanted to go to the Ministry in order to retrieve the papers to apply for the guardianship over Violet and that he had made an appointment with her father in order to lighten their visit to the ministry a little bit.

“Why guardianship?” Ginny asked confused, when they were having tea in Minister Weasley’s office, while Tonks had taken the kids on a tour around the ministry. “Aren’t you going to adopt her?”

“No,” Harry answered. “I have thought about it, and I prefer a permanent guardianship for the moment. I know that you already said you wouldn’t have a problem with the adoption, but I want us to think about this later, when you are of age and have hopefully agreed to marry me. For Violet it is important to know that I will always be there and care for her – the question of whether guardianship or adoption is not so important for her, at least not at the moment.” A bit hesitant to know what his girlfriend’s father would think about these revelations, Harry threw him a cautious glance and saw the minister smiling fondly at the two of them.

It was already nearly time for dinner when they returned to Hogwarts. Harry had just enough time to bathe his little sisters, grateful for Ginny’s help; then the castle’s other remaining residents came over to the Snape quarters for dinner. Harry groaned; he just couldn’t eat now, he was dead on his feet. He told Ginny he would go to bed for a while and after a short glance into his face she let him go threatening to send Poppy after him after dinner, if he didn’t show up until then. He did not notice Pomfrey checking on him or forcing several potions down his throat, but when he woke up in the morning, he felt very ill. Everything hurt, he was freezing, and he could hardly breathe. He groaned but relaxed a little when he saw his father entering his room. *He would know how to help him.*

Severus frowned when he took his son’s pale face into sight. Poppy had told him in the evening that Harry was probably coming down with a cold, but she had poured a few potions through his throat and

he should be well on his way to convalescence by now. Noticing that Harry was hardly able to breathe, he told him he would be back in a moment and floo-called Pomfrey over, who was at Harry's side within a minute. While she was doing several checks on his son, Severus noticed that her face was becoming more and more worried, until she finally said,

"He somehow managed to get a light pneumonia again. Maybe it was the asthma that triggered it. I have to take him with me to the Hospital wing; he is very ill." Severus groaned. That could not be! He still had not come up with a new potion for his son's immune system yet, although he was researching every day. It was so difficult because moon fern was one of the main ingredients in this special potion and could not be replaced easily. But Harry had to prepare for his lessons, and speaking of lessons – would he be able to teach at all after six weeks, when the new school year started? The last time he got pneumonia, he had spent several months in the infirmary. He was startled when he was brought out of his thoughts by a hand on his shoulder.

"Don't worry too much, Severus. His condition is not as bad as it was in the past, and we will do our best to help him," Poppy told him as calmly as she could manage.

Harry spent the next two weeks in his old room in the Hospital wing. During the first week, his condition was worsening steadily, and except from his parents and grandparents only Violet was allowed to visit him once a day. Poppy and Ginny both took care of him and made sure that he was never alone. After the first week, he threatened Pomfrey that he would just leave the wing, if she didn't allow his grandmother to bring him work to do. *He had to prepare his lessons – could they not understand how much work that was, especially as it was the first time for him?*

In spite of being worried about Harry, Ginny enjoyed her healer's training very much, especially as Pomfrey allowed her to try out every spell she had learned so far on Harry. Fortunately, Harry did not mind being checked by Ginny, and she was very happy to be around her boyfriend most of the time.

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During the second week of Harry's stay in the Hospital wing, however, she remembered that it would be his 17th birthday in a few days and feverishly thought about what to do on this special day. As he could not get up, there was no other chance except from having a very small party in his room. Already at the end of the school year, her brothers had insisted on performing a huge firework display over the lake on the evening of his birthday, and she just had to find a way for Harry to be able to participate in the event. One night, when Harry's parents, grandparents, Poppy and Ginny were all together having tea in Harry's room, while the subject of attention was asleep, she told the others about the plans she had made and asked if anyone had an idea about the fireworks. Everyone seemed to be thinking about it, when Poppy suddenly spoke up.

"I think he should be able to attend the fireworks in his phoenix form. He may transform into Icicle, however not flash and not change back to his human form as long as he is out of his bed. So one of us has to give him a ride outside, and if he feels well enough, he can even fly around a bit. Of course this has to remain an exception, and he will only be allowed to do so for the firework on his birthday." Minerva eyed her sceptically, while Lily offered,

"I will give him a ride, as I am the only one except for Albus to be able to communicate with him."

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One day, Albus came into Harry's room, followed by Poppy, and said,

"Harry, Poppy, I have something to tell you. Nobody except for Minerva knows this, but I have a nephew in Japan. Yesterday I decided to pay him a short visit to speak with him about a personal matter I don't want to reveal at this stage. Anyway, we also talked about Harry's problem, and he suggested something. They, my nephew and his family, live in a relatively small wizarding community, but they have a very competent healer. He thought it could be that they had different healing methods, so he called her, and when she heard about your story, she said that she probably knew what the problem was and maybe could help. Now I have given her a portkey,



and she will arrive here at about lunchtime to check on you and see if she can do anything for us.”

A few hours later, Dumbledore came again with a friendly looking woman about the age of Poppy and introduced her as Healer Uehara. She turned to Harry and said in English with a Japanese accent,

“First of all, I have to check on him thoroughly in order to assess what the exact problem is. However, from what you told me, I assume that it is a certain illness affecting the immune system, which I can probably heal. Would you mind me checking on you now?” she asked Harry politely, and Harry shrugged, before he said,

“I hate being checked, but if you think you can help me...” he trailed off. Poppy threw him a glance that would have made Minerva proud and stated,

“Yes, please, Healer Uehara; we appreciate very much that you came from so far away to try to help Harry.” Albus and Poppy left the room, and the healer checked on Harry. An hour later, she entered Poppy’s office and told her,

“He is asleep now. My assumption was correct; he is suffering from an illness, which damages the immune system. There is a potion to heal this illness, but it contains moon fern, of which he told me he is allergic. Is that correct?” Poppy groaned and confirmed that it was correct, before she asked,

“Is there any other method to help him?” Uehara shook her head and answered,

“I am very sorry, but there is nothing I can do about it at the moment. However, I will do some research if there are other potions which could help. For a fact I know that moon fern is not easy to replace.” Poppy nodded affirmatively and told her everything about Severus’ potion for Harry. She accompanied her guest back to the headmaster’s office and they agreed that the healer would return after about six weeks to assess if the illness had worsened or just remained unchanged.

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One morning Harry woke up and the feeling that something was different penetrated his fevered brain. Normally, when he woke up, Ginny was sitting next to him trying to do her spells on him. But it was not only the fact that she was not there; something else bothered him, he just couldn't tell what it was, until he heard a voice coming from his other side,

“Good mownin, Hawwy, and Happy Bawfday!” He slowly turned around and noticed, that Violet was lying next to him on his bed. He frowned and asked worriedly,

“What is wrong with you, Violet? Why are you in my bed?” When Violet slightly flinched at his words, he noticed that he probably had spoken too harshly and immediately apologized to her and gave her a careful hug. Finally, she said,

“I was allowed to stay wif you, because it is your bawfday and ebyone else was busy wif somfink.” Harry glanced at her and asked,

“Is it my birthday today? Thanks for telling me, because I completely forgot,” he added a commendation, which he knew would make Violet very happy.

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Suddenly the door opened widely, and everyone remaining at Hogwarts over the holidays entered the room. With a flick of McGonagall's wand, the room was decorated with 15 chairs around Harry's bed, each with a small table in front of it, on which with a pop breakfast appeared instantly. In front of Harry hovered a tablet with his breakfast, while at the same time his bedside table was filled with a pile of presents as well as a huge birthday cake. After more than a dozen hugs and birthday wishes, Harry sat up and managed to eat a little of the fruit yoghurt Dobby had prepared for him, while everyone was eating breakfast.

When breakfast was finished, Pomfrey shooed everyone out except from Lily, Minerva and Violet, and asked Ginny to check on Harry. As often as she had checked on him during the last two weeks, it was a different matter when others were watching, and Ginny had to do

every spell twice to be sure the results were correct. After Poppy had confirmed the results, she told Harry,

“Harry, before you have to take your potions and sleep for a while, your mother and grandmother would like to do something with you.” Harry glanced over to them enquiringly, and they came over with Violet to sit on the edge of his bed. Minerva was the first to speak.

“Harry, are you sure that you want to get the guardianship over Violet? I have talked to Violet yesterday evening, and you are her first choice for a guardian, but you should not feel any pressure about it but know that your mother would be alright as well, especially as Violet will grow up as Marina’s sister anyway.” Harry sighed and croaked,

“It’s alright. I would also like to adopt her, but I have decided to wait with that.” He told them his reasons for this decision as he had explained them in Mr. Weasley’s office the other day and everyone nodded approvingly. Lily handed him the guardianship papers, which Harry still had to sign. As soon as he had put his sign at the bottom of the parchment, it rolled itself up and made itself on its way to the ministry. Violet was watching everything fascinated. Harry pulled her into a hug, gave her a kiss on the forehead and told her,

“Now you are my ward and don’t have to fear your parents anymore. I’m sorry that I cannot spend as much time with you as I would like to, but I don’t feel very well at the moment. However when you want to talk to me, you are always allowed to come here and see me. Alright?” Violet nodded contently and gave him a sloppy kiss on the cheek. Afterwards Harry hastily drank down the potions Ginny handed him, lay down and was asleep within seconds. This breakfast with all his friends and family had been very tiring.

A few hours later Ginny woke him up again, gave him more potions and told him, his visitors would come back a few minutes later to eat his birthday cake together with him. Harry groaned but didn’t say anything. *Couldn’t they see that he was ill and not able to have a birthday party?* After devouring the whole cake, Dumbledore ushered him to open his birthday presents. Harry sighed and sent a pleading glance in the direction of Poppy, who understood immediately and

told everyone, Harry would open his presents later and they were going to see him again in the evening when the firework was going to take place. Harry threw her an astonished glance and as soon as everybody had been thrown out asked,

“Fireworks? And...um... Thank you Aunt Poppy.” She explained about the fireworks the Weasley twins were planning for the evening and told him, that he could either watch from the window of the Hospital wing or transform into Icicle and come out to the lake together with everyone else. Ginny noticed that Harry’s eyes started to twinkle happily, before he mumbled,

“I will go as Icicle. Thank you, Aunt Poppy and Ginny, thanks for everything.” When Pomfrey left the room, Ginny sat next to Harry on the edge of his bed and asked,

“Now, do you want to open your presents, or would you prefer to sleep again?” Harry gave her a slight smile and answered,

“If you were so kind as to hand me one of the presents, I would like to open it.” Ginny handed him his presents one after another, and Harry was stunned to see what his family and friends had thought about. There were several books, for example ‘1000 easy tips for the magical prankster’ from Sirius, ‘Transfiguration during the ages’ as well as a few other books about transfiguration from Minerva. He received another book, ‘Tips for teaching’ together with an assortment of Honeydukes finest chocolates from Remus and Amelia, phoenix treats from Hagrid and a perch for Icicle to be set up in the Snapes’ living room from Albus. His parents had bought several new every day robes for him in different colours, which he could wear at school as well as a book voucher from Flourish and Blotts. From Hermione he received a book about the history of tournaments within the magical world, and James gave him two tickets for a national Quidditch game England – Ireland, which would take place on the next weekend. Harry sighed and handed the tickets over to Ginny, saying,

“As I won’t be able to take you there, you choose someone to take with you – maybe you could take Ron? I’m sure he would like to go.” Ginny looked at him flabbergasted and asked,

“I know that you have quite a fever, Harry, but are you crazy? You want the f... of my brother, who didn't even bother to send you something for your birthday, to visit a national Quidditch match on your behalf?” Harry shrugged and replied,

“I do not mind, Ginny, as long as you have fun with the tickets. I think I am going to open the rest of the presents later, I want to lie down for a while.” Ginny nodded and watched him worriedly. His condition seemed to be worse than the day before. As soon as he closed his eyes, she went over to Poppy's office to make her check on Harry and to get the permission to floo home to the Burrow for an hour over dinnertime in order to have a talk with her brother.

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A few hours later, Severus woke Harry up, made him eat a bowl of chicken broth, handed him a few potions and asked,

“Do you think you can manage to transform? Poppy thinks you should be all right and would probably even feel better as a phoenix. Your mother will come here and give you a ride, as you are not allowed to flash or fly a lot.” Harry gave him a short nod, transformed into Icicle and noticed that he indeed felt much better in his phoenix form.

Half an hour later, everyone was sitting in the grass next to the lake. Harry was very happy to be able to attend the event the Weasley twins had arranged because of his birthday and left his mother's shoulder to walk a few steps around the lake, where he sat down under a huge tree and proceeded to clean his feathers, while he watched the beautiful fireworks over the lake.

However, suddenly, one of the fireworks went in the wrong direction. Nobody could tell what happened or why it occurred – everything happened so fast, that everyone only noticed it, when the tree, under which Icicle was sitting, caught fire and a branch snapped and tumbled down just onto Icicle. Harry, who was busily cleaning his feathers while watching the fireworks with one eye, did not notice anything, until he heard a huge gasp from his friends. Then suddenly everything went black.

Everyone hurried over to him, and with combined powers, they managed to move the branch away from where Icicle was lying on the ground and did not move. How could he move? Most of his bones seemed to be broken. Immediately a huge discussion started about what to do. Could they do anything for him? Should Minerva transform him back to his human form? Or would Hagrid be able to heal him in this form? Dumbledore called Fawkes over, who flew over to Icicle and cowered next to him trilling soft tones to his friend.

Suddenly a huge, white flash illuminated the dark sky, and a wave of ice crushed onto everyone. After recovering from screaming, not because it hurt but because of the surprise effect, everyone turned to Icicle again. But where was he? Dumbledore went over to where Fawkes was still sitting with his beak in the ice, and after an exchange of two sentences with his own phoenix put his hands into the ice as well and pulled a very small, naked form out of it.

#Be careful, old man, you have to keep our baby warm, otherwise he will not make it!# Fawkes advised Albus, who put the small baby phoenix under his robes and translated Fawkes' warning to the others. After that a discussion about where they should take Icicle, who should take care of him and whether he should be transfigured back to Harry started, until Dumbledore called everyone to silence and decided,

"I will bring him into the living room of the Snape quarters. On his perch, which is also made for baby phoenixes to sit on, he will have it comfortable, and if we place it in front of the fireplace, it will be warm enough for him. As we still have holidays, I assume that someone will be there for him all the time. I suggest that we take him there now and discuss everything else there. Hopefully Fawkes will be able to give us further advice about how to care for a baby phoenix and when to change him back to his human form." He grabbed Fawkes tail feathers and his phoenix flashed him directly into the Snape quarters. While they were waiting for the others to arrive, Fawkes instructed Albus,

#You cannot transform him back now; you have to leave him as a baby for the moment.#

#How long would you call a moment?# Albus asked.

#At least a week, but maybe better up to three weeks. You know that I feel very weak after a burning day for about a week, afterwards I'm better, but I only feel really good after about three weeks.#

In the meantime, Harry's family had joined them, and Dumbledore translated for them what Fawkes had told him so far. Poppy turned to Fawkes and asked,

"Will he still be ill, when we transform him back, or will he be fully healed?" Fawkes thought for a moment and answered,

#Merlin had a freezing day once, and he managed to transform back after about three weeks. By that time, his general condition had not changed, but he was cured of all illnesses he had at that time. For example, he had an illness in his stomach, which was cured, but his allergies – I remember that he had an allergy against moon fern – remained.# Severus groaned when Albus translated the last sentence, and Poppy turned to Fawkes again.

"So, do I understand it correctly that he will be healed from pneumonia, but he will still have the problems with his immune system and his allergy to moon fern?" Fawkes looked at her and nodded his head, before he trilled,

#Maybe that his immune system will be better now, but I don't think it will be completely healed. If he were a real phoenix as I am, he would be healed completely because he would be like a newborn, but this doesn't apply for him, as he is only an animagus phoenix. Concerning the timing when to transform him back, you can ask him. In about a week he should be able to communicate to you – I will be the first to have a proper conversation with him of course.# After a short while, he added,

#And don't make such a fuss over him, he will be alright.#

By now, everyone had settled into the chairs around Icicle's perch and Albus had called Twinkle and asked for tea and biscuits for everyone. When she came back a minute later, he told her that Icicle was a baby now and that he wanted her to take care of him during

the next weeks. Seeing the confused looks the others were throwing at him, he explained,

“Twinkle always takes care of Fawkes while he is a baby. Therefore, she knows exactly what he needs and is well prepared to care for him. Don’t worry; he will be in the best hands.” When Twinkle, looking at the perch to search for Icicle, suddenly started to giggle, everyone followed her eyes and saw, that Fawkes had taken a position just next to Icicle, spreading his pretty wings all over Icicle, so that not even the tiniest bit of the small phoenix could be seen. The room erupted with relieved laughter.

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During the first week, Fawkes did not move at all. Every piece of food Twinkle brought went into his peak first and from there into the tiny baby’s mouth. He trilled and trilled to entertain the little phoenix whenever he seemed to be at least half-awake. Lily often stood next to the perch talking to Harry. Of course, she didn’t know if he would understand, but she was quite sure that he would – at least – recognize her voice.

On the eighth day, Fawkes finally moved and took a spot next to Baby Icicle who had grown a bit during the week and was even spotting small white feathers here and there. The little phoenix slowly moved his head out of his back feathers and turned around, slowly opening his beautiful green eyes. Albus immediately transformed into his phoenix form and sat next to his grandchild on the perch to exchange a few trills with him and Fawkes.

Finally, Icicle looked around to where his family was sitting and trilled,

#What happened?# Lily went over to his perch and held the back of her hand directly in front of his feet, and Icicle accepted the invitation and carefully put one foot after the other onto his mother’s hand. She carefully took him over to the sofa and sat down next to Severus quietly talking to Icicle. Severus carefully put his hand onto the back of Icicle’s head, knowing how much his son liked him stroking the back feathers of his head and told him what had happened in a quiet and calm voice.



“Harry”, his grandmother addressed the tiny bird, “I don’t know when you will be able to transform back to your human self, but I can change you back whenever you want me to.” Icicle nodded his head and trilled,

#Fank you vewy much Gwanny. I don’t know how and when to change back; I have to ask Fawkes.# Lily translated for everyone what Icicle had said, and Severus told him,

“No, Harry, you don’t have to ask Fawkes. He cannot tell you how to change back because he is not an animagus, and about the timing, YOU have to decide in which form you feel more comfortable. I don’t know if you are having your complete memory while being a phoenix baby, so let me tell you a little bit. You might feel a little more comfortable as a phoenix, but on the other hand you will start to be a teacher in about three weeks and you will probably want to have some time in your human form to prepare for lessons and adjust to your new position. Therefore, I would recommend that you let your grandmother change you back in a week the latest.”

Icicle seemed to be pensive for a moment before he addressed them again.

## Chapter 20 – Summer Holidays

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Harry spent another five days as baby phoenix, cuddling with Fawkes who did not leave his side and his grandfather who joined them frequently. On Friday afternoon, Icicle was alone with Lily, sitting on her shoulder. Suddenly Icicle slowly descended Lily's arm and hopped down onto the sofa walking until he reached his favourite spot, which the others always kept open for him. Then he asked his mother to get one of his robes from his room and cover his body and when she complied without questioning him, he transformed back into Harry. Lily immediately sat next to him and watched him anxiously. He looked just normal, as if nothing had happened.

"Harry?" She softly asked her son. "Is everything alright?" Harry threw a small smile at his mother and murmured,

"Yes, Mom, everything is alright except from the fact that the transformation was very strenuous for a baby phoenix; therefore I am very tired." Lily laughed relieved and asked,

"Shall I take you to your room?" But Harry was already asleep. She went to his room, fetched sweatpants and a shirt from his room and dressed him, as he was completely naked under the robes that only partly covered his body. Finally she tucked him into a blanket and let him sleep, feeling very glad to have her son back again.

Harry woke up two hours later by a huge commotion, when everyone filed into the Snape quarters in order to have dinner together and noticed the empty bird's perch before spotting him on the sofa. After he heard the fifth person asking about him, he sat up, looked around and said,

"I am fine, everything is okay, I am sorry for having you worrying about me, but please don't make such a fuss! Now, can we have dinner please? After weeks of baby birdie food I am hungry." Everyone laughed at this and quickly sat down at the dinner table. Harry could not remember when he had eaten such delicious food for the last time. He was still tired from transforming but felt better than he had in years, so he had a huge appetite and was able to really

enjoy his dinner. After dinner, Poppy insisted checking on him and Harry grudgingly followed her into his room accompanied by his parents, while Minerva was busily keeping Marina and Violet out of his room. Poppy checked on him twice and said,

“He is tired, almost certainly from transforming, but otherwise fine. Concerning his immune system we have to ask Healer Uehara; however, I hope that this illness has gone as well, but I don’t know this definitely. Apart from this, he doesn’t have any problems. Congratulations Harry – you found the best possible way to get rid of the pneumonia and the bad condition you were in during the last year.” Harry snorted and grinned at her, before he said jokingly,

“Thank you, Aunt Poppy. I know I am a genius.” Dumbledore didn’t waste any time and brought the Japanese healer to Hogwarts on the next day. Poppy called Harry to his room in the Hospital Wing, so that Uehara could check on him. After waving her wand over Harry, she smiled at him and said,

“Congratulations, Harry. You efficiently managed to get rid of your illness. Although,” she turned to Poppy, “this has only cured the illness itself in order for his immune system not to be further damaged, his immune system should now be able to restore its ability to resist illnesses from outside. However, it will take a long time to restore its strength if this will ever be possible at all. Therefore, he will be safer against illnesses; however, his health condition itself will not be stronger during the next months or maybe years. For example, when he overdoes it or works too much, he will easily get fevers as result, and this problem will continue for a while, so that he has to be careful not to overdo himself. The more he worsens his condition, the longer the healing will take.”

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During the next two weeks, Harry spent most of his time preparing for his lessons, while Dumbledore took care of the children during the daytime. His grandmother, who had completely taken over the position as Headmistress by then, still made time for him to discuss things with her every day. He slowly began to adjust to the thought of teaching on his own and started to feel comfortable with it. In the

evenings nearly everyone who came down to the Snape quarters for dinner stayed for tea and long discussions, so that Harry got the feeling of having a kind of a party every night. When bedtime for Marina, Violet and Brianna arrived, Harry gave them a bath and put them to bed after reading them a story. Most evenings Ginny joined him, and Harry noticed happily that she was acting very comfortably around his sister and cousin. They always let Brianna sleep together with the other girls; sometimes the Lupins took her with them when they went home, other times she just stayed at the Snapes'.

Exactly a week before the start of the new school year, Lily and Severus joined Harry in his room after breakfast for a small talk.

"Harry," Lily began, "you have worked very hard during the last weeks and Granny told us that you are well prepared for your lessons. Therefore, we want you to take a rest during the remaining holidays, and as this probably won't be possible here at Hogwarts, we are thinking about going to Snape Manor for a few days. What do you think about it?" Harry was stunned. Yes, of course, he wanted to go to the Manor to see his grandmother. But on the other hand, he wanted to spend some time with Ginny, because he didn't know how much time they would have for each other when the school year started. When his parents saw him hesitating, Severus asked,

"Harry, I have the feeling you want to go, but something is keeping you here. What is it? Can you try to share your thoughts with us please?" Harry glanced at his father and replied,

"Yes, on one hand I would like to go. But on the other hand I would like to spend as much time as possible with Ginny." His parents exchanged a glance, before Lily asked,

"Harry, maybe we could ask Poppy if Ginny could come with us for a few days? If Ginny wants to go and Poppy lets her leave, we just have to ask Mrs. Weasley, but I cannot imagine that she will forbid her to come with us." Harry gave his mother a hopeful glance, and Lily floo-ed over to the hospital wing to discuss their plan with Poppy and Ginny. Finally, Ginny was allowed to go, and in the evening of the same day, they took a portkey to Snape Manor.

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Harry and Ginny spent the mornings just on their own in Harry's room or in some other place within the huge manor where nobody was able to find and disturb them – at least not two five-year-old troublemakers. During this time, Ginny told Harry everything about her apprenticeship. With the help of the parchment Healer Burnham had provided for Ginny, Madam Pomfrey had been able to arrange for her to spend every Tuesday at St. Mungos, where she would receive special healers' training in order to not only get a Hogwarts certificate after her three years apprenticeship but also to be a certified healer of St. Mungos. Harry was stunned but of course also very happy for his girlfriend. Ginny glanced at him lovingly and said,

“Harry, I know that I have to thank you for that. Poppy told me that without the parchment and the recommendation of Healer Burnham St. Mungos would never have agreed to that.” Harry shook his head and replied,

“No Ginny, it is not because of me. You have to thank Aunt Poppy. It is only because she is a very good healer as well as a very good teacher, which Healer Burnham knows because it was she who taught me about natural healing. Anyway, I am very happy for you, and I hope that Aunt Poppy will let you go early enough in the evening, so that we will have as much time for each other as possible.”

At other times, Harry told her about his preparations for his Head of House position. He had thought of several things he wanted to introduce to Merlin House but was a little unsure and was glad to get Ginny's confirmation that his ideas were very good.

The afternoons were spent at the lake, where Ginny and Harry tried to teach Marina and Violet how to swim. Marina could nearly manage it by now, but Violet had never been swimming before and was a bit afraid of the water at first.

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One day, when they were lying on the grass after swimming for a while, Harry turned to Ginny and asked,

“Ginny, do you want to learn to become an animagus?” Ginny sat up and gasped at him.

“What? An animagus? Of course I want to, but I don’t know if I will be able to.” Harry laughed and said,

“Of course you will be able to. Why not? If you want to learn, I can teach you. We just have to find time for it. I also want to teach my godmother, although I haven’t yet talked to her about it.” Ginny was all for it, so they spent the evening in the potions lab to brew the animagus potion. When they finished the potion and bottled it, Severus came over, checked the mixture and commended his son for a flawless potion.

“Very good,” he said. “So, you want to learn to be an animagus. What do you think your animal will be?” Ginny hesitated for a moment, before she replied,

“I am not sure, but some kind of bird anyway. I would like to be able to communicate with Harry when we are in our animagus forms.” Severus laughed and said,

“Good luck. By the way, Harry, is there a reason that you have made the double amount of potion?” Harry grinned and told him,

“Yes, Dad; I would like to ask Amelia to become an animagus too. I didn’t have the chance to ask her, but I just hope that she will agree to learn.” Severus shook his head about his son’s ideas and suggested,

“Then why don’t you just fire-call her and ask her? Or even better, invite the Lupins for lunch tomorrow and tell them to stay for the afternoon. Then you can ask her in the afternoon, while the children can play together. Maybe Julia and Anna can watch the three kids; otherwise, Lily and I will take over. And if she concurs, you can try the potion immediately.” Harry happily agreed and went to the fireplace in the living room to call his godparents.

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On the next day, the Lupins arrived shortly before lunch, which Harry enjoyed very much. When they were sitting at the huge dining room table, he looked around happily. During the new time line, he had of course been used to his family, but during his old time line, he had always wished for just one person of family – be it a father, a mother or a godparent. And now he had his own parents, grandparents, great grandparents, sisters, god parents, a ward he wanted to be kind of a father for and a girlfriend – it was still hard to believe how much had changed because of his own interference. Harry threw a very happy smile at the people sharing the table with him until Remus suddenly pulled him out of his thoughts by asking,

“Are you ready to teach, Harry?” Harry slowly came back to reality and smiled at his godfather.

“Yes, Remus, in fact I am looking forward to it very much. It will be good to hold classes just on my own after teaching together with Granny for about half a year. And I intend to be a very different Head of House from Granny or my mother. I nearly can’t wait for the students to come. You know,” he whispered, “I think I am as excited as a first year.” Remus laughed and said,

“You will do very well, Harry. I have heard a lot of things your animagus students were telling on the animagus party; therefore I know a bit about your teaching, and I’m confident that not only you but also your students will enjoy your classes very much.” Now Harry remembered something.

“Um, Remus. You know the cause for inviting you all here today was that I wanted to ask your wife if she wants to become an animagus. I have promised to teach Ginny the transformation, and I thought if Amelia was interested, they could perhaps learn together. I always feel sorry for her during the nights of the full moon. Do you think she would agree?” Remus threw him a stunned look and asked sternly,

“Can you please explain to me why this never occurred to me? I always regret that she is not able to come with us, but I have never thought of teaching her.” Harry grinned and told Amelia, who was sitting at the opposite side of the table that he would like to speak to her directly after lunch. He ushered Ginny and his godparents into his

room and threw a locking charm and a silencing charm at the door, before he explained everything to Amelia. As surprising the whole story was for her, as excited she was when Harry finished.

"Of course, Harry, thank you. I would like to become an animagus very much!" she assured him immediately and agreed to have her lessons together with Ginny every Sunday night after curfew.

"Maybe Anna wants to learn with us?" Ginny suggested, but Harry explained to her that as a teacher he could not teach such a thing to just one student because other students might be jealous and could accuse him of favouritism.

"Moreover, as she is a seventh year, she will have the opportunity to learn the transformation in spring. I will probably start directly after Christmas with a voluntary animagus class for the seventh year students," he added. "Alright; do you want to take the potion now?" he asked, and when Amelia and Ginny nodded and agreed that Ginny should take the potion first, he motioned for her to sit on his bed, drink the phial and make himself comfortable in a lying position on his bed. Ginny followed his instructions and transformed into a white parrot with a bright orange beak and green feet. She was pretty although Harry had to admit that she looked a bit funny with the orange beak and the green feet, a bit like a small goose, but of course he would never tell her that. When she was back to her own self, she groaned because everything hurt but nevertheless seemed to be very happy.

"At least it is a bird, so I will be able to communicate with you, won't I?" she said happily. "Alright, now it is your turn, Professor Bones-Lupin," she added. Harry laughed and declared,

"I see; when this is finished we have to ask the house elves for a drink, and I have to introduce you properly to each other. But go on Amelia, we want to see your form as well." Amelia did as she was told and transformed into a light brown kangaroo.

"Wow," Harry and Ginny exclaimed at the same time, "what a great animal!" As soon as Amelia had turned back, Harry called one of the house elves and asked her to bring four butterbeer for them. When they all held a butterbeer in their hands, he addressed his friends,



“Amelia, this is my girlfriend Ginny. Ginny, this is my godmother Amelia. I think both of you know my godfather Remus. As the two of you will be having an animagus class together, maybe you should practise to call each other properly.” He smirked and added, “We will start on the first Sunday in the new school year, and your homework is to research as much as possible about your animal. It is essential for the transformation to know the animal as well as possible and to know exactly what it looks like.”

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The next two days passed much too quickly, and on Saturday morning the Snapes headed back to Hogwarts. The students would not arrive until Sunday evening, but according to Harry’s parents, there were still lots of preparations to be done. Harry was very glad that both his parents were not only teachers at Hogwarts but also Head of House, so that they knew exactly what to do, and both had – of course – promised to show him everything.

As soon as they arrived at Hogwarts, Dumbledore came over to their quarters to keep Marina and Violet company, while Julia was glad to escape from the two little ones and went to enjoy the still quiet library. Harry and his parents had to attend a teachers’ meeting in the staff room. Harry was the only new teacher, so that no introductions were necessary. McGonagall had taken over the Headmaster’s position from Dumbledore and Severus was her successor as Deputy Headmaster, but apart from these two facts, there would be no major changes in comparison to the last years. Furthermore, among the names of the around fifty new students, there was no name which gave cause to worry or take special precautions. Therefore – or maybe because Minerva handled things differently from the way Albus did – the meeting was quite short and ended well before lunchtime.

In the afternoon, Lily accompanied Harry to Merlin House, where Tori greeted him happily and told him,

#Now, didn’t I tell you? Welcome, new Head of my House!# Harry happily greeted him back and told him, he would like to go in with his mother and would come back later to talk to him. Lily told him, that

although the house elves hardly made any mistakes, he should better check if there were enough beds, chairs and wardrobes in the dormitories, and if all beds were made properly. They also had to check the bathrooms and the common room. Of course, everything was perfect, but while he was walking around the house with his mother, he made a few mental notes about small changes or extras he was planning.

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When they were back in their quarters, Harry asked the little ones if they wanted to go for a walk on the grounds in order to pick up some flowers. Of course, they agreed immediately, and Albus decided to join them as well. Harry was deep in his thoughts, but suddenly noticed that Marina and Violet were having a fierce discussion, whom the flowers were for.

“They are for Mummy, that’s clear,” Marina pointed out, but Violet contradicted,

“No. They awe fow my Daddy, fow Hawwy!” Dumbledore was just standing there listening amusedly, and Harry could not help giggling either.

“Dear Marina and Violet,” he addressed the two five-year-olds; “you may of course pick up a bunch of flowers for Mum as well, but these flowers are for the common room in Merlin House. You know, when the students arrive tomorrow, they will have to get used to being here again. Maybe they will miss their homes and their families very much. Therefore, I want the common room to be a bright, happy place, in which they will feel well, you know. And I think flowers are very nice to have in a room, don’t you think so?” After thinking about what Harry had said for a few minutes, both children agreed with him and went on to pick up flowers.

Thirty minutes later they had not only enough flowers for the Merlin common room, Lily’s office and the Snapes’ living room, but also enough to take a bunch of flowers up to their great grandmother’s office. Albus and Harry waited at the Gargoyle, while the two little girls brought the flowers to Minerva, who was very pleased to get such nice flowers for her new office and thanked the girls profoundly.

As the two girls had never been in one of the Hogwarts Houses before, Harry decided to give them a tour around Merlin House under the pretence to be asking for their help. Before they left the Snape quarters, where they had left the flowers for Lily, he went to his room to fetch a box. This time, they took the short way through his office to get to Merlin House, where he introduced the two little girls to Tori and translated his greetings for Marina and Violet.

When Tori finally opened the portrait hole, he motioned the two girls to enter and showed them around the common room. Finally, he ushered them into the first dormitory. The girls were stunned. They never had imagined the house to be so huge and comfortable. And the view onto the lake was just beautiful. *It must be so great to be a student here!* Suddenly, Harry produced the box he had brought unnoticed by the girls, took out a few chocolate phoenixes and asked them to put one phoenix on each bedside table. The girls were all for it, and after only ten minutes a chocolate phoenix was sitting on each bedside table in Merlin House. Silently two more chocolate phoenixes wandered into the little helpers' hands.

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On Sunday morning, Harry caused a huge discussion during breakfast with the harmless question – at least he thought it was harmless – if a Head of House was allowed to train the house's Quidditch team. Just everyone had to say something about the topic. Minerva thought it was a good idea, Lily found it was rubbish, Severus grinned and agreed with Minerva, Madam Hooch appreciated it because of the fun they would have to watch, Poppy frowned because she feared more injuries if the students were trained by people like Severus or Harry, and Albus' eyes were twinkling merrily.

This never-ending breakfast as well as the ongoing discussion finally was interrupted by Dobby, who came to ask if they would like to have lunch immediately, or if they wanted to have a half-an-hour break in between, as it was already lunchtime. They decided to skip lunch and just have tea together at the Snape quarters at 2 o'clock. Until then, Harry hid in his office and produced a kind of calendar, consulting the students list, with which Minerva had provided him. When he went

over to Merlin House to put it up on the wall, Tori asked him to decide on a password, and Harry chose 'Merlin family' for the time being.

Back in their quarters, where everyone was just arriving for tea, he went to look for his sister.

"Julia," he addressed her sternly, "sorry to bother you, before school has even started, but I need you to do something. As you are one of the fifth year prefects, you will have to lead the first years to the common room after dinner. The elder students will follow you as well, as they don't know the password, which is 'Merlin Family', by the way. Now, I want you to tell everyone to gather in the common room as soon as you have shown the first years to their dormitories. They may get comfortable for about five minutes, but then I want everyone to come down for a house meeting. Alright?" Julia smiled and said,

"I'm glad to have you as Head of House. Yes, I will see to it; no problem." Harry grinned at his sister and confided,

"You know, I am more excited about this Head of House thing than about teaching classes. I feel like a first year." Julia laughed at her brother and told him,

"Just be yourself, and everything will be okay. But.... Do you want to talk about it?" she asked carefully and Harry nodded. He explained to her what he had thought to do, and Julia listened carefully before she answered, "I think that's great, Harry. We will..." She could not speak further on, because at this moment Lily entered the room and asked in a more than upset voice,

"What are you doing? We have already called you about five times. Now come out for tea please. Harry, you know exactly that you should not miss a meal." Harry groaned, thanked his sister for her encouragement and joined the others for tea. Much too excited to eat anything, he only pushed his food around the plate, until the meal was finally finished. Before he could get up from his chair, his mother came over to him and suggested he should drink a calming draught and take a nap for an hour. She could understand him very well; when she had started to teach, she had also taken over the Head of House position at the same time and could remember well, how excited she had been at that time. After getting the promise that he

would be woken up before the students arrived, he complied and went to his room for a nap.

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Unfortunately, Marina and Violet could not understand that he wanted to sleep during the day, although he was neither sick nor tired, and bothered him for at least half an hour, until Lily finally noticed and sent them into their room. However, after a short time, his nap was disturbed again. Harry had just fallen into a deep sleep, when Severus entered his room and sat on the edge of his bed.

“Harry,” he called him. Harry only mumbled something and turned away. “Harry, you have to get up,” Severus tried again, and Harry slowly opened an eye.

“What? Don’t want breakfast, ‘m tired,” he murmured, but finally consciousness outweighed his sleepiness, and his father told him,

“Harry, Minerva just fire-called me and told me, Poppy has fire-called her and said that Hagrid has come down with dragon pox, and therefore she would like you to take the first years from the station to Hogwarts – you know, with the boats. You have to leave for the station in a quarter of an hour, so you should better get ready. As far as I know, Hagrid has already prepared everything, so that the boats are already at the station in Hogsmeade.” Now Harry was not only wide-awake but on the verge of throwing up.

“But Dad, I don’t know what to do. How do I move these boats? And how....”

“Harry,” Severus interrupted him, “I’m very sorry, but I don’t know either. But as Minerva asks you, I am sure that it will be all right. I would accompany you, but as Deputy Headmaster, I have to stay here in the castle. Sorry my boy; don’t worry.”

Harry was just glad that he had taken a calming draught before; otherwise he would have panicked even more. He jumped out of his bed, changed his clothes as quickly as possible, while he thought feverishly about what to do. Where was Hermione when you needed her? Of course, he remembered, she was on the Hogwarts Express,

and as Head Girl, she would have other things to worry about. He nearly grinned when he thought about the fact that his father even in this time line was calling her an insufferable know-it-all. But he caught himself and quickly left the quarters, ran through the castle and cast an invisibility charm on himself before he entered the hospital wing looking for Hagrid. When he finally found him, he was fast asleep, and it took several minutes for Harry to wake him up. And then he was only able to tell him,

“You’ll be alright; the boats will move; you just have to see that you get all the students into the boats in time, and that nobody goes overboard. Otherwise you’ll have to jump in and rescue them.” Harry felt his knees getting weak. He still had enough of Grindylows and Brombylows. He thanked Hagrid and was on his way out of the hospital wing. However, of course the not very silent opening of several doors in the otherwise quiet wing had not gone unnoticed, and when Pomfrey saw that Hagrid was awake in spite of a strong sleeping draught, she found out very quickly who had disturbed the quiet of the wing. She frowned and went to fire-call Lily. Harry was definitely in for trouble.

## Chapter 21 – The New School Year

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Harry ran down the way to the station and made sure where the boats were waiting. Suddenly he had an idea.

“Dobby?” he tried to call his favourite house elf, who appeared immediately. “Dobby, I have to take the first years up to the castle with these boats. Do you know how to operate them?” Dobby shook his head and said,

“I is sorry, Master Harry, but I is going back to the castle and ask other house elves. Someone will know. Wait a moment please, Master Harry.” A minute later Dobby was back with another house elf in tow.

“This is Ted, the Head house elf, Master Harry. He is knowing everything,” he introduced the other house elf, who calmly explained to Harry that he didn’t have to do anything except from guiding the students into the boats. The boats would float back to Hogwarts on their own, as soon as all boats were full with students. Just as Hagrid had explained to him, Ted told him that he only had to make sure that the students were safe in the boats and didn’t fall overboard. Harry thanked Dobby and Ted profoundly; he was a little more calm down now and went over to the station to wait for the train to arrive. Unfortunately, in his panic, he had not thought about bringing a lantern as Hagrid always had one with him, and it was slowly getting dark. He was just going to call Dobby again, when he remembered being the Transfiguration teacher and just conjured a lantern.

After waiting for at least half an hour, he could finally see the lights of the Hogwarts Express, although it still seemed to be quite far away. And he was right – it took the train another half an hour to arrive at Hogsmeade station. Harry proceeded to stand to the side of the lake and called the students who were supposed to ride on the boats over.

“First years over here please!” he called as he had heard Hagrid call so often. He knew that there were supposed to be 51 first years, and after his fifth announcement, all of them were assembled between himself and the boats.

“Alright now. Four of you together in a boat please,” he told them and added, “and please be careful not to fall into the lake. There are a lot of Grindylows, and I can promise you that they are not nice.” Fortunately, nobody fell into the lake, and everyone reached the castle without problems. Harry guided the students up the same stairs Hagrid had taken them when he was a first year. When he noticed his father waiting for them, he said,

“Here are the first years, Professor Snape.” Severus gave him a small scowl and returned,

“Thank you, Professor Snape-Dumbledore; you are dismissed.” Harry turned around and proceeded to the Great Hall, where he uncomfortably sat down at the Head Table between his mother and his great grandmother.

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Harry used the time before the sorting to look over at Merlin table and try to remember the names of each student. There were only two students he couldn't remember, but his mother of course could tell him the names. At this moment, the sorting started, and Harry watched the students who were sorted into Merlin house intensely and tried to remember their names.

After the sorting was finished, Minerva stood and made a few announcements. She told the students that she had taken over as Headmistress, while Professor Dumbledore was going to teach the young children in the castle. Then she asked Harry to stand up and introduced him as new Transfiguration professor and Head of Merlin House. Harry gave them a small bow, and the hall erupted with a huge applause, not only from the side where the Merlin table was situated. Minerva had nothing more to say and wished them a nice meal and a good start to the new school year, and everyone started to eat.

During dinner, Lily confronted him about visiting Hagrid in the Hospital Wing. Harry frowned. Why did she know that? When he still hesitated, Poppy spoke to him from Lily's other side.



“Harry, what you did was very irresponsible. Hagrid is ill with dragon pox, which is highly contagious and very dangerous. That’s why he is in a quarantine room. In fact, I should put you into quarantine for two weeks now, but I know how much you would hate that. Therefore I need you to come to the Hospital Wing every night for a check-up and a few potions, and then in the morning again before breakfast. And I tell you now, if you so much as miss just one check-up, I will put you into quarantine. For the students we will let the house elves mix a potion into the pumpkin juice for every meal during the next two weeks, until we definitely know that you haven’t got it.”

He quickly finished his dinner, as his appetite had gone completely now, and went over to Merlin table. He spoke a few words with Brian, his best friend in Merlin House, a seventh year student and Head boy, and told him what he had already told Julia. Brian promised to help Julia to gather all students in the common room a few minutes after they arrived there. Harry nodded contently and went back to his seat at the Head Table to wait for dinner to end. Finally, they were dismissed, and the prefects started to take the first years up to the common rooms. Harry stayed in the Great Hall and waited a few minutes, before he followed the students over to Merlin House. After having a little conversation with Tori, he climbed through the portrait hole and entered the common room, where he sat down on one of his favourite chairs.

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Ten minutes later, all Merlin students had come together in the common room. Harry looked around and told them to sit down comfortably, because he wanted to talk to them for a few minutes.

“Welcome back to the old students, and a special welcome to the firsties,” he began. “I am your Head of House, and my name is Harry Snape-Dumbledore. While we are here in Merlin House, you may call me Harry; however, outside the house you have to address me as Professor, otherwise I have to take points. And I do not wish you to speak about this to students of other houses. Our house is special, and I intend to lead this house very differently to how the other houses are lead. As you have heard from Professor Snape tonight, or as the others have heard from Professor McGonagall, your house is

your family while you are at Hogwarts. And I have thought of a few things I want to introduce to our house in order for us to be like a family.” He threw a glance around, and as he saw that everyone was listening intently, he continued.

“First of all, apart from the fact that you can come to my office anytime – for the first years: my office is just opposite the Merlin portrait hole –, I have decided to spend fifteen minutes here in the common room each evening. As curfew starts at 10:00 p.m., I will come to the common room at about 9:30 every evening, and you are welcome to speak to me about anything you wish to talk about. Don’t worry – I will be able to occupy myself if nobody has anything to talk about; you won’t have to entertain me.” Everyone laughed at this point.

“Furthermore I want a ‘Family meeting’ here with all of you for about half an hour directly after dinner on Fridays for discussions within our house. If you have anything to discuss which might be interesting for the others, or if there are any arguments within the house, they can be brought up on this occasion. If nobody has anything to discuss, we will just postpone the meeting to the next week. Does anybody have an opinion concerning this point?” he asked and looked around. Anna stood up and said,

“I think both points you mentioned are very good, and I am looking forward to seeing if and how life in Merlin House will change during this year.” Many students nodded their consent, and Harry continued to speak.

“Alright, thanks Anna. I have two more points to talk about. I want the students of the upper classes to help the younger students with homework and studying if needed, and I want the younger students to take over small chores for the elders who have to prepare for their exams.” A general gasp could be heard, but when Harry looked around, he saw that the faces were friendly and interested. Therefore, he went on and explained the details.

“The 5th year’s students shall provide homework help for 1st to 4th years, always two students will be on duty from Monday to Friday between dinner and curfew; and on the weekends two 6th year’s

students will take over. I know that the 5th years are busy with preparations for their OWLs, but I think that it will be a good chance for them to review. In return, the 5th and 7th years may ask second years and third years for little chores (for example taking books back to the library etc.) and fourth years for small shopping chores in Hogsmeade – as a try at first. I want two second or third year's students on duty every evening between dinner and curfew, and two fourth year's students for each Hogsmeade visit. I have prepared a calendar," he pointed to the calendar he had pinned to the wall, and continued, "and I want you all to put your names in. Everyone, who is not on the Quidditch team, please take preferably Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, as these are the days of our Quidditch practise. If you have any problems with the calendar, please call me and I will help you to arrange everything." He glanced around and asked,

"Is there anyone, who does not consent with this agreement?" All students shook their heads, and Brian spoke up.

"I think, Harry, you have thought about this all very well, and I think, life in Merlin House will change a lot for the better. Your ideas are all very, very good – and I am very proud of being a member of this house." When he sat down again, everyone applauded, and Harry concluded the session, saying,

"Alright. I will be here for you to talk to tomorrow evening. It's already late, and you should go to bed, as classes will start tomorrow morning. The first years will have Transfiguration in the first class tomorrow morning, and I will take you to the classroom directly after breakfast. So just wait for me at the table when breakfast is finished. Good night." He stood up, climbed out of the portrait hole, and went home through his office. He entered the sitting room, where Lily and Severus were sitting on the sofa talking quietly. When he greeted them with a smile, Lily immediately asked,

"Harry, have you already been to Poppy?" Harry groaned. He had completely forgotten about that. He sighed and told his parents,

"No, I completely forgot. I was in the common room having a house meeting until now. I will go now and hope to be back in a few

minutes.” Severus threw him a worried glance and suggested he should take the floo. Harry complied and was back after a few minutes. In the meantime, Dobby had brought tea and biscuits, and Harry joined his parents, glad about having tea, because he was very thirsty after talking so much. Suddenly he became aware of Severus eying him curiously.

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“Hmm? Is something wrong, Dad?” he questioned him, and Severus smirked before he asked,

“Can you explain to me what you were talking about for a whole hour in a house meeting on the first evening of the new school year? You probably know that I always gather my Slytherins together on the first evening, but I dismiss them after not more than ten minutes.” Harry grinned and explained to his parents everything he arranged earlier with the students. Lily was stunned, and Severus commended Harry, saying,

“Very good Harry, at least for your house. For you it might be much extra work, however; don’t forget that you also need a bit of time for yourself.” Lily glanced at her son admiringly and said pensively,

“You know, I have never thought about things like that. I just took over the position and oriented myself on how Minerva has always led Gryffindor house. I am probably not a good Head of House.” Harry shook his head and told her,

“That’s not true. You are a good Head of House. I just want to do it differently from what I know from you or Granny. And that is what I started today.” Suddenly Severus laughed,

“I can’t wait to hear what Julia will tell us about this meeting and the following discussions within her dormitory.” Lily and Harry joined him laughing, until Harry’s laugh turned into a big yawn. He got up immediately and wished his parents a good night before retiring to his room.

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Lily came into Harry's room and woke him up very early the next morning, and told him,

"Harry, you have to get up. Don't forget to take the time tables for your students with you, and don't forget to let Poppy check on you. I will dress the kids and take them with me to breakfast; maybe I can convince them to have breakfast with Julia at Merlin table. I will see you at breakfast." Harry groaned and sleepily opened an eye before he mumbled,

"Hmm? Did you talk to me, Mom?"

As he managed to meet Ginny in the Hospital Wing, breakfast was already half finished when he finally arrived in the Great Hall. Ignoring the upset glances he received from his mother and great grandmother, Harry walked over to Merlin table and greeted his students with a brisk "Good morning", before he proceeded to hand over the time tables to the students. Then he ignored all attempts from Marina to get him involved into a talk and quickly went over to the Head Table in order to have a little breakfast before the meal was over. Too soon, it was time to guide the first years to the Transfiguration classroom.

He let the students take their seats and went into his office, where he glanced at his schedule and saw, that his students had the class together with the first years of Gryffindor and half of the Ravenclaw first years. Good that he had watched his memory of the sorting in his Pensieve before going to bed; otherwise, he would not know the name of a single student except from those of his own wards. He quickly transformed into Icicle and flew back to the classroom, where he sat down on the teacher's desk and waited for the other students to arrive. Two Gryffindors, who just arrived when the bell rang for the first lesson to start, reminded him strongly of his first Transfiguration class in his old time line. He flew down to the ground and transformed back, just in front of the shocked students.

The morning classes went by very quickly, and Harry noticed that it was indeed great fun to teach alone without having to worry about the preferred teaching methods of other teachers. He realized that he enjoyed teaching very much. So far, the students had behaved very

well. However, he was a little anxious about his first afternoon lesson, because he knew Ron would be in the class. Would he behave? On the other hand, he knew that his best friends, Brian, Anna and Hermione, would be in the same class. Therefore, he put all dark thoughts aside and entered the classroom, and everything went well, until he told his students that they would spend the rest of the lesson on a pop quiz, as he had to know how much they remembered of their last year's lessons. Ron threw a temper tantrum about crazy teachers who were too lazy to spend their time during the holidays on studying either, until Neville and Hermione managed to calm him down. Harry could not let this pass, and told Ron very strictly,

"Mr. Weasley, you do not have to take the test if you don't wish to. You are free to go. But you will receive 0 points and a detention with Mr. Filch tonight if you don't be quiet and take your test now." Ron opened his mouth and was just about to say something, when Hermione clapped her hand in front of his mouth and held it shut. Ron threw an angered glance at Harry and began to write something on his paper.

During the last afternoon class, Harry had a free period, which he used to grade the tests. As he knew the seventh year's students so well from his own time as a student, he wouldn't have had to let them write tests to know if they had studied during the holidays or not – their marks were no surprise at all. He just finished with the grading in time for dinner.

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At nine in the evening, he took his sister and Violet for a bath and brought them to bed, which of course included the reading of a story. When he finished, it was already half an hour before curfew, and Harry went through his office to the Merlin common room as he had promised to the students. He took a book with him, in case nobody would want to talk to him.

However, as soon as he climbed through the portrait hole, Julia shouted "Harry!" and winked him over to a spot where she was sitting together with Anna. They talked for a while and had so much to laugh, that more and more of the students joined them. Harry noticed that

there were especially many first years and thought, probably they would still not know where to go in the evening. He addressed them and asked,

“Do you already know where the library is? Did anybody take you there?” The small students, who were sitting around him, shook their heads. Harry got up immediately and said,

“Alright. All first years come with me please. I will take you on a small walk around the castle. However, we have to hurry, as curfew starts in twenty minutes, and we have a few very strict teachers here at Hogwarts who would take points of our house if they met us.” He guided them to the library and introduced them to Madam Pinch. *There were still ten minutes left – should he show them how to get to the kitchens?* No – he decided against it. He would take them another time, earlier in the evening. He showed them the way back to Merlin House, where they managed to arrive just before curfew.

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The next few days passed relatively uneventfully. He had made sure that the homework help and assistance with chores went well, he had made conversation with his students in the common room every evening – after the third day he had left his book in his quarters – and classes were no problem at all. Ron had in the meantime earned one detention with Filch, and Harry did not like it but could not do anything about it. Ginny came to visit him every night after curfew – as he had to go and see Poppy every evening, she just joined him on his way back and stayed with him until they had to go to bed. A few times, he had only pretended to go to bed, because he had not finished to grade homework yet, and had gotten up later to resume his work.

Minerva had invented a staff meeting, which mostly only lasted for ten minutes but took place every evening directly after dinner, so that he had to change the time for their weekly house meeting from directly after dinner to half an hour before curfew, just the time he would spend in the common room anyway. During the staff meeting on Friday evening, he had reminded his colleagues of the Quidditch team that he was the new captain and that they would practice every Friday evening directly after curfew. He had also talked to Anna, who

was the team captain of Merlin team and suggested that he would supervise the team training every Monday evening. She had talked to her team about Harry's suggestion, and the team had agreed gladly. He would have preferred to do it on Saturday mornings, but during the weekends, he needed some time for Violet and Marina.

All together, he had been so busy during the week, that he was glad when Friday evening was half over and he headed to the Quidditch pitch together with his father. The teachers were not bad, but if they wanted to have any chance to win a Quidditch game against the Hogwarts team, they had to improve a lot – even with him as seeker. Fortunately Poppy was on the team as well; otherwise she would have had his head, when he arrived for his check up at midnight. Hagrid was still very ill; he would probably survive, but definitely they would not know that for definite for a few weeks. Harry was all right so far, but without doubt, they would not know anything until Sunday in a weeks time.

Finally, it was the weekend, and Harry was knackered. When Lily woke him up, he groaned and mumbled,

“No, Mom, it's weekend, isn't it?” His mother laughed and told him,

“Yes, my dear, that's why we have let you sleep so long. It's lunchtime, and you have to come to the Great Hall for lunch. You already missed breakfast, but Granny excused you, because she had noticed how tired you were. And Granddad has even taken over the kids today. But now you have to come.” Harry unwillingly complied and Lily managed to pull him to the Great Hall just in time for lunch. To his great astonishment, Ginny was sitting at the Head Table next to his mother, where Poppy was sitting normally. When he greeted her happily, she told him that Poppy gave her the afternoon off and told her to pull him out of the castle for the afternoon. Harry laughed and said,

“That's a good idea. Do we have to stay on the grounds, or may we go and do what we want to?” Ginny shrugged, but Lily, who had heard his question, as she was sitting in between the two, frowned and told them,



“Ginny, you probably have to ask Poppy, but Harry, as you are a teacher here, you cannot leave the grounds without permission, which you will certainly get sometimes but not every weekend.” Harry laughed and told his mother,

“That’s alright; I was just asking. I know enough spots around Hogwarts where we can spend an undisturbed afternoon outside. Anyway, I would like to just take a walk around the lake. Would you mind, Ginny, if we took Marina and Violet with us?” Ginny shook her head, although her answer was overturned by the happy shouts of Harry’s little sister and cousin.

When they took a walk around the lake, Harry suddenly noticed a slight pull at his robes. He looked down and saw that Violet was timidly trying to get his attention. Harry gave her a friendly smile and asked,

“What is wrong, Violet?” She looked up into the brilliant green eyes she adored so much and asked carefully,

“Do you think we could have a swim in the lake? I want to learn to swim properly like Marina can swim.” Harry sighed and threw a questioning glance at Ginny.

“What do you think?” he mouthed to her, and Ginny told Violet in a friendly, but certain voice,

“Violet, I don’t think this lake is very good to learn to swim in, because many Grindylows are living here, and they are very dangerous. Harry and I have just had this experience a few months ago. But we could take you for a swim anytime during the weekends in the Room of Requirement.” She turned to Harry and spoke softly, “You just have to imagine a room with a pool for us to swim in, don’t you?” Harry nodded affirmatively and groaned, saying

“Oh my, such an easy, nice idea – I could have thought of that long ago.” He looked fondly at his girlfriend and added proudly, “Very good; that’s my Ginny!” They promised Violet and Marina to take them to swim tomorrow and sat down near the lake, where the two five-year-olds could play in the sand, and Ginny and Harry could enjoy some quiet time together. Too soon, dinnertime approached

and they had to collect the kids and head back to the castle. They went back to the dungeons, cleaned the children, and were on their way to dinner. Before they reached the Great Hall, Harry asked Ginny,

“Do you think you will be able to come with us to the Room of Requirement tomorrow?” Ginny thought for a moment and replied,

“I will probably have half a day off tomorrow, but I have to ask Poppy when it will be. I will ask her later and tell you tonight, alright?” Harry nodded happily.

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When Harry went to the Merlin common room the same evening, he thought briefly if it was necessary for him to join the students on Sundays too, or if he should tell them he would not be there on Sundays in order to have a bit of time for himself. But he dismissed the thought again soon, when he remembered that the aim of his being in the common room was that he intended to be a father for the Merlin House family.

With the new week proceeding, he seemed to slowly find a rhythm in order to manage to handle all his tasks in time, so that he was able to get enough time to spend with Ginny and still find enough time to sleep during the nights.

On Wednesday evening at dinner, Minerva addressed him, “Harry, I would like to know how you do that – I have never seen first years adapt as quickly as your first years of Merlin House. Did you do something to them?” Harry grinned and told his astonished grandmother and grandfather, who was intensely listening from Minerva’s other side, about the small changes he had introduced to his house. While Albus’ eyes were twinkling merrily, Minerva smiled at her grandson and told him,

“You are doing very well, Harry. I am extremely proud of you.” Harry threw her a surprised glance and replied,

“Thank you Granny; I’m glad you like my ideas.”

When he went to his check-up on Friday evening after the teachers' Quidditch practise, two days before the end of the two-week contamination period, Poppy noticed that he was spiking a fever. As she feared that he might have caught the dragon pox from Hagrid, which she would not know definitely until the morning, she put him to bed in his old room and forbade everyone except from Ginny, who, like herself, was immunised against dragon pox, to visit him.

## Chapter 22 – Yakkitch

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On Saturday morning, Poppy came very early to check on Harry, sighed relieved and told him,

“No, Harry, you are lucky. You definitely do not have dragon pox, at least not yet. However, I cannot find anything else either that might cause your fever. Probably you just overdid yourself and it was too much for your still weak immune system. You may return to your own room in the dungeons, however you have to rest until your fever goes down, and in the meantime you can think about how to get more time to rest during the week; I want to check on you again next Friday evening. Ginny may keep you company for a while.”

As Harry had enough time to think during the weekend, he came up with several new ideas. When Severus came and sat on the edge of his bed on Sunday evening just after Poppy had done her final check for dragon pox on him, which fortunately remained negative, he sat up excitedly and told him,

“Dad, I have an idea I would like to discuss with you. You know, I have always organized the Quidditch tournament with Beauxbatons and Durmstrang, and I thought we – I mean the teachers – could have our own tournament against other teams of people working in the wizarding world in Great Britain. I thought we could ask for example St. Mungos or the shopkeepers at Hogsmeade or Diagon Alley to put up their own Quidditch team and participate in a tournament with us at Hogwarts.” Severus laughed,

“You are not happy if you don’t have something to organize, are you? I think your idea is not bad, but you should talk to Minerva about it. Then we can think about how to contact people.” Harry grinned and told his father,

“Contacting people is not the problem. You know that I have a strong connection to Healer Burnham who, as you know, is the Head Healer at St. Mungos. Concerning the shopkeepers at Hogsmeade, I would just contact the Weasley twins, who will not hesitate a second to put up a Quidditch team. I don’t know anyone at Diagon Alley however,

or maybe I should say they don't know me." Severus laughed and said,

"If you tell them your name, I think everyone will know you, but concerning Diagon Alley, Albus or I can help you, as we know the manager of Flourish and Blotts very well. And one more place to ask could be the wizarding newspapers like the Daily Prophet, as they should have enough employees to put up a Quidditch team." Harry's eyes started to twinkle, and he grinned at Severus.

"Thanks Dad, that's a good idea. Oh, and I know another group, people who are not working any more, like the Potters or your mother. They should know enough people within their group to put up a Quidditch team. Um... may I go to talk to Granny?" Severus frowned and told him,

"No, I will call Minerva and Albus over for tea. Let's sit on the sofa and have tea with them and your mother, alright?" Harry nodded affirmatively.

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Ten minutes later, they were having tea with Harry's great grandparents. When Harry told them what he had thought about, Minerva frowned and said sternly,

"Poppy talked to me about you yesterday, and I am not very pleased. Now, do you think you still have too much free time you have to use for organizing something?" Seeing his grandfather watching him with merrily twinkling eyes, Harry summoned all his courage, looked at the Headmistress and pleaded,

"Please, Granny, I promise to be careful and not to invest too much time and energy in the organization. I think it would be a good thing to have a leisure event that connects us to other parts of the wizarding world, we could obtain valuable contacts by this, and for the students it would be a good example of what is possible, not to speak of the contacts, which could help them to decide their future." Minerva thought about what Harry had said and had to admit to herself that it sounded quite reasonable. Harry cleared his throat and said,

“Maybe we can wait a few weeks – I don’t know if I’ll be less busy then, but anyway I only have to contact one member of each group in order for them to set up a Quidditch team, and the arrangements of the tournament can wait until the Christmas holidays. Or I can just talk to the Weasley twins, and we start with a game just Hogwarts against Hogsmeade.” Minerva watched him pensively, before she threw a glance at Lily and Severus. Lily’s face was not too encouraging, while Severus held a more or less indifferent if not slightly amused expression. She didn’t have to look at her husband to know that his reaction would be highly affirmative. She sighed and suggested,

“I frankly do not know how to decide at the moment. Therefore, I would like to postpone the decision until one of our staff meetings during the week. On one hand, I think it is a very good idea, but on the other hand, I don’t want Harry to carry more burdens than he already does. I know that being a Head of House costs a lot of time, and I also know that he is doing a lot more than necessary. I have observed that his Merlin first years are adapting better than any other group of new students has ever adapted since I started teaching at Hogwarts. And Poppy, who always has to do a lot of counselling with homesick first years, has told me that she didn’t have as much as even one student from Merlin House this year, or from Slytherin, which is however, normal – only from all three other houses.”

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Harry threw a proud glance in the direction of his father and hesitantly said,

“Well, um... I... eh.... I have another idea. You know, we are always playing Quidditch, right? I mean, I love Quidditch, so it is alright, but I thought about inventing another wizarding sport, Yakkitch. You all know Baseball, don’t you?” Seeing that everyone shook their heads, he shortly explained the game to them, however in his own way, played in the air on broomsticks of course. Severus, Albus and Minerva were listening interestedly, and Minerva asked him,

“Harry, would you be so kind and explain that again tomorrow at our staff meeting? I would like our Quidditch players to test this together

with you; therefore it would be better if they all could hear your explanation.” Harry smiled and nodded his approval, saying,

“Very well; um... we can fix the rules together just as we want them; probably we will need nine people for one team.” Albus threw him a fond smile and suggested,

“Concerning the rules, maybe you could get together with Rolanda – she will be delighted.” Harry agreed and excused himself for the evening.

As expected, Madam Hooch was thrilled by the thought of a new kind of sport to be played on brooms and immediately agreed to help Harry fixing the rules. Whenever Harry had time, he should contact her on a short notice; otherwise, they would take care of the Yakkitch rules on the weekend.

Concerning Harry’s other plan, the teachers decided to dismiss it until the Christmas holidays, when Harry hopefully would have more time.

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Classes were going very well. The only problematic students Harry had were Ron, who remained very rude in Harry’s classes, and a first year Gryffindor student, Jack, who, according to his Transfiguration abilities, seemed to be not much more than a Squib. Harry briefly thought of talking about this in the staff meeting in order to see if the other teachers had similar problems, but finally decided to speak to the student first. One day, when he had the first years during the last period in the afternoon, he held Jack back for a small talk. Jack was a very friendly, but shy and seemingly helpless student, who somehow reminded Harry of Neville Longbottom.

He motioned Jack to follow him into his office and to sit on the opposite side of his desk. *How should he talk to the little one? He didn’t want to frighten him even more.* Hesitantly, Harry started to speak in a soft voice.

“You seem to have problems with our Transfiguration practises, and I want to help you”, he began. Noticing that the student’s look changed from frightened to hopeful, he continued, “however, in order to help

you, I have to find out what exactly is wrong, and for that I need your help. Are you willing to help me?" The student nodded eagerly. "Alright," Harry looked straight at him, "can you tell me if you only have problems in our class or in your other classes as well?" Shocked he noticed that tears were welling in Jack's eyes. He went around the table and put a hand on the first year's shoulder, before he said calmly, "remember, I just want to help you." Jack took a deep breath and hesitantly confided,

"I have problems in all my subjects. Probably I don't have much more magic than a squib; my grandparents told me so before." Harry threw him an astonished glance and asked,

"Your grandparents?" Jack nodded affirmatively and told him,

"My father was a wizard, but he died a few years ago, and my mother is a muggle. I have to be glad that she agreed and let me attend Hogwarts; I mean, she doesn't hate the fact that I am a wizard, but she is not able to help me. And my father's parents always tell me that my magic is very weak; I don't know how they knew however." Harry frowned and asked further,

"Did you know about Hogwarts before you got your letter?" Jack nodded eagerly and said,

"Yes, and it was my greatest wish to come here. I was over the moon with joy when I got the letter."

"Alright. So when you received your letter, did your mother take you to Diagon Alley to get your things?" Jack sadly shook his head and replied,

"No. She gave me father's wand and asked my grandmother to get all the other things for me, which she did. I would have liked to go by myself, but they didn't let me." By now, Harry was very upset, however tried to stay calm in order not to frighten Jack. He thought about what to do.

"What!" it came out in a quite upset tone. "Your mother gave you your father's wand? You don't have your own wand?" Jack nodded. Harry sighed and said,



“Alright. Maybe we have already found the problem. Please take your wand and try to cast a simple ‘lumos’ charm. You have already learnt that, haven’t you?” Jack nodded reluctantly and managed to get his wand lighten very weakly. Harry frowned, held his own wand out to Jack, and motioned him to try again with Harry’s wand. Jack hesitantly took his professor’s wand to cast the spell again. Immediately Harry’s wand lightened brightly, and Harry threw him a big smile.

“That is your ‘squib problem’. You need to have a wand that matches you and your magic. The wand of your father seems to be inadequate for you. Come with me; we will visit my mother. As she is your Head of House we have to discuss with her how to get you a better wand.”

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He motioned the stunned but hopeful looking student to follow him and entered the Snape quarters only to leave through the next door on the left into Lily’s office. Needless to say that she was more than astonished when her son suddenly appeared from their living room with one of her first years in tow. She motioned them to sit down and threw a questioning glance at Harry, who told her the whole story. When he had finished, she noticed that Jack had become very small and frightened in his seat and said jokingly,

“What a pity that I cannot give house points to fellow professors, otherwise Merlin House would have earned a hundred points now.” Harry grinned and asked,

“What are we going to do? I mean, it’s clear that he needs his own wand. Shall I take him to Diagon Alley, for example right now, or tomorrow during lunch time?” Lily frowned. On one hand, he was the one to find out about Jack, and the student would certainly be most happy when Harry joined him for the trip, on the other hand, she was afraid that he overdid himself again. When she revealed her thoughts however, Harry grinned and confided,

“As I know that Poppy wants to check on me tomorrow, I decided to rest a lot today; therefore, I didn’t give them any written homework yesterday in order not to have anything to grade today, so that I have time to go – no problem. And we can have dinner later, either in my

office or in the kitchens.” Lily smiled at her son, thinking ‘he really could have passed as a Slytherin’, and gave her permission for the two to go but told them to speak to Minerva in order to get money for the wand out of the school funds and to be able to use her floo. Harry and Jack thanked her and quickly went up to the Headmistress’ office.

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One of the advantages of being a teacher was that he never had to guess the password for the gargoyle, because Minerva always kept them up to date at the staff meetings. Therefore, he knew that his grandmother had changed it to ‘Yakkitch’ yesterday after the staff meeting. They entered the office, and Harry had to tell the whole story again, before Minerva gave Harry money for the wand and allowed them to use the floo under the condition that they returned as soon as possible after buying the wand. Harry addressed the student.

“You know how to use the floo, right?” Jack nodded and said,

“Yes, as you know my father was a wizard, and we always use the floo to visit my grandparents.” They floored over to the Leaky Cauldron and quickly went into the alley and over to Ollivander’s. Jack had to try out nearly twenty wands but finally found one, which seemed to be predestined for him. Within half an hour, Harry and a very happy Jack were back at Hogwarts, where dinner was already half finished. Harry decided to have dinner with the student in the kitchen and just placed a note on his grandmother’s desk in order for her to know that they were back safely, but that he would be a few minutes late for the staff meeting.

He took the astonished Jack to the kitchen and asked Dobby for dinner. Jack was stunned; Harry could see that he was struggling to comprehend everything – being picked up by his Transfigurations teacher, confiding in him, getting a new wand, and finally being shown the way into the castle’s kitchen just to have dinner with his professor under the watchful eyes of many house elves.

“Everything alright, Jack?” he asked. Jack looked at him, sat very upright and said,

“Professor Snape-Dumbledore, I have to thank you very much. In fact, I think this is the happiest day of my life so far.” Harry laughed and said,

“Congratulations Jack! I am glad that I was able to help you. Whenever you have problems, just come and talk to me. From now on, I expect only best results from you in my class. Now, I am really sorry, but I have to attend our staff meeting, so I will leave you here. This is Dobby, my favourite house elf, and when you need anything, you just tell him, all right? Can you find your way back later?”

Jack nodded thankfully, and Harry quickly put a piece of chicken into his mouth and ran the whole way up to the staff room. He nearly arrived in time, but had to wait in front of the door for a minute to catch his breath, until his father turned up, being late as well, and motioned Harry to enter the room with him. Lily was just telling everyone what he had found out about Jack, and everyone looked approvingly at him, when he confirmed that they had found a well-matching wand for Jack.

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After the meeting, Harry headed back to his office to finish the preparation for his lessons for the next day, before he went out into their quarters, where Albus was watching Marina and Violet. The next half hour he spent on the sofa, cuddling and joking with the kids, before he had to give them a bath and put them to bed in order to be nearly in time for the meeting with his students in Merlin House.

Having considered the pro's and con's of telling his students Jack's story for the whole evening, he finally decided to do so and told the assembled students about Jack's problems and how they could be solved. He glanced sternly at the students and said,

“A few times I have heard other students calling him a squib, which is horrible impudence. If you ever get to know that other students are in trouble or have problems, please don't talk about them, but try to help, send them to me or at least tell me about it. Jack's magic is very strong indeed, he is far from being a squib, he just had a problem that he couldn't solve on his own and needed help.” Harry left very

pensive students when he retreated to their quarters to have some tea with his parents and Ginny before going to bed.

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Harry, Ginny and Madam Hooch spent Saturday morning developing the rules for Yakkitch. As they could partly take the rules from Baseball and partly adapt Quidditch rules, it was not too difficult, and the three of them had decided on the rules for the new game by lunchtime. At lunch, Madam Hooch urged the other teachers – not only the Quidditch players, but everyone because we need more players to try it out – to come to the Quidditch pitch for a trial game at curfew. The teachers obliged more or less willingly and showed up, so that they could try the new game, which turned out to be an enormous success. When they left the pitch at midnight, Poppy caught up with Harry, commended him for the great idea, sighed and asked,

“What will be the next thing you come up with, Harry?” Harry just grinned and answered,

“Thank you, Aunt Poppy, for letting Ginny play with the staff; I really appreciate it.”

In the next staff meeting on Monday, Harry asked the other teachers for permission to organize a regular, weekly Yakkitch match students against teachers. He was sure that he would be able to get nine students together, who were willing to play Yakkitch once a week. As soon as the teachers’ team stood – Harry was happy to see that Ginny was a part of it –, Harry put up notes in the five common rooms and invited the interested students to the Quidditch pitch for an information meeting on Saturday morning after breakfast. The meeting was followed by a test game, and afterwards Harry didn’t only have one students’ team, but also a reserve team. He thanked everyone and said,

“Alright; so we don’t just have two teams including the staff team, but three. We will meet here on the pitch every Sunday evening after dinner. Maybe for the next school year we should aim at having five house teams and having a regular tournament like the one with the Quidditch matches. Today we have done enough; we will meet again

next Sunday. Thank you.” His final words were drowned by a huge applause from all sides.

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A few days later at breakfast, Harry received a letter by a very small, lively, green owl. He (Harry supposed it was a he) was really funny, but Harry nearly choked, when he read the letter. It was from Luna’s father, who was asking for an exclusive interview with Harry concerning Yakkitch. Mr. Lovegood told him, he would floo-call Professor McGonagall in order to fix an appointment with Harry. He showed the letter to his grandmother, who could not hide a laugh and asked him,

“Did you expect anything else? Of course, the wizarding world wants to know about a newly invented wizarding sport. If you don’t like interviews, you should not invent so many things.” She smirked and asked, “When would you like to have the interview?” Harry sighed and told her,

“I don’t really mind, but it has to be at the weekend; otherwise I won’t have time.”

At lunchtime the next day, Minerva told Harry, that Mr. Lovegood would come to her office for lunch on Saturday, and that he would like to interview Harry while eating lunch together. Harry nodded and inwardly groaned. Then he told his grandmother,

“But this will be the only interview. If someone from the Daily Prophet or anyone else wants to know something, they will have to buy the article from Luna’s father.” Minerva only grinned and nodded her consent.

The interview with Mr. Lovegood went very well; as Harry had invented the rules by himself – even if it had been together with Madam Hooch and Ginny – he knew them like the back of his hand and could explain them easily. After the interview, they talked for a while, and Harry told him about his travel to the past. Luna’s father was very interested and immediately asked for another interview about this matter, but Harry put him off telling him that he had to discuss with his parents and grandparents if they wanted everyone to

know about his travel. The only thing Harry could really promise was that in case he would ever decide to give an interview about it, he would offer it to Mr. Lovegood in the first place.

When the headmistress came back from lunch in the Great Hall, they had finished their lunch as well, and Mr. Lovegood took his leave after thanking Harry and told them to look out for an article in several newspapers the next day, as he had already sold the story about Yakkitch to all other newspapers.

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Exactly a week later, the teachers managed for the first time in about six years to beat the students in the 'students against teachers' Quidditch match. As not only Harry but also Ginny had left the students' team because of not being a student any more, Fabian Weasley, a Gryffindor fourth year, whom Harry had proposed as Ginny's co-captain, was the new captain of the Hogwarts team. They played well and fair, but it just seemed to be impossible to win against a team in which Harry played seeker. After nearly two hours, Mr. Potter, who was still refereeing the matches, announced the end of the match:

"Teachers 370 – Students 190. Congratulations to the Teachers' team!"

Apart from this match and a Quidditch match Merlin – Ravenclaw, in which Merlin House won 240 – 50, the next few weeks remained fairly uneventful. Harry remained very busy and often wondered how the other teachers, especially the Head of House teachers, managed all their work without being tired all the time. To him it seemed like a mystery how his parents had always even found time for him and his sisters – and when he thought about last year, when he had come back from the past – his parents had spent so much time with him – *how could they have managed that? Would the experience make so much of a change?*

The next highlight the school was looking forward to was a Hogsmeade weekend, which was planned for Halloween. From the day onwards that the Hogsmeade visit had been announced, Harry couldn't help remembering a memory vision he had seen during the

last school year. He saw his sister as a first year, crying in the morning of his first Hogsmeade visit, because as a first year she was not allowed to go. During the two weeks until Halloween, he developed a plan he was willing to fight for in the staff meeting at the beginning of the respective week.

“Harry told me he wanted to tell us something in order to get our approval,” Minerva started to speak during the staff meeting on Wednesday. Harry cleared his throat and told the others what he had been planning during the last ten days.

“I don’t remember much about Hogsmeade visits from the time when I was a first or second year in either time line, but I remember Julia crying as a first year because she couldn’t join me for Hogsmeade when I was a third year. Moreover, I remember having to stay in the castle, although all my friends were allowed to go to Hogsmeade when I was a third year in my old time line. Therefore, I have thought about doing something here at Hogwarts for the first and second years, while the older students are all gone during the day.” When he saw, that everyone was listening intensely, he continued, “Probably you all remember the treasure hunt we had in spring, when our guests from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang were here. I have planned to do such a treasure hunt with the first and second years on Saturday. Will that be okay?”

Everyone just stared at him, and he explained a bit more, “I have prepared some questions, in fact some are the same as the last time, as none of the first or second years participated at that time, but most questions are adjusted to the level of first and second years. I would divide the nearly hundred students in groups of five students each, one from each house of course, so that we have ten groups of each year. I have prepared two different papers with twenty questions each, one for each year, so that it will be easier for the firsties of course, and I will make ten versions of each paper, so that every group has to start at a different point. What do you think?” Poppy was the first to speak.

“Will they have to do anything dangerous, and who will supervise them? How much extra work will you have with this again?” Harry sighed and replied calmly,



“No, they won’t do anything dangerous. They just have to walk around the castle and look after things, search for information in the library etc. The aim of the event – apart from keeping them entertained while the others are at Hogsmeade – is to extend their knowledge about Hogwarts. They don’t need supervision, as they normally walk around the castle without supervision too. I will tell them to call Dobby whenever they have problems, and at one point, they have to call him anyway in order to get me so that I can flash them to the other side of the castle. This part is necessary in order for me to know where they are and how they are coming along. I won’t have any other work with the event, as I have already prepared the papers.” Pomfrey snorted, and McGonagall sighed and said,

“Harry, I would have liked you to ask us before you did all the work, as you exactly know the only reason for us not to agree to such an event would be that we don’t want you to do anything apart from your normal work load.” At this point, Harry interrupted her,

“Sorry, Granny, but this was not work, this was FUN. So, may I keep the firsties and second years busy on Saturday?” Everyone nodded affirmatively, and Minerva finally said,

“Alright, Harry, you may. However, some of us will stay in the Great Hall with you in case you need help. I personally think your idea is very good, and perhaps we should think about doing something for the younger ones every time the older students go to Hogsmeade.

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When the headmistress announced the event for the first and second years on Friday evening, the applause was tumultuous. Two Gryffindor fourth years even asked, if they could join the treasure hunt, but when Minerva looked enquiringly at Harry, he shook his head and said,

“Maybe the next time, but this time I have planned it exactly for first and second years. The next time I will make a list beforehand, in which you can write your name, so that I can plan something for you too.”



On Saturday, directly after breakfast, Harry divided the younger students into groups and handed them the papers for the treasure hunt to start. Then he sat back on his chair at the Head table and waited for the students to call him. Everything went well, and the students managed to finish the treasure hunt by lunchtime, so that he had time enough to grade the answers to his questions during the afternoon and give the data, the winners' certificates and the chocolate phoenixes he had prepared for the winners to his grandmother, so that she could hand them out at dinner time. Minerva frowned and asked him,

"As you have organized the whole event, wouldn't it be more appropriate if you gave the prizes out?" Harry shook his head and replied,

"On one hand, yes, but on the other hand, the students will feel much more honoured, if they receive their prize from the headmistress than from just one of their teachers. Please do them the favour, Granny." Minerva smiled and nodded her approval.

Afterwards Harry went to his room, enjoying the quiet in their quarters, as Lily had taken the two excited kids to the Room of Requirement, and took a nap, because the flashing around the castle during the morning had worn him out more than he had thought. When Severus woke him up in time for dinner, Harry was still tired, but got up and followed his father out into the living room. He sat on the sofa, causing his father to throw him an astonished glance and ask,

"Harry, are you not going to dress up for the feast?" Harry sighed and looked pleadingly at Severus,

"Dad, do you think, Granny would excuse me for the feast tonight?"

## Chapter 23 – The Proposal

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“What is wrong with you? Are you ill?” Severus asked Harry immediately and glanced worriedly at his son. Harry shook his head and said,

“No, Dad, I’m fine. It’s just that Halloween always brings up bad memories. You know, it is the day on which my parents were killed in my old time line, and therefore I have always hated the feasts – at least in my old time line, but it is not so easy to get away from that. And I feel a little worn out too; I shouldn’t have flashed so often and with so many people in the morning.” Severus nodded and told him,

“Alright, I will just tell them you are not feeling well. The main reason I will only explain to Lily and Poppy, alright?” He sighed and continued, “However Harry, you have to promise me that you will speak to Poppy about this problem, if possible tonight. I am quite sure that she will be able to help you to overcome your feelings towards Halloween.” Harry nodded and said,

“Yes, Dad. I promise. Thank you.” He went back to his room, and when Severus came over a few minutes later to tell him he was leaving, Harry was already fast asleep.

He was woken up two hours later by Poppy, who had come to check on him. Far away, he heard a voice he recognized as Pomfrey’s,

“Harry, please wake up, I need to talk to you.” He slowly opened his eyes and glanced at her sleepily. “Harry, what is wrong with you? Your father said you were not feeling well, but when I asked him what exactly was wrong, he told me ‘nothing really’, but I should come and look after you.” Harry groaned and mumbled,

“Sorry, Aunt Poppy, nothing is wrong, I’m fine. I just have a problem with Halloween; it’s a psychological problem. Um... do you have a moment to talk about it?” Poppy gave him an encouraging smile and said,

“Of course, Harry, I always have time for you. I’m listening.” She sat down on the edge of his bed, and Harry sat up and began to speak.

He told her how his parents had died in his old time line, and that – also in his old time line – he was always reliving the scene when the Dementors came and he sometimes dreamt of it, even in his new time line. And that he had always hated Halloween because of this. They talked for nearly two hours, and finally Harry felt so much better that he was even thinking of joining the feast in the Great Hall. However, Poppy talked him out of it, because she noticed that he had a slight fever and seemed to be much more tired than he should be. She made him drink two potions, and Harry slept soundly until his mother woke him up for breakfast.

Lily sat down on his bedside and watched him thoughtfully, before she asked,

“Harry, Severus told me what was wrong with you yesterday evening; was Poppy able to help you?” Harry gave her a big smile and replied,

“Yes, Mom, thank you. Everything is alright now.”

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The next few weeks passed uneventfully. Harry remained so busy that he hardly noticed how fast the time passed and that the Christmas holidays would start soon. It was only when he had to prepare the tests, which always took place during the last week before the holidays, that he noticed he had only two weeks left to get all his Christmas presents together. ‘Oh no,’ he groaned inwardly, ‘I had that problem before, didn’t I?’ *How could he get his Christmas Presents?* The last Saturday before the holidays, which was two days before Christmas, was a Hogsmeade weekend, but as he had promised to arrange some kind of event for the younger students who were not allowed to go, he could not make the trip to the town either. Maybe he could go on Sunday. On the other hand, he couldn’t rely on that. If it was not for one of his students or Violet to have a problem that prevented him from going, it was surely Poppy, who would find some kind of problem with his health in order to keep him in the castle. Therefore, he decided to owl the shop owners in Hogsmeade for catalogues, so that he could owl-order his presents.

One of these days, Minerva handed him a parchment and asked him to put it up in the Merlin Common room for the students to put their

names on if they wanted to stay at Hogwarts over the holidays. Harry however preferred to speak to his students personally and ask them if they wanted to stay, or if they had a family to spend the holidays with. He was very surprised when he noticed that ten students of his house – except for Anna and Julia of course, who would stay with their families and not in the dormitories – would indeed stay at Hogwarts during the holidays. Six of them were first years.

When he handed Minerva the parchment back at the beginning of the staff meeting, she gasped. Noticing his questioning glance, she said,

“Sorry, Harry, I was just a bit astonished that so many of your students, especially of your first years, want to stay over the holidays. Except for one other student, everyone will go home over Christmas.” Everyone threw a curious glance at the headmistress, and she explained,

“Only Jack White, a first year Gryffindor, has put his name onto the list, but there are ten Merlins, six of them first years, to stay here.” Harry felt the teachers look at him enquiringly, and rubbing his forehead, he told them,

“I spoke to the students and they told me they had a family they could go to, but they preferred to stay here, either to spend with their friends, which is the case with most of the first years, or to be able to study quietly. Um... the Gryffindor student, Jack, does he have to stay in Gryffindor just on his own, or could he perhaps stay in Merlin for the time? My Merlin first years are really nice and will surely welcome him friendly.” Minerva sighed and looked over to Lily.

“Lily?” Lily glanced at her grandmother and over to her son, before she replied,

“I do not mind, of course not; it is a very good idea, I think, because Jack really needs some friends. The other Gryffindors always looked at him a bit from above, because they thought he was nearly a squib; and then suddenly he became very good at everything and they felt jealous towards him. I have spoken to my first years several times, but it is really difficult. Therefore, if Harry doesn’t mind, I think it is a very good solution and could help him even further than just to enjoy his holidays.” Her grandmother nodded her consent and said,

“Alright Lily, please talk to him as soon as possible. Thank you Harry.”

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Later in the evening, Harry asked Ginny,

“Ginny, what are you going to do over the holidays? Will you have holidays? Are you going back to the Burrow, or will you stay here?” Ginny sighed and answered,

“I haven’t talked to Poppy yet. You know, she is so kind; she would never force me to stay here over Christmas, except for in a case of emergency. I would in fact, like to stay here and spend Christmas with you. However, I don’t know how to tell my mother that I would prefer to stay here. Do you think I could ask Poppy to not give me holidays over Christmas?” Harry laughed and hugged her fiercely.

“I think that is a very good idea. Let’s go and talk to her; she will understand.” They walked down to the Hospital Wing and talked to Pomfrey, who of course understood what they wanted, thought for a moment and told them,

“Alright; I am very sorry, Ms. Weasley, but I have promised to spend two hours each morning in the Healers’ practice in Hogsmeade, but now suddenly so many students are staying over the holidays that someone should be here all the time, especially as they are Merlins, who are particularly prone to illnesses, including their Head of House. Therefore, I cannot let you get away over the holidays. However, you will be able to go home for a few days at the beginning of the New Year, if you want to.” Ginny beamed at her teacher,

“Thank you, Madam Pomfrey; thank you so much!” Harry nodded eagerly.

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During the test week, Harry had a little time in the evening, as he hadn’t any homework to grade, and the tests could wait until after Christmas. Then he would have enough time to correct them. He used the bit of time to browse through the catalogues, decide, and

order the Christmas presents. But there were several things to plan as well. As there were eleven students staying in Merlin House, and he could be sure that Julia and Anna would join him when he spent his normal time in the common room every evening, maybe Ginny as well, he decided they needed a Christmas tree for the common room. But where to get a tree? He had to speak to Hagrid. As he had to be in Merlin House in ten minutes, he didn't have time to walk; therefore, he transformed and just flashed over to Hagrid's hut. Hagrid fortunately had recovered nicely from his dragon pox, although it had taken more than two months, and he would only be able to return to his classes after Christmas.

"Hello Hagrid," Harry greeted him after transforming back. Hagrid hugged him happily, so that Harry could hardly breathe, and said,

"Hello Harry. Sorry for all the inconvenience you had with me taken ill." Harry groaned and replied,

"Hagrid! That was not your fault. And in fact, you told me everything I had to know, so it was no problem at all. And to come here every second day to feed the Runespoor and the dog was no problem either. I'm glad you are all right again. By the way, I need a Christmas tree for the Merlin common room. Do you think you could arrange that, or whom do I have to ask?" Hagrid laughed and told him,

"No problem, Harry, you will get a nice, huge tree for your common room. Just leave it to me." Harry thanked him and excused himself for being so impolite to flash away immediately after asking for something, but Hagrid told him, that he knew he was busy and didn't mind at all. Then Harry flashed over to the Merlin common room.

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The next few days passed in a blur, and soon it was time to escort the students, who were going to ride the Hogwarts Express, to Hogsmeade. Harry had thought about gathering his eleven students and asking them to join him on his way to the station, but then he remembered that he wanted to look for a small Christmas present for each of them and refrained from talking to them. As soon as the Hogwarts Express had left, he transformed into Icicle, flashed over to the Weasleys' shop and changed back into his human self.

“HARRY!” the twins shouted at the same time. “To what do we owe the honour of your visit?” Harry grinned and told them he needed eleven small presents for his students who were staying in the castle over the holidays.

“But nothing to prank the teachers please!” he sternly added to his explanation. The twins thought for a moment and asked,

“How about a quill...”

“...that changes the colour...”

“...as the owner wishes?...”

“...You only need black ink,...”

“...and have to think of a colour,...”

“...and it writes in that colour...”

“...So you can change colours...”

“...anytime.” Harry laughed. It was not that spectacular, but it seemed to be just what he needed.

“Very good,” he told them, “I need ...hmm... give me fifteen of these quills please. That’s all; I have to head back quickly. I hope to find time to visit you during the holidays. Maybe you could come over sometime in the evening to visit Ginny and me?” The twins nodded and promised to visit them at the castle directly after Christmas. Harry smiled at his friends, transformed and flashed directly into his room to put the quills away safely.

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A few minutes later, he left his room to look for Violet and Marina, whom he found in the living room together with everyone else. Even his great grandparents were there, and they seemed to be having some kind of family conference. Seeing all the questioning glances directed at him, Harry said,

“Oh, I’m sorry, was I supposed to be here earlier or what...?” His parents laughed and Severus replied calmly,

“No, Harry; everything is fine; we were just discussing where you could have gone, because nobody could find you and nobody had seen you after you went to the station with the students.” Harry could not manage to suppress a giggle and replied,

“I’m sorry; I didn’t think anyone would notice, so I just flashed over to the twins to buy some last-minute Christmas presents for my students. I am sure it didn’t take me more than ten minutes, however,” he added confused. Everyone laughed again, and Lily explained,

“That’s alright, Harry. It’s just that Remus saw you transforming and flashing away; therefore we knew that you went somewhere and were just curious; that’s all.” A little worriedly, she watched Harry’s face taking on a relieved expression. He seemed not to be his own self, if he took their small joke so seriously. She decided to talk to Severus about Harry later and put the thought away for the moment.

“Now Harry,” his grandmother started to speak, “we were just discussing something. You know that normally, during the holidays, everyone had dinner here in your quarters – a daily event, which I must say everyone was always enjoying very much. This time, however, so many students are staying that we cannot let them have dinner just on their own in the Great Hall. So we were just discussing what to do about that.” Harry sighed. It was probably his fault that so many of his students were staying. Therefore, it should be him to do something about it and not all the others. He cleared his throat, which he noticed was a little sore, and said,

“Maybe I could have dinner with them in the Great Hall. I think I should be able to manage eleven students just on my own. If not, I could ask Julia, Anna or Ginny to join me. That’s no problem. And everyone else can have dinner here as usual.” Looking up he saw that nearly everyone was glaring at him.

“No!” his grandmother said sternly. “There is no rule saying that the Head of House has to eat together with his students. But we could take turns eating together with them. If each of us joins them for dinner twice, the holidays are already over. And if you don’t mind,



maybe we could invite them here for Christmas dinner. What do you think, Lily? Severus? Harry?" Severus threw a glance at his wife and son and answered,

"As the house elves will arrange everything, including enough space for everyone, I do not mind at all." Lily didn't mind either, and Harry said,

"That's for my parents to decide, and of course I don't mind. Then I will take the first shift in the Great Hall tonight, if that's alright with everyone. They will finish their dinner much earlier than you anyway, so that I'll be able to join everyone here for Christmas Eve early enough." Everyone agreed with that, and the discussion was finished.

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When the Snapes returned to their quarters after lunch, Harry asked his parents to come to his room for a moment, because he wanted to talk to them without any younger siblings being around. Lily and Severus threw each other a questioning glance, shrugged and followed Harry into his room. When he even did as much as throwing a silencing charm on the door, their curiosity brought Severus to ask,

"Harry, what is this about?" Harry glanced at his parents. He was very unsure about how to ask what he wanted to ask. But he had to try anyway, and – he told himself – this was just Lily and Severus. Alright, he tried,

"Um... You know, eh... Ginny, ... is my girlfriend. You know that, don't you?" His parents smiled at him, and Lily said,

"Of course, we know that. What's wrong my dear?" Harry fidgeted on where he was sitting on his bed, next to his mother, while his father had taken the chair at his desk.

"I...eh... want ...um... wanttoproposetoheronchristmasmorning." He sighed deeply. It was said. His parents threw him questioning glances, and his father asked,

"Sorry, Harry, could you please repeat that in plain English?" Harry groaned and repeated,

“I want to propose to her tomorrow, on Christmas morning. You know, she is not a student anymore, and she will be seventeen in summer, and...eh....but, um... I think, before I can propose to her, I should ask her parents, shouldn't I?” Lily and Severus glanced at each other, and Severus answered.

“Yes, Harry, it is not a ‘must’, but it would be much better. I will accompany you to the Weasleys if you wish me to do so.” Harry looked at his father and sighed relieved. Severus went out into the living room, knelt in front of the fireplace and floo-called the Weasleys to ask if Harry and he could come over for a few minutes.

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The Weasleys listened smilingly to what Harry had to say. How long had they hoped for this – it was as if a dream had come true. They had known Harry since before he was even born, and they appreciated him very much. When Harry had finished, Mrs. Weasley stood up, went over to him and pulled him into a huge hug, while Mr. Weasley went to Severus and shook his hand, before he told Harry,

“You have my permission to ask her, Harry. Please know that I could not imagine a better husband for my little one than you. I am very happy. Please take good care of my little daughter.” Harry's expression turned into a relieved one when he said,

“Mrs. Weasley, Mr. Weasley, thank you very much. I cannot promise anything now, because I have to ask her first and she has yet to agree. But if she agrees, I will take good care of her. I love her very much. Thank you.” Severus and Harry flooed back to Hogwarts leaving a crying Mrs. Weasley and a smiling Mr. Weasley behind.

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“Congratulations, Harry!” Severus said when they were back in their living room, where Lily and Julia were decorating the Christmas tree. Lily immediately came over to Harry and pulled him into a hug, inwardly smiling about his relieved expression.

“Harry, are you going to help us?” Julia asked, and Harry inwardly groaned. He had to wrap his Christmas presents, and he only had

one and a half hours left until dinnertime. Maybe he could do the presents later. He gave Julia a short nod and sat down on the sofa, where he fell asleep within two minutes.

“What is wrong with him?” Julia asked her parents worriedly, and they told her that he had been so busy during the last weeks that he was very tired now.

The three Snapes finished the Christmas tree just in time for dinner. Lily sat down next to her daughter and asked her,

“Julia, would you mind to accompany Harry to the Great Hall and have dinner with him and the students? In fact I am a bit worried about him and would be glad to know you were with him.” Julia nodded and told her mother,

“Yes, I think so too, Mom. I will wake him up now and accompany him to dinner. I will also join him later when he goes to the common room.” Lily kissed her on the forehead and said smilingly,

“Thank you Julia. It is a great relief to have such an understanding, big daughter.”

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They were the last to arrive at the dinner table. The students were quite astonished to see that their Head of House was the only teacher at the table, but Julia told them the reason and explained that Christmas dinner was planned to take place at their quarters. Harry had not participated in the conversation so far and had more or less pushed his food around his plate, noticing that he was not hungry and that his throat was still a little sore. However, suddenly he felt himself pulled into the conversation by the voice of a fourth year student,

“Professor Snape-Dumbledore, do you think we could go to Hogsmeade once during the holidays?” Two of the first years immediately jumped in the conversation and said excitedly,

“Oh yes, please, Professor. We have never been to Hogsmeade yet, and we want to go too.” Harry sighed and thought for a moment, before he told them,

"I don't know. Maybe we can go to Hogsmeade together for half a day, but I have to ask the Headmistress for her permission. And in case we are allowed to go, we have to stick all together for the whole time. You cannot go on your own this time, as it is not an official Hogsmeade weekend. If you don't mind this, I can ask Professor McGonagall if we can go sometime next week. Who of you wants to go?" He looked around and saw that all students had raised their hands, including his sister. Throwing an amused glance at Julia, he announced,

"Alright; I will ask Professor McGonagall this evening; maybe I can tell you the answer when I come to your common room later tonight." He heard a loud gasp from his left side and looked over to the students enquiringly. The two first years hesitantly asked,

"Are you coming to our common room although we have holidays, Professor?" Harry gave them an amused glance and returned the question,

"Don't you want me to come? I don't have to." The two students replied at once.

"Oh, no. Of course, we want you to come, Professor. You know that we always have questions." Harry laughed and said,

"Alright, then we will meet later tonight." Together with Julia, he left the Great Hall to head back to the dungeons.

When they arrived home, Harry immediately went over to his grandmother and asked her, "Granny, the students have asked me if I could take them to Hogsmeade one day during the holidays. Do you think this will be possible?" Minerva thought for a moment, threw an enquiring look at Albus, who nodded affirmatively, and answered,

"Yes, Harry, you may take them for a day, but please tell your parents and me before you go – and report to my office as soon as you are back please." Harry nodded and thanked her, before he retired to his room in order to finally wrap his Christmas presents. He spent quite a long time looking at the engagement ring he had purchased for Ginny. It was an Irish golden claddagh ring with two small, white birds on each side of the heart, a phoenix and a parrot. In between, it had a

few pretty, green stones. He could hardly take his eyes of it; fortunately, Ginny had gone home to the Burrow for dinner, so that he could look at it for hours. Hopefully she would like it too. Just in time, he remembered that he had to go over to the common room.

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When he arrived in Merlin House, Julia was already there and had brought Anna with her. Harry stood in front of the huge, but still a little naked Christmas tree and said,

“Welcome to a special Christmas Transfiguration lesson. Now we are going to decorate this tree, won’t we?” When he saw everyone looking at him expectantly, he pulled a small bag filled with green peas out of his robes, ignoring the laughter around him, and using his wand and a spoken spell transfigured one of the peas into a beautiful Christmas bauble. Ignoring the huge applause, he told them,

“Go on and try, please. I want each of you to have your own bauble. I still have the one at home, which I made when I was a student, and I am very proud of it. So please try, although it might be hard work and could take the whole evening.” In fact, it was nearly midnight, when Julia and Harry returned to their quarters. Most of the other inhabitants of the castle were still sitting together in the living room and immediately questioned them about the reason for being so late. Julia explained that Harry had taught them to decorate the Christmas tree, and that by now everyone had his or her own bauble on the tree in the Merlin common room. The others seemed to be quite impressed, but Harry didn’t care at the moment. As he still had not finished wrapping his presents, he excused himself very quickly and retired to his room. Finally, he called Dobby for help, and it only took the clever, little elf two minutes until all presents were wrapped. Harry groaned – *why hadn’t he thought about Dobby earlier* – and fell into bed.

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After breakfast, Harry asked Ginny to join him in the Snape quarters for a few minutes. He had already asked his parents to take the children out for a walk for about half an hour so that he could have some time with Ginny alone in the living room and Lily and Severus

had promised that they would not be disturbed. When they entered their quarters, Harry took both of Ginny's hands and pulled her directly in front of the Christmas tree.

Harry fetched a new golden bauble from the Christmas tree, which he had wandlessly transfigured early in the morning, and showed it to Ginny. She was stunned and could not take her eyes from the bauble. It was golden like the other baubles at the Snapes' tree and had a beautiful parrot on it like Ginny's animagus form. Unlike the other baubles, however, this one had a little opening at one side; in fact, a small drawer was hidden there. He motioned for his girlfriend to pull the drawer out, and she opened it carefully. Harry took the small ring out, which he had placed into the drawer before, held it in his right hand and gripped her left hand with his left, knelt down before her and asked,

"Ginny, I would like you to marry me. May I put this ring onto your finger?"

## Chapter 24 – Christmas Day

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Ginny was so overwhelmed that she could only nod silently, lovingly smiling at him, and Harry carefully slipped the beautiful ring onto the ring finger of her left hand. Then he pulled her into an embrace and kissed her fondly. They remained in this position for a very long time, until Harry whispered,

“Ginny, let’s go into my room.” She nodded, and together they went into Harry’s room and sat down on his bed to cuddle and talk for a while. After about half an hour, however, Marina disturbed them in order to tell Harry that he still had to open his presents, and that everyone was in the living room now opening presents. Harry let out a sigh and told his sister he would be there in a few minutes. When he turned back to Ginny, he noticed that she was watching him worriedly. Ignoring this for the moment, he asked her if she was all right to come and open Christmas presents, and when she nodded, he pulled her out of his room. As soon as they entered the living room, where nearly all of the castle’s staff and their families were sitting and opening presents together, Lily and Severus started to applaud them having noticed the ring Ginny was wearing. Noticing the confused looks they earned, Lily explained,

“I think my son has an announcement to make. Haven’t you, Harry?” Harry shrugged and took Ginny’s hand, before he cleared his throat and announced,

“Ginny has just agreed to become my wife.” The applause they got from all directions was deafening, and Ginny pulled him over to an empty spot on the sofa, so that they could open the presents Marina brought over to them. Harry couldn’t remember ever having received so many presents before. Even two hours later, when someone said,

“It’s already lunchtime. We have to head down to the Great Hall for lunch,” he had not yet finished unwrapping his many presents. Harry sighed with relief, when he heard his father’s voice,

“All Snapes stay here please; we are having our family lunch here as usual.” He turned to Ginny and with a small smile at her added, “As my son’s fiancée you are a member of our family from now on, so

please join us in the kitchen.” Ginny smiled back at her soon to be her father-in-law and said,

“Thank you, Professor.” He raised an eyebrow and introduced himself to her,

“As a member of my family, you may call me by my name. My name is Severus.” She laughed and said,

“Alright. Thank you Severus.” She turned back to Harry and again got the impression that he was not his usual self. Unobtrusively putting a cold hand to his forehead, she decided to check on him whenever she had the opportunity. They went over to the kitchen and sat down to have lunch. Suddenly Harry groaned.

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“Oh no!” Noticing that everyone was looking at him, he added, “Sorry; I just remembered that I completely forgot to go to the common room to give them their presents. Ginny and Julia, would you like to accompany me directly after lunch?” Both of them nodded, wondering about what he was going to do next. Harry stood up, fetched a small bag from his desk and left the room, followed by Ginny and Julia, who were curiously glancing at each other. They went through Harry’s office into the Merlin common room, where the remaining eleven students were sitting in front of the Christmas tree, reading or doing their homework.

“Professor!” one of the first years called immediately, when he entered through the portrait hole. “Have you already asked the headmistress about going to Hogsmeade with us? May we go? If yes, can we go tomorrow? Oh please; I got a present from someone I forgot to buy a present for; so I must go shopping.” Harry laughed and asked her,

“As you are a first year, you haven’t been to Hogsmeade before, I suppose. So how did you get your other presents? By owl-order?” The girl nodded and said,

“But to order something now would be much too late. Please, Professor.” Harry nodded thoughtfully but then asked,



“However, are the shops in Hogsmeade open tomorrow?” Everyone shrugged as they didn’t know either, but Julia jumped into the conversation.

“The shops are open tomorrow. I asked the Weasley twins before Christmas, because I know someone who has always trouble buying his Christmas presents. They told me, they have founded some kind of association of the shopkeepers in Hogsmeade, and they decide all together on issues like shop opening times, which they want to adjust between all of them. Therefore, all shops will be open tomorrow.” Everyone looked in awe at Julia, including Harry.

“Very well, Julia”, he commended his little sister, “thanks for figuring this out for us. All right, then we can go tomorrow, provided that Professor McGonagall will agree. We will meet in the Entrance Hall right after breakfast. Are you all coming?” he asked his students and everyone nodded eagerly.

“Alright. Now, I would like to introduce my fiancée, Ginny Weasley. The older students know her of course, as she was a member of Merlin House until the summer, and the younger students might know her, as she is a Healer apprentice now, working together with Madam Pomfrey in the Hospital Wing.” Ginny smiled at the students, and everyone applauded.

“Wait,” one of the students asked. “Weasley as in Weasleys Wizarding Wheezes? They are quite famous.” Ginny laughed and told them that the Weasley twins were her brothers.

“Wow, that’s weird,” another student said, and Harry laughed and asked him,

“Then how weird you think it is that I am their silent partner?” In the upcoming silence, everyone looked at him in awe.

“Anyway, Congratulations Harry to your engagement,” one of the fourth years said. Harry thanked them and opened the small bag he had brought and emptied it under the Christmas tree, before he told the students,

“Please help yourselves. A little Christmas present from WWW.” He turned to his sister and fiancée, who were still standing beside him and said, “there is one for each of you too.”

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Before the three left the common room and headed back to the Snape quarters, he told the students,

“You have certainly heard in the meantime that Christmas dinner will take place at my family’s quarters. Please be in front of my office at exactly 5 o’clock this afternoon; then I will let you go through my office; otherwise you will have to walk through the dungeons; it is exactly three doors ahead of the Potions classroom.”

When they returned home, Marina and Violet had finished their nap and were playing contently with their new presents. However, as soon as the three entered the living room, the two girls shouted happily,

“Harry! Julia! Ginny! Play with us!” Harry threw Ginny and Julia an exasperated glance, before he asked, “Where is mom?” Violet smiled at him and answered,

“Aunt Lily and Uncle Severus are in the kitchen with his mother, talking, but we were too loud.” Harry smiled at her, thanked her and pulled her into a hug, when he ran over to him. Then he took Ginny’s hand and pulled her over to the kitchen to greet his grandmother. She embraced Ginny and him happily and said,

“Congratulations, you two. I am very happy for you. Do you already know when the wedding will be?” Harry laughed and told her,

“As I have only proposed to her this morning, we haven’t had time to talk about it yet. But Ginny will be seventeen in August; therefore, I suppose it will be some time after that.” He smiled fondly at his fiancée and suggested, “Maybe we should ask the twins to arrange our wedding; what do you think?” Ginny nearly choked.

“What? You want them to organize our wedding?” She put a hand to his forehead, which was a bit warm and sighed, before she grinned and said, “Alright, he’s got a bit of a fever.”

“Ginny!” Harry protested immediately. “Your brothers are very good. Do you remember the party they threw in the Great Hall after the Quidditch game teachers against students last year? The Hall was beautiful. Of course we don’t want to have a Quidditch landscape, but we could tell them what we want, and they would arrange it for us.” Ginny laughed and said,

“Alright; if you really think so, we can ask them. But we don’t have to decide now. Let’s go back to your room, Harry. I have to go to the wing to ask my boss if she wants me to do something.” Lily, who had heard what Ginny said, contradicted immediately.

“Ginny, I don’t think you have to work on the day of your engagement. There is not much to do anyway, as nobody is in the Hospital Wing, and Poppy told me she was just resting today, too. Enjoy your time together, you two, and try to keep the little ones out of your way today.” Harry and Ginny smiled, thanked her and went to Harry’s room to rest for a while.

When Severus entered Harry’s room a quarter of an hour before dinner, he found Harry fast asleep in his bed with Ginny next to him reading a book. He gave Ginny a smile when she looked up and asked,

“Is everything okay?” Ginny smiled back and said,

“Yes, I think so.” Severus nodded and left the room, while Ginny tried to rouse a very sleepy Harry.

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Christmas Dinner was a funny affair. It was incredible how the house elves had managed to place so many people in the Snapes’ living room – and they didn’t even feel squeezed. To Harry’s and Ginny’s surprise, the whole Weasley family was even there to attend Christmas dinner together with their daughter/sister and soon to be son-in-law/brother-in-law. Harry had to sit between Mrs. Weasley and

Ginny, while Severus was sitting on Ginny's other side. As the twins had taken the places directly opposite of them, the evening was predestined to become funny.

When everyone had finished the main course, suddenly the lights went off. Ignoring the huge gasp he heard, Harry glared straight at the Weasley twins, who were holding some kind of a dark blue bowl between them on their laps. Harry frowned. *What was this about?* Suddenly the ceiling went dark blue like the sky with many small, twinkling stars on it. Another huge gasp could be heard. Then suddenly a very tiny white bird emerged from one corner and trilled a nice melody, which was, however, not understandable to Harry. 'A phoenix,' someone shouted. A moment later, another white bird with a different shape flew out in the sky from the other side and sang a melody in its own voice. 'Ginny's animagus form,' Harry realized immediately.

The two white, little birdies grew bigger and bigger, and soon it was clear for everyone that they were playing Harry's and Ginny's life in the new time line. As tiny birdies they had already played together from time to time, when they grew older, they suddenly kept on flying together a lot, so that the observers noticed the point at which Ginny had come to Hogwarts. They continuously held a short distance and trilled a lot to each other, until suddenly the phoenix went away, and far away, a fight could be heard. Finally, the phoenix returned, flew directly next to his white friend and embraced it with his many pretty feathers - obviously the point where they finally got together. The lights went on again, and the applause was deafening. Harry looked at the twins in awe, before he glanced at Ginny and asked,

"And you think we cannot leave the planning of our wedding to them? Now I am more than sure that I want to ask them!" Ginny nodded and said,

"Alright, Harry; you were right of course. I agree fully; please ask them!" Harry laughed and turned to the twins,

"Gred and Forge," he cleared his throat, "may I have a word please. First of all, thank you very much for this display; my fiancée and I enjoyed it very much!" He cleared his throat again, but couldn't help

his voice going away. He continued, "Anyway, we would like to ask the two of you a favour." Fred and George grinned mischievously and said,

"We thought our little sis was learning to be an Healer's apprentice,..."

"...But she cannot help her fiancée get his voice back? Ohoh..."

"...Maybe we should better give her a job in our joke shop..." Harry threw them a dirty glare and croaked,

"Oh, shut up you two," but they only laughed, until Ginny gave them a fierce glare and said,

"Now leave it. Anyway," she continued, "what we wanted to ask you was..." she threw a questioning glance at Harry, and when he nodded smilingly, continued, "if you would be willing to plan and organize our wedding for us?" For a few seconds everything around them stayed silent, until a double gasp could be heard,

"What?!" Harry and Ginny laughed at the stunned twins, and Ginny returned,

"Yes!" The twins looked at each other pensively, before they finally agreed. From one moment to the other, the two of them became very stern and gave Ginny and Harry a piercing glance.

"Ginny, Harry, are you sure you want us to organize something as important as your wedding?" When they nodded, Fred continued, "Alright, we will meet sometime during the next weeks, so that we can fix where it will take place, how many people we have to expect and many things more. But we will do it, and we can promise you now, **YOU WILL HAVE FUN!**" In the meantime, all participants of the Christmas Dinner had turned their attention to the twins and the couple, and everyone laughed at their conversation. Fortunately, the house elves chose this moment to serve the deserts, and Ginny felt Harry relax, when the attention turned away from them.

Christmas Dinner was officially finished at 10:30. As it was already after curfew, the students were sent back to their house and the three

five-year-olds were put to bed. Harry immediately got up to help his mother bathing the three little troublemakers, but Lily insisted Harry should go to bed and rest; it was so late that she would not bathe the three, but just change them into pyjamas and put them into bed anyway. Harry said Ginny and her parents as well as Severus 'good night' and did as he was told; he was asleep as soon as his head hit his pillow.

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In the next morning, Harry was up and about very early. He then dressed the three kids and after a short talk to Dobby concerning breakfast, he took the kids down to the Great Hall. Fortunately, Dobby had managed to ask the elves on duty to place a huge bowl of fruit yoghurt in front of Harry's plate – about the only thing he could always manage to eat. He was just about to finish his yoghurt, when Ginny arrived, gave him a kiss on the cheek and asked,

"How do you feel, Harry?" Harry sighed and said,

"Alright, I guess. Would you like to come to Hogsmeade with us?"

She nodded and replied, "Yes, why not; however I have to ask Poppy." She went over to the other side of the table and asked Pomfrey, who let her go immediately. The older students had preferred to stay in the castle in order to get on with their homework, so that Harry and Ginny only had to take the seven first years to Hogsmeade. Outside it was very cold and had even started to snow. Harry shortly thought about getting two carriages, but dismissed the thought again, when he had the idea of showing the students the shrieking shack on their way back. So they walked down into the small town, and not only the students enjoyed the walk very much. However, it was so cold that he was freezing in spite of the many layers he wore under his coat. Therefore, he decided to take the students to The Three Broomsticks for a butterbeer first in order to warm up a little.

Afterwards they visited the bookshop, the apothecary, Honeydukes and a few smaller shops the first years wanted to see. Weasleys Wizarding Wheezes was their final stop in town, because Harry had imagined that this visit would probably become the highlight of the

day. Fred and George took them in an extra chamber and let the students test out many different items, which could become very convenient to have at Hogwarts. Harry tried to keep both eyes closed; Ginny did the same; however, Harry had made clear at the beginning that the twins had to guarantee that he would be able to take all students home with him unharmed. Of course, the twins had promised that and had carefully selected the items for the students to try out. When the students decided, which items to buy, and Harry saw how many items they were choosing, he cleared his throat again and said,

"I don't know if all of you know this, but all products of this shop are forbidden at Hogwarts. So if you buy things here, please don't tell me or anybody else about it, and please hide them somewhere in your dormitory. Alright?" The students laughed and answered in a chorus,

"Yes, Professor." Just before they left the shop, Harry thought of something and spoke to the twins.

"As my students have bought so many items here, I want to ask you something. I will forget what they bought, so they won't get into trouble with me; however I want at least one, better two of each of the antidotes, and I can imagine that Ginny will want the same things for the Hospital Wing." Ginny nodded affirmatively. Fred and George laughed and handed Harry and Ginny each one package of sweets, which caused certain illnesses together with the antidotes. Harry and Ginny thanked them and guided the students out of Hogsmeade. On their way back, they showed them the Shrieking Shack. The students looked stunned at the old building and one of them asked,

"Is it true, that it is the most haunted building in the wizarding world?" Harry laughed and told them the story of the old building, when and why it was build – without telling names of course – and why it suddenly became unnecessary a few years later.

"Can we get in it?" another student asked. Harry sighed and glanced at Ginny. She only shrugged. Harry sighed and croaked,

"Alright, follow me; the entrance is just under the Whomping Willow." He led them up the road to the tree, put up a branch, which was lying around, and pushed the button to freeze the tree's movements. Then

he motioned the astonished students to enter the passage under the tree. He just thought about entering first, when two eager first years already disappeared into the passage. Therefore, he let all the other students go first and went behind them, together with Ginny.

The Shrieking Shack was entirely as he remembered it. Maybe there was even more dirt and dust there now than in his old time line, as the building had not been used for more than twenty years.

Suddenly he had an idea. Why hadn't he thought about this earlier? He had to talk to his great grandfather as soon as possible.

When they arrived back at Hogwarts, it was in the middle of the afternoon, but as the students hadn't had anything to eat for lunch, he had to provide something to eat for them. After conferring with Ginny shortly, they guided the first years down to the kitchens, where many house elves surrounded them happily. As they didn't have much to do during the holidays, they were always grateful to have something to do. Harry asked them for lunch for the seven students, made sure that they would find their way back to Merlin House and excused himself for the rest of the afternoon. Ginny left the kitchen with him and Harry told her,

"I have to go to Granddad and talk to him about something. It is very important. Will you accompany me?" She smiled at him and nodded with a curious expression on her face.



do on your own.”

Harry let out a relieved sigh and said, “Alright, and I will come here the day after tomorrow together with a few students to help you.”

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While Colm was working in the Shrieking Shack, Harry was watching him closely in order to learn as much as possible in case they had to change things later on. Colm had not promised too much – on Tuesday evening, the rooms were completed according to Harry’s layout. After dinner, Albus came down to have a look and thank his friend profoundly. It was hard to believe how such an old, neglected shack could be changed into a modern school building within such a short time. Before Colm left, he showed Albus and Harry a few tricks on how to do the interior, and Harry was confident that they would be able to complete the school on their own.

Directly after breakfast on Wednesday morning, Harry and all remaining students were taking a portkey to Diagon Alley. He had only thought of bringing two or three students with him, but when he cautiously asked in the common room the night before, everyone had wanted to come. Therefore, it only took them three hours to do everything Colm had wanted them to do. Colm was so happy to have his place cleaned and finished so early, that he waived any fees for his work on the school building during the last two days.

As they were not expected back at Hogwarts until dinnertime, Harry used the opportunity to invite his excited students to the Leaky Cauldron for lunch, which the students seemed to enjoy very much. When everyone had finished, he asked them,

“Shall we go back to Hogwarts now, or do you want to go for a walk around Diagon Alley? We still have time; however we have to stay all together.” Now everyone was shouting simultaneously, but it was soon very clear, that none of the students wanted to go home yet. “Alright,” Harry continued, “As I told you, we have to stick together. If someone gets lost, however, we will meet at 3 o’clock in front of Gringotts, the huge white building at the next corner. However, whoever gets lost, will be severely punished later; so please be careful to stay together.” To be on the safe side, he wandlessly

transfigured the group members' hair neon green, including his own hair. Everyone laughed and followed Harry out into Diagon Alley.

They took their time and visited nearly every shop, which could be interesting for students. Harry even found the time to buy a pretty bunch of flowers for Ginny. However, the flowers only looked real but in fact were made of chocolate and sweets.

"Wow, they are pretty," some of the first year girls told him, when they saw him with the flowers.

Harry grinned and asked, "Do you think they smell well too?" They immediately tried to smell the flowers, and their faces, smelling chocolate and sweets, were priceless. Harry's eyes twinkled happily.

When everyone had seen enough, he took the students to Fortescue's ice cream parlour, where he bought the students a huge 'Dragon feast ice cream', Marina's favourite, which they relished happily. Harry himself preferred an ice coffee. After eating and resting for a while, he activated the portkey, and soon they felt a familiar pull behind their navels only to find themselves back in the Merlin common room. Before he left the room to return to his quarters, he once again thanked the students for their help and reminded them,

"I know that you are full of ice-cream now, but please do not forget to attend dinner, because otherwise I will be in a lot of trouble with the Headmistress." The students nodded and promised not to get him into trouble. One of the older students said,

"I will see to it; we won't disappoint you, sir. And thank you very much for inviting us to lunch and ice cream and for the visit to Diagon Alley. I think everyone enjoyed it very much." Harry grinned at them and left through the portrait hole. When he entered their quarters from his office, nobody was there; even his father's potions lab and his parents' offices were empty. *Where could they have gone?* It was still an hour until dinnertime, so he decided to flash over to the shack in order to start decorating the rooms.

He began with the classrooms on the upper floor and used wish magic to paint the walls in very light colours, choosing different colours for each room. The ceiling, however, was the same in every

room. He chose to make it like the ceiling in the Great Hall, so that it reflected the sky, which he loved very much. Finally, he changed the doors to colours that were darker but matched the colours of the walls of the respective classroom. For the floor, he chose matching contrast colours and put tiles in a used look version of the respective colour on the floor of each classroom. Then he walked around the six rooms and examined his work. It looked really good, and he was very content with himself, when he proceeded to conjure desks for the classrooms.

About half through the classrooms, he noticed that his magic was starting to drain, so he just conjured the desks, chairs and blackboards for the remaining classrooms and decided to finish for the day. He flashed back to his room, transformed back and lay down on his bed to rest, because he was very tired. However when he was just drifting away, he heard voices from the living room and suddenly remembered dinner. With a glance at his watch, he was wide-awake and groaned: He had missed dinner; in fact, he was nearly an hour late. What would be worse, to be an hour late or not to show up at all? Contemplating this for a moment, he finally got up and went out into the living room, where everyone was still sitting at the dinner table having tea and biscuits.

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He quickly sat down on his chair and before anyone could scold him said to his parents,

“I am sorry for being late. I went to the shack to start with the classrooms and lost track of time. May I have tea please?” Then he turned to his grandfather and told him, “I think you could start using the new school building from next week onwards, if you wanted to.” Several people gasped.

“What? But there is still nothing in it, is it?” Remus asked, and Harry replied grinningly,

“The classrooms are already finished. I will do the other rooms during the next days, and I think until Sunday everything will be done. Perhaps we could send owls to all wizarding families with children, who will be between six and ten on September 1, and tell them about

the new school. And if someone wants to enter immediately, this would not be a problem, would it? If there are too many pupils, we could ask Molly Weasley, for example, if she would take over a class. However, we have to think about what we are going to do with the muggle born students. I could imagine proceeding like this: In case they have older siblings, so that the family is already aware of magic, we should just send them an owl now. However if they don't know about magic, we should contact them later, maybe a year before entering Hogwarts and offer a special course for them, either during the year or during summer holidays, so that they will learn certain things about our world before entering Hogwarts." Hesitantly, he added,

"Considering the fact that we will probably be in need of additional teachers, maybe it would be a good idea to try to keep Hermione Granger and Anna Lupin here at Hogwarts to teach, in which position ever, when they finish Hogwarts in a few months." Everyone glanced at Anna, who blushed and nodded enthusiastically, before she said,

"Thank you, Harry. I would like to teach the children very much." Harry grinned contently and said,

"Alright, so maybe we should send the letters first and wait for the reactions. If we can manage to have six classes – one for every year – we need six teachers, who do not teach one class all the time but specialize on one of the necessary subjects, which could be Reading and Writing, Maths, Wizarding etiquette, as well as introductions to Potions and Herbology, Charms and the Magical world in general. What do you think? And who is going to send the letters? Will you, Granny, as Headmistress of Hogwarts, be Headmistress of the primary school as well? Or should Granddad be the Headmaster?"

Everyone laughed when Harry finished his speech, until Minerva finally answered, "On one hand, Harry, yes, I think we should integrate the primary school completely into Hogwarts, which would make me Headmistress automatically, on the other hand, I would like you to become the Headmaster." Albus and Severus voiced their agreement immediately, and Minerva continued, "Maybe we could have you as Deputy Headmaster for the Primary School, while your father is Deputy Headmaster for Hogwarts main school."

Harry shook his head and said, "No, Granny, I don't want to be headmaster, deputy or else. I promise to assist with everything concerning the primary school as much as I can, but I don't have time to take any position in it. You know how busy I am; even now I only have time on the weekends."

Poppy interrupted him and said, "Time he desperately needs to rest. Minerva, honestly, Harry can not take any more burdens."

Ginny nodded affirmatively, and Minerva said pensively, "However, this is not because you don't want to be responsible for the school, but only because you don't have enough time, right?" Harry gave her a short nod, and she continued, "Alright, then I will arrange for someone to help you with the grading. How about asking the two Merlin sixth years, who have the best grades in Transfiguration, to help you with the grading of the lower classes' homework?"

"I don't know," Harry said, feeling very uncomfortable with this solution. "No, Granny, let me try on my own first, and when I really get into trouble with the grading I will tell you, alright?"

Julia spoke up and asked, "I know that I am not very good at Transfiguration, but at least I had an E every year so far. Don't you think I would be able to help Harry grade first and second years' homework?"

Harry glanced at his grandmother, and when she nodded positively, he said, "Alright Julia, thanks. I appreciate your help very much."

Minerva nodded again and said, "Alright, so Harry is the Deputy for the Primary school. I will send the owls out tomorrow morning and hope we will have the first positive answers soon."

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As soon as this discussion was finished, Harry excused himself and retired to his room, throwing an inviting glance at Ginny, who stood up and followed him immediately. They made themselves comfortable sitting next to each other on Harry's bed and spent some time talking. Ginny suggested that they go and visit her parents the next day in order to ask her mother if she would be willing to teach if it

was needed, and Harry agreed immediately, as he realized he would not be able to work in the shack for more than a few hours.

After a few hours, Julia knocked and entered his room. "Harry, are you not going to the common room tonight?" Harry glanced at his watch and groaned; he had forgotten completely, and it was nearly curfew.

He looked at his sister and asked, "Julia, I don't feel very well tonight. Would you please go to the common room and ask the students if anyone has something urgent to discuss with me?" When she nodded, he added, "You can go through my office of course."

She nodded again and asked, "No problem, Harry, but what is wrong with you?"

He shook his head and replied, "Nothing really, I just overdid my magic within a very short time, therefore I feel drained and tired, maybe a little feverish as well. I just have to sleep for a while, then I'll be fine." Julia nodded contently and left the room, while Ginny did a few checks on him and motioned him to get ready for bed.

"Yes, Harry, your magic is at a level of nearly 70 percent, and you have a slight fever. You will have to be more careful during the next days, if you want to be able to teach next week." She stayed with him until he was asleep.

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After breakfast, Harry went down to the Shrieking Shack together with Albus, Julia, Marina and Violet. Harry would have preferred to go just on his own, maybe with Julia, but someone must have asked his grandfather to accompany him and keep an eye on him. As Albus was the first teacher at the school, it seemed to be right that he could decorate the staff room just as he wanted. Therefore, Harry asked him to decorate the staff room and the toilets next to it. In the meantime, Harry conjured toilets, showers and everything else that was needed for the washrooms and toilets downstairs. Deciding to leave the decoration of the potions lab to his father, he continued with the dining room, where he conjured 60 tables and comfortable chairs,

after he had wished the walls in very light rainbow colours and the ceiling like in the classrooms.

As his grandfather had not come down yet – he was probably showing the classrooms to the little ones – he continued with the large room and configured the four walls to show the outside of the shack. On one side, one could see the lake, on one side the castle, on one side Hogsmeade and on the last side the forest. It was beautiful, but Harry felt exhausted. However only the floor and ceiling were left, as well as the fireplace. He conjured light green tatami matting for the floor, wished the ceiling to be like everywhere else in the school and lay down on the floor to rest, leaving the fireplace for his grandfather.

In the meanwhile, Dumbledore had arranged the staff room, had visited the classrooms together with Julia and the kids, and had conjured plants for the corner of every classroom. He had also taught Julia how to decorate the windows a little. When they came downstairs to have a look at Harry's work, he was fast asleep, and Julia worriedly asked her grandfather,

"Is he alright?" Albus nodded affirmatively and proceeded to wake Harry up.

"Harry, is everything finished here?" he asked his tired grandson, and Harry shook his head.

"No, Granddad, could you please conjure a huge fireplace for this room? I have already done too much magic I think. And maybe we need a small separate room somewhere for guests? I didn't think about that before."

Albus grinned and told him, "I have abandoned the toilets on the upper floor and have replaced them with a Headmaster's office for you or Minerva to work and to receive guests. Would you like to have a look at it?"

Harry nodded and climbed up the stairs again to have a look at the office. It was in a corner of the building and had one huge window, which covered two sides of the room and as the room was situated just above the entrance door, one could see the castle on one side

and Hogsmeade on the other. The opposite wall was charmed to show the lake, Harry's favourite spot of Hogwarts. Inside the room was a huge desk with two chairs as well as a visitors' table surrounded by four chairs. The whole room was decorated in white and blue. Harry liked it very much.

"Thank you, Granddad, it is beautiful." Albus laughed at his grandson and said,

"Alright, that's enough for today, we will come back tomorrow; let's try to use the fireplace back to Hogwarts." Harry gasped. He had not noticed that Albus had already conjured a fireplace and had even asked a house elf to connect it to the Hogwarts floo system. Anyway, it worked, and within a minute, they all found themselves back in the living room of the Snape quarters.

Harry decided to flash to the Hospital Wing to look for Ginny in order to ask her when they would be going to visit her mother. However, before he could leave their quarters, Ginny came to meet him.

Hello Harry. Your Grandmother wants you to come to her office. She told me she had a problem concerning the primary school. However, wait a moment," she said, noticing his tired face. She quickly waved her wand over him and scolded him for not taking care of himself. "Harry, you may not do any more magic today. Is that clear?" she asked strictly, and Harry gave her a short nod before he took the floo to the Headmistress' office.



## Chapter 26 – The Primary School

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“What is wrong, Granny?” he asked worriedly.

Minerva laughed and told her grandson, “I have sent the owls this morning, and I have already received so many replies from people who want their children to start immediately that we have to look for teachers urgently.”

“Oh,” Harry said. That was unexpected. From September onwards, it would not be such a problem, as they would have Anna and hopefully Hermione as well and they would surely be able to hire two more of the seventh years, but to need five more teachers within five days time was a problem. “Alright, we can ask Mr. and Mrs. Potter, if one or both of them would be willing to teach at least until the summer, and we could also ask my other grandmother if she perhaps would agree to take over a class at least until summer. Ginny and I will go and ask Mrs. Weasley as well, but we still need more people. Maybe Ginny or Poppy could take over the Potions and Herbology class. They don’t have to be together all the time, do they?” Minerva seemed to relax visibly.

“Thank you Harry, for a lot of good ideas.” She floo-called all the people Harry had named as well as her husband and invited them over to her office for a few minutes. After fifteen minutes, everyone had assembled and listened to the Headmistress’ story.

Half an hour later, everything was fixed. The Potters and Harry’s grandmother only agreed to teach until the summer holidays, but until then they would be able to hire three of the seventh years, especially as Anna had already confirmed her availability. Poppy confirmed that, depending on their normal work, she and Ginny would share the position to teach Potions and Herbology, Mrs. Weasley wanted to teach Charms, Albus would take over the Wizarding Etiquette class, and the three others would help out for the moment and teach Reading and Writing, Maths, and Introduction to the magical world. Harry would hold a Transfiguration class twice a week only for the final class, which he could do during two free periods.

Harry thought for a moment and asked, "The lesson and meal times are the same as here, right?" When his grandparents nodded, he went on, "I think the students will need someone apart from their teachers to talk to. Therefore, maybe I could have lunch at the school and spend some time there until the start of the afternoon lessons. How would that be?" Poppy and Ginny frowned, but Minerva agreed immediately, and Albus promised to set up another fireplace in the Headmaster's office of the Primary school.

Glancing at Harry, Mrs. Weasley suggested, "When you reply to the parents who want their children to start from Monday onwards, maybe you could invite them over to the school for Sunday so that they have the chance to have a look at the school and to get to know the teachers as well as the other pupils?"

Harry nodded affirmatively and said, "I think that is a very good idea. Granny, if you give me the letters you received, I will write the answers and send them today or tomorrow morning the latest."

Pomfrey glared at him and said sternly, "Didn't Ginny tell you not to use ANY magic today? Could you perhaps listen to us once?"

Harry threw her an innocent glance and replied, "I did not intend to use any magic; I solely wanted to write a few letters – without magic." Minerva frowned and said,

"I don't know what the problem is, but anyhow we will do it together; I will show you how to answer the letters using magic most efficiently, and you can watch in order to know the next time. Poppy, I promise I will not let him use magic," she added noticing the stern glare she received from the healer.

Harry turned to Ginny, "Ginny, are we still going to visit your mother today?"

Ginny shook her head and told him, "No, it's already late; let's go on Saturday." When Harry nodded gratefully, she turned to her mother and whispered, "Would it be alright for Harry and me to visit you on Saturday?" Mrs. Weasley smiled fondly at her daughter and nodded affirmatively.

When everyone floo-ed back, Harry stayed in his grandmother's office and awaited her instructions. Together they invented a letter, and Minerva showed Harry how to copy the parchment exactly how they needed it as reply to the letters they had to answer. Harry was stunned, when he realized that everything was already finished in spite of them starting to work only minutes ago. The letters had put themselves into envelopes and even addressed themselves. Finally, Minerva called a house elf and instructed him to take the letters to the owlery and send them as fast as possible.

"Now, what is left to do is the timetable, however we will think about it later. We have to put two of your free periods in at first, and then we can arrange everything else around them. It is easier with magic than manually, but as you are not allowed to do magic today, we will do it tomorrow or on Friday," Minerva told Harry.

A few seconds later, Albus entered the office and informed them the new fireplace at the primary school had been connected to the floo network. He turned to Harry and asked, "Now, shall we go and show Granny the school?" Harry smiled and shrugged. Albus stepped back into the floo and shouted, "Headmaster's office, Hogwarts Primary school."

Minerva and Harry followed him to the school's office, although Harry would have preferred to return to his quarters. He had seen enough of the school for the day. They showed Minerva the classrooms and all the other rooms, until she asked astonished,

"When did you do this all?"

Albus laughed and told her, "We have been here this morning for about two hours, and Harry spent here about two more hours yesterday. Harry did most of it; I only decorated the staff room and your office."

Minerva frowned and stated, "So I assume this is the reason for your problem with Poppy." When Harry nodded dully, she continued, "Please be more careful, Harry. However, what you have done here is brilliant. The school is very nice so far."

Harry threw her a tired smile and said, "The rest, the hall and everything else we will do tomorrow morning."

Minerva looked around, and with a few small waves of her wand, the hall was decorated beautifully. She went downstairs, waved her wand, and the hall on the lower floor was done as well. With a glance at Harry, she said, "I think that's all, or is there anything else that needs to be done?" When Albus and Harry negated, she suggested, "Alright, then let's go to the Snape quarters and see if we can get tea there."

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On Sunday morning, Ginny and Harry went over to the primary school directly after breakfast in order to see if everything was prepared for the party. Several house elves were bustling around preparing snacks and drinks and everything they imagined that would be needed for the guests who would be arriving shortly. After a walk around the school, they decided that everything was fine and retired to the staff room to wait for the other teachers to arrive. About thirty pupils arrived together with their parents to get to know the school they were starting to attend from the next day onwards. Fortunately, the multi-purpose room was huge enough for all pupils and their parents as well as the teachers.

Minerva as Headmistress of both Hogwarts schools spoke the greeting and introduced Harry as organizer and Deputy Headmaster of the school. Then Harry took over from his grandmother and introduced the teachers as well as the short-term teachers, before he proceeded to reading the names of every student beginning with the first class, so that the guests stood together class-wise in order not only for the children but also for the parents to get to know each other.

Finally, he went over to every class and handed each pupil a small coloured phoenix on a silver chain, which would take the child directly to the appropriate classroom and back home in the afternoon on school days. When everyone had a portkey and the password, he invited the children to go upstairs and visit their classrooms, which would be the room in the colour the phoenix was, and come back in a few minutes for tea and cake. In the meantime, he spoke to the parents about the different classes they were going to teach. He also

told them that it had been difficult to find teachers on such a short notice, but that the teachers' team would be complete from the next school year onwards. Finally, he asked the parents for their support:

“As you know, this school is new; it was my idea to found it because I thought it would be good to have such a school in order to properly prepare the children for Hogwarts. However, as we are just going to start it, we don't have the experience with small children, and we will be very grateful, if you have ideas or suggestions for us. You are very welcome to address Professor McGonagall at Hogwarts, Professor Dumbledore, who will be teaching fulltime here, or myself. I am teaching fulltime at the main school; but I will be instructing the primary sixth class in Transfiguration. Moreover, I will spend lunchtime at the school as well as the break between lunchtime and the first period in the afternoon. Please feel free to contact me during this time in the Headmaster's office. Probably from the next school year onwards, we will appoint a class teacher for every class, but I would like to wait with this until our permanent teaching staff will be complete. Our Hogwarts elves have prepared tea and cake for everyone; please help yourself and enjoy your time here at the school.”

The rest of the afternoon passed quickly and fairly uneventful. Everyone seemed to approve of what they had heard and the children were already playing together. Harry tried to talk to as many parents as possible, as he knew that knowing the parents would help him to understand the children, whom he would have to teach during their sixth year and of course later at Hogwarts too. At 4 o'clock, he and Ginny gathered the children to sing a final song, which they had already practised with the teachers as well as Marina, Violet and Brianna. His sisters liked the song very much, as it told of going home and telling of the nice experiences one had shared at school and coming back the next day happily and healthy. Albus would make the whole school sing the song every day before sending the children home. Finally, Harry thanked everyone and dismissed the children until the next day.

It took a while for everyone to floo home, and when Harry with Ginny in tow finally closed the entrance door, the carriages with the students

coming back to Hogwarts from their Christmas holidays were just passing by. Harry groaned and told Ginny,

“I didn’t think it was so late. Let me transform and flash us to the castle.” Harry transformed, Ginny held his tail feathers, and Harry flashed both of them into the Entrance hall, before he transformed back and together with Ginny entered the Great Hall just in time for dinner.

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The first few weeks at both schools passed well and relatively uneventfully. Harry still had to get used to the additional work and to letting Julia help with the grading. Finally, Ginny asked Julia to approach her brother in order to take over some of his workload. Therefore, Julia proceeded in spending the evenings at her parents’ quarters. As the door to Harry’s office was always open, she could easily ask him to let her help, and she also could help by putting Marina and Violet into the bath and to bed, so that Harry didn’t have to interrupt his work. Harry appreciated her help very much, although he was very sorry for her. She should not be bothered about helping with his work or even about caring for her little sisters but enjoy the evenings in the common room. Therefore, it was only about every third time he asked her for help and instead told the students that they could not always get their homework back during the next lesson and sometimes had to wait until after the weekend.

Harry enjoyed his work very much, although Ginny, who was still joining him every evening after curfew and sometimes even stayed for the night, was very worried about his health, especially as he seemed to be so busy talking to children and parents while he was at the primary school that he hardly managed to eat lunch at all.

A few weeks into the New Year, Harry had again started to teach his seventh year students the animagus transformation, and as before, this was his favourite class, although so far none of the students managed to change even a little part of their body. Ginny and Amelia had finally succeeded in transforming completely, so that he could abandon their Sunday evening lessons, which meant more time to spend with Ginny or his family. And it also meant of course that both

of them were going to join the Marauders during the nights in the forest.

When he saw that the primary school was doing well and the children as well as the teachers enjoyed themselves, he proceeded to think about summer classes for muggle born students. Minerva had told him that there would be ten muggle born students to enter Hogwarts on September 1, and he had discussed with her the possibility of visiting the respective families in the near future in order to prepare them for the wizarding world and to recommend the attention of their planned summer class for the soon-to-be Hogwarts students. Finally, they had agreed to visit the ten families together during the Easter holidays.

One day after his animagus class, Harry remembered something and said, "Ms. Granger, please stay back for a moment," and Hermione came over to his desk glancing at him curiously. "Do you have a few minutes?" he asked hesitantly, and when Hermione nodded positively, he continued, "I just wanted to ask you if you would be interested in becoming a teacher for our new Hogwarts Primary school. We need three more teachers for the kids, and Anna has already agreed to become one of them." Hermione shot him a shocked glance, but there was something else – was it confused, maybe even hopeful – Harry was not sure how to assess Hermione's reaction.

Finally, she replied, "Harry, I would like to teach very much. However, what would I have to teach?"

Harry thought for a moment, before he answered, "I am not sure, and such things can change anytime. However, I think it would probably be Reading and Writing for the lower classes and language for the upper classes, Maths or Introduction to the magical world, although I can imagine that Anna would like to cover the last one."

"And she would be better at it, because she is not muggle born like I am," Hermione agreed immediately and continued, "I have to talk to my parents about it, but I would love to teach, and it doesn't matter if it is language or maths. Would I still be able to live at Hogwarts and use the library here?"

Harry gave her an encouraging smile and told her, "I will ask my grandmother, but I think so. Probably at some time, we will also have a class about the Muggle world, but I don't know when and in which frequency. As the school is new, I have to see how everything develops. The only thing I know is that I need people like you or Anna. Do you know anyone else I could ask?"

Hermione thought for a moment, before she suggested, "What about Neville or Luna? I don't think a teacher has to have best marks in school but should be able to deal with kids and teach them, and I think both of them could be good teachers."

Harry slowly took in what she had said and replied pensively, "That's true; both of them would be alright. Maybe I will talk to Neville first; however I am sure he wanted to do something with Herbology." They continued to talk for a while, until it was time to head down to the Great Hall.

Just before they reached the Entrance hall, Hermione stopped and said, "Harry, I have thought about it enough, and yes, I would like to teach at the Primary school."

Harry's eyes started to twinkle and he threw her a huge smile. "Thank you, Hermione. I am very glad to have you with us." During dinner, he happily told his grandmother that Hermione had agreed to join them as a teacher and that she had even proposed two other people he could ask. He also asked about the possibility for the primary teachers to live at Hogwarts, and Minerva promised they would be offered their own quarters at the castle as well as all meals in the Great Hall except for those they took at the primary school.

After dinner, Harry went over to Hermione to tell her the good news and was rewarded with a huge smile. "Harry, I am very happy about it. Thank you so much. I can't imagine anything I would prefer to do after school," she told him and seemed to be very relieved.

As Harry had imagined, Neville had other plans, and Luna wanted to step into her father's footsteps, so he had to search for someone else. Suddenly he had an idea, which he shared with Julia in the evening, when they were sitting together in his office grading essays.



“Julia, I would like to ask you something. Just in case I could convince one of the Potters or Mrs. Weasley to teach for two more years, would you be interested to teach at the Primary school?”

Julia threw him an astonished glance and replied excitedly, “Yes, of course, Harry, I would like that very much. Do you think it would be possible?”

Harry shrugged and said, “It depends on whether one of the three will agree to teach until the summer after next summer. I will ask them tomorrow.”

Julia ran over to him and pulled him into a fierce hug. “Thank you Harry, thank you so much.” Harry sighed contently. Now he only had to persuade his ‘half grandfather’, Mr. Potter, or his soon-to-be mother-in-law, Mrs. Weasley, and the teachers’ problem for the Primary school would be solved. He immediately asked them, when he arrived at the school at lunch time the next day, and Mrs. Weasley indeed agreed to stay for two more years.

A few days later, he did not feel quite well in the evening and went to bed as soon as he returned from the common room. He did not even stir when Ginny came, checked on him, and lay down next to him. However, he shot up in his bed when the alarm at his office door went off. A moment later, his father entered his room and told him that two Hufflepuff students had tried to practise the animagus transformation, and now they were stuck with a few transformed parts of the body, which they couldn’t transform back. Harry groaned and went over to his office in order to follow Professor Sprout over to Hufflepuff. It was as Severus had described from Professor Sprout’s explanation, and Harry quickly changed both students back. As he was too tired to scold them properly, he just gave them detention in his office at 7 o’clock the next evening and took the floo from the Hufflepuff common room back to their quarters. He went back to his room, lay down in Ginny’s arm and was asleep within seconds.

When the two students arrived for their detention, he scolded them in a way, in which nobody ever had heard the friendly Professor Snape-Dumbledore scold someone. And when he finally was sure that they would never try such a stunt again, he led them over to his father’s

office, who was already awaiting them in order to have them scrub dirty cauldrons – without magic of course.

One day, Minerva came into the Headmaster's office at the Primary school during Harry's office hour after lunch. When Harry finished the conversation with the parent he was just talking to, he threw her an inquiring glance.

"Harry, we have a problem," she started, and Harry was already imagining the worst, when she continued, "As I am sure you will have noticed, we are getting more and more students every week, and we have already reached our capacities. The classrooms are only intended for ten people, but all classes are already exceeding this limit. Therefore, we have to find a method to enlarge the classrooms." Harry frowned. He had no idea what she wanted him to do. "Do you think," she went on, "you could try to enlarge the building? I am sorry for asking you, but as you are the one with the largest amount of magic, if someone can do it, it will be you."

Harry shook his head and replied, "I don't know. Granddad still has more magic than I do, hasn't he?" Seeing that Minerva shook her head, he continued, "I have no idea if and how I could do that."

Minerva smiled and suggested, "I thought maybe with wish magic like you told me you did the rooms. However I don't know anything about it, and I don't want you to put yourself into danger. Only do things you know that they are safe for you to do please."

Harry snorted. How should he know if it was safe? "I don't know, I will just have to try, but I cannot try this on a normal weekday when I have classes left afterwards; I have to try it during the weekend." They agreed to try it on Saturday morning, and Harry hurried back through the floo to his afternoon classes.

Harry groaned; Saturday was still two days away, so he had a little time to think about the whole thing. But in fact, he had no idea what to do about the building. However, he knew that Albus was capable of arranging new rooms, doors and passages to Hogwarts. How and why did that work? He considered visiting his grandfather, but dismissed the thought, because it would take too much time, which he needed for preparing the end of term tests for next week,

especially as he didn't know if he would be able to do any work during the weekend after trying to expand a two-level building. He decided to ask the house elves first. As soon as he called Dobby, his friend arrived with a POP.

"What can I do for Master Harry, sir?" he asked, and Harry told him,

"Dobby, I need your help." He told him the whole story, and Dobby said pensively,

"Wait a moment, Master Harry. I will call Nina, sir. She is the elf responsible for the communication to the castle. Maybe she will be able to help." He popped away and was back within seconds with another elf in tow. Harry greeted her friendly, and she said,

"Master Professor Snape-Dumbledore, sir, I is Nina. How can I help sir?" Harry gave her a smile and told her,

"First of all, just call me Harry please or Master Harry if you have to." He once again told the story, and noticed that while he was speaking Nina's anxious expression changed to a confident smile.

"I think, I is able to help you, Master Harry. I will take you to speak to the castle. Except for Twinkle and I, only you and maybe your sisters will be able to talk to her." She took his hand, and they were gone with a POP.

## Chapter 27 – The Castle

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They arrived in a very small room, which had only space for about four people to stand close to each other, and it was surrounded by the normal castle's stonewalls. Before Harry could ask Nina where they were, a woman's voice penetrated his ear.

"Welcome to my point of origin, Harry. I am Hogwarts. I have been waiting for you to come and see me for a long time." Harry frowned; he felt very confused. Whom did this voice belong to? Was it really the castle speaking to him? He decided to ask,

"Sorry, but who are you? I mean, are you the castle itself?" The voice laughed and told him,

"It is not the castle 'itself' but 'herself', as you should be able to recognize from my voice. I am a lady, and I am Hogwarts, the castle, as I told you a minute ago. Anyway, now you are here. You must know that I can only speak to people who are descendants of at least two of my founders, and you are the first in several hundred years apart from your mother and your grandmother, but your grandmother is a squib, and your mother has never visited me so far. Anyway, as you are especially powerful as the first and so far only descendant of all four founders, you will even be able to communicate with me from any point within the castle." Harry, who had just been listening and trying to understand so far, suddenly interrupted her,

"Wait! I am the descendant of all four founders? My great grandfather is a descendant of Gryffindor, and my father is a descendant of Slytherin, but that's all I think." The voice let out a small laugh and continued to speak,

"No, my dear boy, that's not all. Your great grandmother, Minerva McGonagall-Dumbledore is a direct descendant of Rowena Rawenclaw, and your father of your old time line, James Potter, is a descendant of Helga Hufflepuff. However, as it was you to come to me for a conversation, I assume that you have something you want to talk about?" Harry, who hardly could be more confused as he was now, stammered,

“Um, yes. Eh... You probably know that we have founded the Hogwarts Primary school down in the Shrieking Shack, don't you?”

“Yes, I have seen that. However, if whatever you want my advice about, concerns this daughter school, there will be only one possibility for you in order to achieve my help. At the moment, I have no connection to this tiny building and the school in it. However, you can give this building as a present to me. In this case, I will take over the building, the outer walls will change into my normal Hogwarts walls, the building will be under my protection and care, and I can advise and help you with all matters concerning rooms and walls just in the way as I can do here. And of course, we could add a cellar to the building and directly connect it to the dungeons for the students to walk over. Or we can, for example, add a connecting door from your office here to your office there. Everything we can do here, we would be able to do there.” Harry was stunned. He just couldn't believe what he heard.

“Is this really true? If yes, how can I give you the building?” The voice laughed and told him,

“Can you do wish-magic? I am asking, because as the heir of all four founders you have to be very powerful; therefore, it could be possible for you. Anyway, if yes, you just wish the building to be mine and imagine it with my walls, belonging to the main castle as a little daughter.” Harry still could not believe what he was told but tried to oblige nevertheless. He closed his eyes and summoned all the wish magic he possessed. And... YES... he could feel it. He could sense the castle extend her hands; she reached out for the smaller building and embraced it. Slowly the outer walls changed into those of the castle. Harry was just slowly drifting over into unconsciousness, when the voice called him,

“No, Harry, don't drift away! Put your hands on my walls, both hands, you can do it.” Like in a trance, Harry managed to move both hands against the stone walls and felt how magic flew through his hands into his body. Suddenly he did not feel drained or tired any more; the castle must have given him of her magic. Very confused but relieved he pulled his hands away and said,

“Thank you very much, Hogwarts. Did everything go well?” The castle answered,

“Yes my boy, thank you for your present. The daughter school is mine now, too, and when you need me to change anything, you can just touch one of my walls, wherever you are within the castle, and we can talk to each other. Did you need something immediately?” Harry nodded and replied,

“Yes, please. First of all, could you add a connection door from my office here to the office there, and one more door from the Headmistress’ office here to the office there please?” After a short moment, the voice said,

“Done. What else?” Harry sighed and told the castle about the too small classrooms, which they would need in about three times the size. This time it took a few minutes, while Harry was impatiently waiting, wondering if the castle had heard him at all. But suddenly the voice spoke again.

“All classrooms have three times the size now, as well as the rooms on the lower floor. The potions lab and the washrooms are enlarged as well. The house elves are just adjusting the interior. I hope you will like it. Remember, whenever you need to have something adjusted here or over there, just touch a wall with both hands. Good-bye Harry.”

“Good-bye and thank you very much,” Harry managed to say, before Nina took his hand and popped him back into his office, from where she disappeared immediately.

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A glance at his watch showed Harry that it was time to go over to the common room. The moment he opened the door to exit his office, he noticed that a new door had appeared just behind his desk. However, he dismissed every thought about what had just happened and hurried over to see his students, who as usual had a lot to talk about with him. It was quite a while after curfew, when he returned to his office. Now he had to speak to Minerva. He tried the new door in his office and entered the Headmaster’s office of the Primary school,

where he could see another new door besides the connecting door to his own office. After a short knock at the other door, he tentatively opened it and hesitantly entered Minerva's office, where his grandparents were having tea.

"Harry!" his grandmother exclaimed surprised. "Where are you coming from?" Harry laughed and said,

"Sorry, Granny, I did not want to give you a fright, nor did I want to enter your office uninvited. However, I have news to tell you and just couldn't wait. Do you see the door here?" Minerva turned around and threw the door a confused glance. Harry quickly explained his experiences of the evening, and Albus said,

"Congratulations Harry. I have never been able to directly speak to Hogwarts, I always have to ask Twinkle to talk to the castle when I want to have something changed. But for you everything will be very easy now, Hogwarts will support you with all her means." Harry interrupted him and told them about the magic the castle had sent to him just as he had been starting to fall unconscious. "Anyway," Albus continued, "shall we go and have a look at the school for a moment?" Minerva nodded eagerly, and the three went through the connecting door behind Minerva's desk.

The interior of the school looked exactly as it had before, just that the classrooms were much larger. Each classroom held twenty desks now instead of ten, and there was still room for ten more desks. Only the exterior of the building had changed very much, and it looked like a miniature version of the huge castle next to it. When the three teachers returned to the small castle and closed the door behind them, Harry put both hands onto the wall and asked,

"Can you hear me, Hogwarts?" After a few seconds, he could hear the voice,

"Yes, of course. What's wrong now?" Harry laughed and said,

"Nothing, I just wanted to thank you again. The small castle is just brilliant. My grandparents seem to be as happy with it as I am. Thank you!"

After he could hear a “You’re welcome, Harry,” he pulled his hands away from the wall.

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When he returned to his office and entered the living room with his grandparents in tow, his parents and Ginny were having tea, obviously waiting for him.

“I am sorry for being so late,” Harry apologized to Ginny and pulled her into a hug.

“That’s alright, Harry; we were just a little worried, because we didn’t know where you were,” Ginny replied calmly, and Harry proceeded to telling his parents and Ginny the whole story.

When he had finished, Severus asked, “So if you wanted, you could ask the castle to make a connecting door from your room over to Ginny’s room in the Hospital Wing, right?”

Harry thought about it for a moment and nodded affirmatively, before he turned to Ginny and asked, “Shall I ask the castle to do that?”

Ginny sighed and said, “On one hand, that would be nice; on the other hand I suppose that we will be living together after the wedding anyway, won’t we?”

Everyone laughed, and Harry answered, “Of course, Ginny, we will live together when we are married. However, I don’t know where. I would like to just stay where we are, apart from Ginny staying with me in my room, maybe enlarge our room a bit. What do you think, Ginny, and what about you, Mom and Dad?”

Ginny smiled at him and said, “Harry, you know that I am used to a huge family; therefore I would like very much to live here together with you and your family; however I don’t know what your parents think, especially when we will have children.”

Lily and Severus glanced at each other, before Severus gave a short nod and Lily explained, “We would love to have both of you here; and it doesn’t matter how huge our quarters get; we can add as many



additional rooms as we want, and it will even be much easier now, as Harry is able to ask the castle by himself. Later, when you all have children, I mean Julia, Marina and Violet as well, and in case they are all living here, we could always change your rooms into your own quarters and just keep the living room as the common room for all of us. Just like Granny and Granddad access the living room from their own quarters.”

“However,” Harry interrupted his mother, “when you are living here, we really should make a connection door to Poppy’s office, so that you can easily get there and back again.” He winked everyone to follow him and went over to a free spot on the wall and put both hands on the wall. “Hogwarts, can you hear me?”

“Hello Harry, are you disturbing my sleep again? What is it this time?”

Harry blushed and everyone threw him an astonished glance, until he replied, “I am very sorry to disturb you, and I promise it will be the last time for today. Could you please make a connecting door from here to the hall behind Madam Pomfrey’s office in the Hospital wing?”

It only took a few seconds, and the castle’s voice answered, “Alright, Harry. Step away from the wall, and I will make a door. Good night.” Harry stepped away and motioned the others to join him and watch. After about two minutes, suddenly a white door appeared where the wall had been before. He opened the door and found himself in the hall just between Poppy’s office and his former room. He went into the office and told the astonished healer, where the new door led.

“Oh, that’s good; then it will be much easier to check on you,” Poppy said smirking.

Everyone, who had followed Harry, laughed, and Lily said, “That’s very good indeed, and it will be easier for you to attend our holiday’s dinners or to just come and join us for a cup of tea as well.” Harry put his right hand on the frame of the new door, sent his wish magic into the frame and told the door not to let anyone through apart from members of his family including Ginny and Aunt Poppy.

With a tired sigh, he let go of the door and told the others what he had done, before he asked, “Can we go back and have tea now?”

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Everyone followed him to the Snapes' living room, where Dobby brought tea and biscuits.

Harry, who was sitting on his favourite spot on the sofa with Ginny in his arms, was just drifting away, when Severus addressed him, "Harry, sorry to wake you up, I have something to discuss with you. You know, this Saturday is a Hogsmeade trip, and Pomona, Filius and I were in charge of it. However Pomona has been taken ill and cannot come with us, and I need one more person to come to Hogsmeade. Would you be willing to come?"

Harry sighed and said, "Yes, Dad, of course I will." He turned to Ginny and asked, "Will you join me, Ginny? Maybe we could visit your brothers."

Ginny fondly smiled at him and answered, "Of course, sweetie."

Harry turned to Minerva and asked, "Sorry, Granny, I know we had an appointment on Saturday morning to write the letters to the muggleborn students; could we meet on Sunday morning instead?"

His grandmother nodded affirmatively, but Severus asked, "Will you be awake on Sunday morning, Harry? Aren't you coming to the Marauders' night on Saturday? I thought you would come and bring Ginny for the first time."

Harry sighed and said, "Dad, you cannot believe how much I would love to, but I just don't have the time; I am so busy that I really don't know how to finish everything in time. But I will try to come. When I manage to finish the tests, I will come. Sorry, but I think I am going to bed now. Good night." He took Ginny's hand and pulled her with him into his room, fell onto his bed and was asleep. Ginny tucked him in and went back into the living room, where everyone was still worriedly talking about Harry.

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On Friday night, Harry was twenty minutes late for Quidditch practise, but he had finished preparing all tests except for the one for the first

years, which would not be needed until Thursday. They had extended their team to the teachers of the Primary school, and therefore Mr. Potter and Mrs. Weasley were playing as well, so that the teachers had two small teams playing against each other. Ginny flew over to Harry as soon as he mounted his broom and asked if everything was okay, and Harry gave her a short nod, before he began to look for the snitch. However, he was so tired, that Severus, who was playing seeker for the other team, nearly managed to beat his son to the snitch. When everyone came down, Madam Hooch, who had as Deputy Captain led the match, ended the practise for the evening, although it was still earlier as usual. Harry apologised to Ginny, flashed home and was asleep before the others even entered their quarters.

When Harry and Ginny visited the twins during their trip to Hogsmeade on Saturday, they were having a special sale event in front of their shop because of their first anniversary. Fred and George seemed to be very busy, and they could only exchange a few words, but Ginny and Harry invited them to visit them at Hogwarts during the Easter holidays, which would start in a week. As Harry had to survey the students, they had to stay in Hogsmeade until the last students left, which was shortly before dinner. Harry now could imagine why the teachers were not too fond of the Hogsmeade visits.

Apart from a short dinner and another short visit to the Merlin common room, he spent the rest of the evening preparing the last test and finished just in time to head out into the forest. Normally Harry had always taken a ride on Lily's shoulder on their way out, while the others were walking, but today Ginny was there as well, and as they were already a little late, because everyone had waited for him, Harry decided to just flash them into the forest.

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When they arrived in the forest, everyone was already assembled; even Amelia was there for the first time.

"Alright, welcome to our Marauders' full moon night. As you have certainly heard, our outings have a tradition, which goes back to our Hogwarts time," Severus told Ginny and Amelia, before Harry

introduced Ginny as his fiancée to James and Sirius. They spent the night as usual, however this time Ginny joined Lily and Harry when they started for their flight over Hogsmeade. Harry really enjoyed their flight – he was very happy; flying together with his mother and his fiancée was a memorable experience. As usual, they ended on the roof of the castle, from where they visited several windows peeking in curiously.

Finally, they sat down next to the lake for a huge picnic Dobby had provided for them. Noticing that Ginny was shivering, Harry took his warm Weasley sweater off and pulled it over her head wrapping himself into his robes and trying not to let the cold show in his face. Ginny gave him a grateful hug and asked worriedly if he was warm enough. Harry smiled at his fiancée and leaned into her arm, where he relaxed and drifted off to sleep after only a few minutes. However, he could not sleep for long, as Sirius took an empty cup, leaned over to the lake to fill it with water and splashed it into Harry's face. While Ginny was very angry with him, Harry was now wide-awake and grateful for the cold splash. The Marauders' night was too valuable to spend it asleep, especially when Ginny was together with him.

As it was the first time for Amelia and Ginny to be with them, Sirius, Severus and James told many stories of old Marauders' nights – most of them Harry had not heard either, because they happened during the eighteen years he was missing. Much too fast it began to get light and everyone had to return home.

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Harry flashed home with his parents, but did not join breakfast with them, but went to sleep for two hours until it was time for his meeting with Minerva. Together they wrote a letter to the ten Muggle families who had magical children that were expected to attend Hogwarts from September onwards. The content of the letter was, that they were a private school in Scotland and would like to visit the family on a certain date during the next three weeks in order to speak about special abilities their child seemed to have. Later in the letter, they offered a fixed time for an appointment. The letters would be sent by owl to the Post Office in Hogsmeade, from where they would be delivered with normal muggle mail.

However, "How can the muggles answer us, Granny?" Harry asked suddenly. "Wouldn't it be better if I went to buy a mobile phone, so that they could just phone me?" Noticing Minerva's enquiring look, he patiently explained what a mobile phone was and how it worked.

His grandmother thought it was a good idea, but, "Will it work here at Hogwarts? You know, such things don't work here."

Harry thought for a moment and said, "Yes, I know, but I somehow think it will work. Maybe I'll be able to make it work with wish magic; I can try anyhow, and if I don't get it to work, I will ask the Weasley twins to do something about it. They will surely manage to get it to work."

Minerva laughed and asked, "So, where do we get a mobile phone?"

Harry thought for a moment and replied, "Let me just floo over to the Leaky Cauldron and walk a little into muggle London; it won't take me long, and then I have the whole afternoon to play with it," he added smirking.

His grandmother nodded but said, "However it is nearly lunchtime, and as you have already missed breakfast, your parents don't want you to miss lunch as well; so please eat lunch and go on your trip afterwards."

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A few hours later, Harry was back with a small, yellow mobile phone. He had asked many questions in order to know enough about how everything worked; now he only had to find a way to make it work at Hogwarts. He spent two more hours trying several spells and wishes with and without batteries, until he had the impression it could work. However, he had nobody to phone, so he decided to ask Hermione for help. Maybe they could try to phone her parents. He asked Dobby to search for her and ask if she would be willing to help him for a few minutes, and within a minute Dobby returned together with Hermione. When Harry had explained everything to her, she got very excited and held her hand out for the phone in order to try to phone her parents. And although she had not really expected it to work – as she

had read *Hogwarts a History* at least a dozen times – she was indeed able to talk to her father. Harry was very pleased.

“Here, Hermione, take this.” He handed her a small piece of parchment containing a mobile phone number. “You can give your parents my number, and when they want to talk to you, they can call me; it only took Dobby a minute to get you here.” Hermione thanked him with a huge smile and left his office in order to get back to her studies, while Harry went to look for his grandmother. As he could have imagined, he didn’t have to search far: his grandparents were just having tea with his parents and sisters in the living room.

“Granny, it works,” Harry shouted happily, and Minerva threw him a relieved glance. She had already regretted burdening Harry with even more extra work; however, he didn’t seem to mind at all.

Harry then asked, “Do we have the phone numbers of these families? Maybe it would be easier just to phone them instead of sending a letter.”

Lily agreed immediately, and Minerva suggested, “Maybe you can make them visible by wish magic.” She handed him the list, and Harry concentrated and sent the wish magic he could summon at the moment over into the list asking for the telephone numbers. It took about two minutes until the telephone numbers of the ten families came into view. Harry relaxed immediately; he had already used so much wish magic during this weekend that he had to be careful.

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Minerva and Harry went over to his office in order to phone the ten families and make appointments. As his grandmother did not know how to make a phone call, Harry called the first family.

*“Hello. This is Professor Harry Snape-Dumbledore from Hogwarts School in Scotland speaking. We are a school for specially gifted children with special abilities, and your daughter Evelyn seems to have these special abilities. Therefore our Headmistress and I would like to make an appointment with you and your daughter in order to explain everything about her abilities as well as about our school.”* Here he was interrupted,

*"I don't think that my daughter has any special abilities."* Harry frowned and asked,

*"Has she never done anything and you thought, 'How did she do that? I cannot do it'?"* The father Harry was talking to remained silent for a minute, before he hesitantly answered,

*"Yes, once or twice she has done strange things. Once, for example, she has repaired a broken cup just by looking at it."* Harry sighed contently and said,

*"This kind of things is exactly what I mean. Your daughter is a witch, just like I am a wizard. I know this comes as a shock; therefore, we would like to visit you and explain everything to you in order to help you to understand and do what is best for your daughter."* They agreed on a visit on Friday evening, as they would be leaving for holidays on Saturday, and with a Good-bye Harry finished the conversation.

They took turns phoning the other families, and not all were so easily to convince that their children were special. Therefore, it was already dinnertime when they finished their phone calls.

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The test week passed very quietly, and Harry was happy not to have any homework to grade. He started to grade the first day's tests, while he was supervising the students on the second day, but it was good to know that he had two weeks of holidays to finish with the grading. During his two classes at the Primary school, the first after lunch on Tuesday and the last class before lunch on Friday, Minerva supervised the tests in his classroom.

During his lesson at the Primary school on Friday, Harry noticed that he was not feeling very well. In fact, he had not been feeling too well for at least a week, but now he really had the feeling he was coming down with something. 'Of course, the holidays are going to start tomorrow, so it's time to get sick,' Harry thought, when he went over to his office after the lesson. He decided not to attend lunch, but to wait in his office if someone wanted something from him. Fortunately, nobody wanted anything except for Albus, who came to ask why

Harry didn't attend lunch, but Harry just told him he was not hungry because he was too tired.

Just in time for the afternoon classes, Harry went back through his office to the classroom. Fortunately, he had only one test left – however, it was the practical test of the seventh years, where he had to test each student separately. He made each student do five spells, two easy ones and three difficult ones. One of the spells was so difficult, that everyone who would be able to do it, would probably get an 'O' in the test. When it was Hermione's turn about half through the lesson, she asked him,

"Are you alright, Harry? Shall I get someone to help or replace you?" But Harry only shook his head and gave her a grateful smile. Anna however was not so nice. She told him,

"You are ill, Harry, right? Why don't you call Professor McGonagall to replace you? I know that this class is nearly finished, but if you don't get your grandmother to do the next class and go to bed, I will personally call Ginny or Pomfrey and send them here to see you." Harry frowned and said,

"Sorry, Anna, I just don't have time for this now, there are three more students to test. And I'm fine, everything is alright; this is my last lesson today anyway. Now, please let me finish this." Anna reluctantly obliged and stood aside. When the lesson was finished, Harry went over to his room to sleep for two hours until his next appointment. He asked Dobby to wake him up in time, and naturally, the house elf was happy to comply. Harry dressed in muggle attire and went to his grandmother's office.

"Ah, there you are, Harry, just in time. Do you think you are able to apparate? Albus told me you were tired again. Harry cleared his throat feverishly thinking about other means of travel, before he replied,

"Is there any other possibility? If so, I would prefer anything else today." They agreed that Harry would flash them to their first appointment, which was at 5 o'clock, in just ten minutes. The second appointment was at 7 o'clock, so that there could be more time, for example to take the Knight Bus. Harry flashed them near the place of



their first appointment, which was difficult, as he knew neither the people nor the environment he had to flash to. A few minutes later, Harry rang the bell at the entrance door. Everything reminded him very much of the Dursleys, however the people were really nice. They had a son and had always wondered what was wrong with him. Therefore, they were very glad to get to know about his speciality. They talked for about an hour and arranged that Marc would attend the summer class at Hogwarts Primary school in summer. Harry gave them his mobile phone number and told them, if they had questions or problems or just wanted to talk, they could always call him in the evening.

When they left the house, Minerva called the Knight Bus and asked to be taken to the Leaky Cauldron as fast as possible.

"Of course, Headmistress McGonagall, we will be there in five minutes," was the reply. Minerva made Harry sit down and eyed him worriedly, before she finally asked,

"What is wrong with you, Harry? Are you ill?" Harry frowned. He thought he had been doing very well, but of course, his grandmother knew him too well. He hesitantly told her that he had been feeling unwell for the day. She felt his forehead and said,

"You seem to have a fever. Do you feel well enough for the next visit?" Harry nodded, and Minerva continued, "Anyway, we are already at the Leaky Cauldron. Let's have dinner here; as Albus told me that you have missed lunch, you will have to eat something. Then we can take the bus to our second appointment; however if you want to return home, I can go there alone." Harry shook his head and said,

"No, Granny thanks, but it's fine. We will go together." The second visit was very different from what they had imagined.

## Chapter 28 – Muggleborn Students

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The visit with the Muggles and her magical daughter took more than two hours, as the girl, who reminded Harry immensely of Hermione, wanted to know everything about Hogwarts and the magical world. Finally Harry conjured two books: 'An introduction to the magical world' and 'Hogwarts – a History' and handed them over to Evelyn.

"Here, Evelyn. Please read and have fun. Both of them are standard books, the introduction should be read by every muggleborn student, and the history is a book, which every Hogwarts student should have read at least once in his life." Evelyn nearly hugged Harry; she just seemed to remind herself that he was a teacher at the school she wanted to attend and stopped herself in time. She went back to asking questions.

However, after nearly three hours, Minerva told Evelyn and her parents, "I am very sorry, but Professor Snape-Dumbledore still has an appointment at the school, so we have to return to the school. If you have further questions, you can write to us or call his mobile phone number, which however will only work during the evenings."

Outside, Harry told his grandmother, "Thanks, Granny; I was afraid this would take until tomorrow morning. Can you grab my ring please?" Minerva nodded and held onto his ring in order to return home by portkey. Within a minute, they found themselves in Harry's room at Hogwarts. Harry threw a glance at his watch and noticed that it was time for a late visit to the common room. Minerva glared at him and told him to go to bed, but Harry insisted that he had to go, but he would be back in a few minutes and left the room.

In the Merlin common room, a huge party was underway. Harry threw his students an astonished glance but decided not to disturb the party further but to retire. However, as soon as he turned back to the portrait hole, two students gripped his arms and pulled him back into the room.

"No, professor, please don't leave; join our party," a few students said, and Harry laughed and sat on his favourite spot, which the students always kept open for him. Anna and Julia came over to him

immediately and sat on the floor next to him. They talked for a few minutes, until Harry decided to head back to his room to rest.

He asked the two girls to make the others finish the party by midnight the latest, stood up and addressed everyone, "Have fun with your party, and please do me a favour: Finish at midnight the latest please. I will not come and check on you, but the Deputy Headmaster or maybe other teachers will certainly check all common rooms later." When Harry entered their living room, nobody was there. However, Lily was sitting in her office grading tests.

Harry threw her an astonished glance and asked, "Where are the others?"

Lily laughed and asked, "Could it be that my son has forgotten Quidditch practise?"

Harry frowned and told her, "Yes, I forgot, but I won't go anyway, I'm too tired." Lily threw him a worried glance and motioned him to go to bed, which Harry did, and when Lily came two minutes later to check on him, he was already asleep. He only woke up, when Ginny climbed into the bed a few hours later and caressed his face with her cool hand. He slowly opened an eye and mumbled, "Ginny, I'm sick."

She put a hand on his forehead and gasped, before she replied calmly, "Yes, Harry, but you will be alright; let me check on you." She waved her wand a few times and stood up. "Harry, I have to get Poppy, wait a moment, I'll be back soon." Two minutes later, she was back with Harry's parents and Pomfrey in tow.

Poppy waved her wand over Harry several times and stated, "I don't know how he could get such a fever. I cannot find anything else wrong with him, so probably he has just overdone himself again. It probably started maybe a week ago, but now his fever is very high, and he will have to stay in bed at least for a week. Will he never learn?" She addressed Harry and asked him, "Did you not notice you were ill before?" Harry shook his head a little and moaned,

"No, I have only been tired for about a week, because I was so busy all the time, but I didn't notice it was so bad." Harry had to spend the first week of the holidays in bed, but he felt too bad to really mind.

Minerva phoned the Muggle families they had their appointments with and postponed all Muggle visits until the second week of the holidays. Even then, only very reluctantly did Poppy allow him to get up in order to accompany his grandmother. Minerva insisted on taking the Knight Bus, and Harry was astonished to notice how fast the bus moved around for the Headmistress. Wherever Minerva told the conductor to go, it was always the first stop the bus made after a more or less huge jump, and the longest they had to ride on the bus was ten minutes.

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Not all their visits went as well as the first ones. One family reminded him very much of the Dursleys, especially when the father of the wizard girl called them freaks and liars, even after Minerva had taken a tissue and transfigured it into beautiful flowers for the kid's mother. Finally, Harry gave Judith his telephone number and told her to think about it and call him if she wanted to talk about it, maybe without her parents. When they left the house, feeling very uncomfortable and sorry for the child, Harry said,

"Do you know what, Granny? They remind me very much of the Dursleys. Maybe the mother is not so bad and would even accept magic, but the father is just like my uncle, horrible." Minerva glanced at her watch and said,

"Harry, we have two hours left until the next appointment. Do you want to go home and rest, or shall we go and have lunch somewhere?" Harry thought about it for a moment. He was exhausted and really wanted to go home, but he also needed to do something else.

"Um, Granny, I have thought about something. You know, if, for example this Judith decided to attend Hogwarts, I can't imagine her parents would be willing to pay for her. And there will be other children who don't have parents or whose parents wouldn't pay for sending their children to Hogwarts. I know that I have a lot of money from different sources, and I would like to set up a foundation for these children, so that they will be able to attend Hogwarts in spite of nobody paying for them. Do you understand what I mean?"

Minerva eyed him respectfully and replied, "Yes, Harry, I understand very well what you mean, and I think if you really wanted to do this, it would be a very good idea. So I take it you want us to go to Gringotts now?" Harry threw her a grateful smile. A quarter of an hour later, they found themselves in the company of two goblins, surrounding a table at Gringotts, where they were discussing Harry's idea. They set up a foundation with the name '*The White Phoenix Foundation*', and Harry agreed with the goblins to have sent a fixed amount every month from his own vault into the account of the foundation.

The talks with the remaining seven families went more or less well, and Minerva and Harry were content with their efforts. All ten children in fact had taken the news that they were wizards and witches well. Most of them even seemed to be glad to know why they could do things others definitely couldn't. Probably all of them had noticed that they were different from others and had wondered about it for years. And all students except for Judith had agreed to attend the summer's class at the Primary school. Minerva and Harry were quite content with their efforts.

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The remaining days of the holidays passed quickly for Harry. Although he was not allowed to do anything useful, he didn't have time to brood over it, as his parents, grandparents, sisters and even godparents never let him alone. Someone always stayed with him, and Ginny even stayed with him during the nights. On one hand, Harry was happy to have such a huge, caring family, but on the other hand, he couldn't wait to be allowed to work or at least organize something. A few times, he faked sleep and thought about the summer's classes and their organization.

One day, when his grandmother stayed with him after they had returned from a visit, he told her, "Granny, I have thought a bit about the summer's classes for the muggleborns, and I have a few ideas." When he saw that Minerva was listening interestedly, he continued,

"I suggest the course should last six weeks, from July 1 to August 15. During this time, they don't have to have classes all the time. I think, for example, I should take them on a trip to Diagon Alley during the

first week to get everything they need for the classes and of course for the first Hogwarts year. For the classes, I think we should ask all Hogwarts teachers to teach for a few hours, for example half a morning each week. The students could have classes in the morning, an hour reading time after lunch, in which they can read their notes or books they may borrow from the Hogwarts library, and afterwards I will spend the rest of the afternoon with them answering questions they might have or just tell them stories about the wizarding world or about the school. Sometimes we could visit Hogsmeade, and once a week I could take them to the Hogwarts library to borrow books."

Minerva was still listening intently, wondering when Harry had thought about all this, although they had tried to prevent him from thinking about anything at all, especially from thinking about work. Harry continued, "Concerning the classes, I think we should have the following teachers and content. Sorry, Granny, could you give me a parchment and a quill please?" Minerva fetched both from his desk and handed it to him, and Harry started to write:

Mom – 'Introduction to the wizarding world for muggleborn students'

Granny – 'Wizarding etiquette'

Granddad – 'Wizarding school knowledge'

Dad – 'First Potions'

Aunt Poppy – 'First introduction to Healing'

Hagrid – 'Kinds of Magical creatures'

Pomona – 'Herbs mostly used in the wizarding world'

Rolanda – 'First steps on a broom'

Harry – 'First steps in Magic' (easy charms)

Hermione or Harry – 'A tour to Hogwarts and its history'

"That's all I have thought about. Of course, everything that will be taught has to be Pre-Hogwarts-Level. What do you think, Granny?"

Minerva was stunned. It took a few minutes for her to recollect herself, then she said, "I'm sorry, Harry, I am speechless. Since when have you been thinking about this? You already seem to have organized the whole class, and you did very well with that; I am really impressed."

Harry blushed and said, "Thank you, Granny. I just knew that I wouldn't have time to organize this during the school year, so I had to think about it now. Maybe you could take my parchment with you and discuss it with the teachers? I mean we need their consent to teach during the time. And if they only want to teach once or twice, they should tell you, and I can arrange the schedule according to their wishes. I am quite sure Anna would help as well, as she will be a teacher at the Primary like Hermione."

Minerva laughed and told him, "Alright, Harry. In fact, I think, I will only show this to Albus and your parents first. On Sunday, which is the day after tomorrow, we will have a staff meeting, and then we can discuss it in your presence." Harry threw her a hopeful glance, and she sighed and said, "I know, Harry; you have to be patient. Anyway, during the next weeks, you have to be careful. I know that you are very busy, but when you are tired or it is too much or you are unwell, you have to tell me, so that I can either cover your classes or do your other work for you."

Harry sighed and replied, "I know that you would help me anytime, Granny, and I really appreciate it. However, all the others are doing their work on their own, and you have enough work as Headmistress, so I really should be able to do my work on my own, shouldn't I?"

Minerva sighed and explained patiently, "Harry, you are doing more work than the others, as you are spending more time with your students, and as you are teaching at the Primary school as well and are even Deputy Headmaster for the school. You spend at least an hour over there every day, doing the work of the school. Therefore, you have much more of a workload than for example your mother, Pomona or Filius. Your father has more work than usual as well, as he is my Deputy Headmaster here and is even brewing potions for the Hospital wing; you, however, have two classes more than him, because he has only one sixth years' and one seventh years' Potions

class, while there are two sixth and two seventh years' Transfiguration classes. And you have the additional classes at the primary. So maybe you have to let someone help you. As you know, Julia is willing to do the first and second years' grading for you and I can take over anytime; you just have to tell me when you need me."

Harry nodded and said, "Alright, I will try." Minerva snorted.

"That will not be enough, you have to promise. Anyway, Poppy insists that Ginny has to check on you every day and report to her, and that she wants to see you once a week, probably every Saturday, for a check-up. She is quite upset that you got so ill without anybody noticing it."

Harry decided to ignore the last and went on, "Um... About the teachers for the Primary, will they have the same conditions as the teachers here? I know you told me before, Hermione could stay at the castle and so on, I just want to know; can we do this for all teachers? I suppose Anna is going to stay with her parents anyway, however..."

Minerva interrupted him, before he could continue and replied, "Yes, Harry. We can give them the same conditions. They will have their own quarters, will eat with us at the Head Table in the Great Hall, will attend our staff meetings and can play on our Quidditch team. However if we allow them to do this, they will have to pay their share, which means patrolling the floors after curfew, surveying Hogsmeade visits and so on. And as they have a much less work load, I can even ask Ms. Granger to help you with the grading, for example."

Harry interrupted and said, "No. Had I told you about my agreement with Mrs. Weasley and Julia?" Minerva shook her head and Harry went on, "Mrs. Weasley has agreed to stay for two more years in order to cover the classes until Julia finishes Hogwarts, so that she can start teaching immediately after she finishes Hogwarts." Minerva threw him an astonished but joyous smile and told him, that she appreciated this very much. "Therefore, please don't ask Hermione; I will ask Julia to help me, I promise."

Minerva laughed and said, "Alright, Harry, then I will ask her to help your father with the first and second grading, and Anna can help her father, but I think I will discuss this together with your father as my



deputy here and you as my deputy there, when you are back to full health.”

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The staff meeting on Sunday morning, which Harry was allowed to attend after a controversial discussion with his fiancée and her boss, lasted more than three hours. Although everyone found Harry's plan concerning the summer's course for the muggleborn students brilliant, they wanted to discuss every single question Harry had already talked about with his grandmother, so that it took a long time, but in the end all teachers, whom Harry had put on the parchment, agreed to teach the lessons Harry had planned for them.

On the next morning, classes started again and during the following days, the usual workload assailed Harry. However, Julia insisted on helping with the grading, and Harry grudgingly passed the first and second years' homework over to his sister.

Just as the year before, he had to arrange an additional animagus class with the seventh years, as only one of them had already managed the transformation into a dog, while about eight others were only able to change parts of their body. When he thought about a time for the class, he noticed that Fabian Weasley seemed to have not arranged a Quidditch tournament for this year and resolved to talk to him some time. As they had staff meetings every evening after dinner, it was difficult to fix an exact lesson time for the evening; therefore, he decided to hold the animagus class on Sunday mornings directly after breakfast. The students were astonished but agreed to his suggestion, happy to get the chance to learn the transformation at all.

The following weekends were full with Quidditch matches, Hogsmeade trips, during which he tried to entertain the younger students, his animagus class, grading of homework, Yakkitch practise and visits to Poppy, which he detested most, especially after she once had kept him for the rest of the day in spite of all the work he needed to get done. Thanks to Julia's help, he had less work with grading and apart from a few exceptions, he always managed to

finish his work around curfew, so that he could spend some time together with Ginny.

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However, a few weeks into the term, the Head of Houses had to provide career advice hours for their fifth year students, which cost Harry a lot of time but gave him a new idea. At the staff meeting, he suggested,

“I have an idea concerning the career advice.” Everyone laughed, and Harry got very upset. “I do not know what is so funny,” he continued, “however I am really in trouble, because the career advice takes so much of the time I desperately need to do my other work.” Lily put a calming hand on his shoulder and said,

“It’s alright, Harry, don’t get so upset. They are only laughing because it is always you to have the good ideas. How about telling us about your idea?” Harry sighed and continued,

“As I said, I think it takes too much time during the school year, and maybe we could hold a career seminar at the Primary school at the beginning of the summer holidays. The students who have finished their fifth year will come for a week, and for each day we can invite someone else working within the magical world, for example James Potter as Auror, Oliver Wood as Quidditch player or Alice Longbottom as nurse. They can speak to the students and tell them as much as they want to know about their jobs. Then on the last day, the Head of Houses can speak with each single student about their career ideas. The students could either come by portkey every day or sleep in a sleeping bag in the multipurpose-room.” He threw a questioning look at his grandmother. However, his father was the first to speak.

“I think this is a very good idea; it would be much better than these advice hours during the school year, when we really don’t have the time for such things. And the second or third week of the holidays would be early enough for the students, as they have to wait for the results of their OWLs anyway, before they can decide which classes to take in their sixth year.”

Everyone agreed, especially the Head of House teachers, and Minerva stated, "Tomorrow morning at breakfast I will announce the matter to the students. We will not continue the advice hours during the week, but the students have to wait until summer. Please give me the names of former students who you know are in interesting positions and maybe would be willing to talk to the students, so that I can contact them. Harry, will you help me to organize the event?"

Harry smiled at her and said, "Of course, Granny."

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During the next weeks, Harry received telephone calls from all ten muggleborn students. Each of them was very enthusiastic about attending Hogwarts and had many questions Harry tried to answer as detailed as possible. The only problem was Judith. She told Harry that she would like to come to Hogwarts, but each time she had tried to talk to her parents about it, her father had locked her into her room without dinner and had forbidden her to talk about it again. Harry sighed. As the people were Judith's guardians, he could not do anything about it, or was there a way? He promised Judith to think about it and told her to call him again two days later. Then he went over to his grandmother's office.

"Hello Harry," he was greeted friendly.

He smiled at Fawkes, who had trilled at him happily, and said, "Hello Granny, Granddad and Fawkes. I have a problem."

He repeated what Judith had told him and asked, "Is there anything we could do? Can I go and put the father under the Imperius Curse, or could I ask Filius to come with me and change his memory and obliviate him later? I am so sorry for the girl; I would do anything to save her." His grandparents remained silent for a moment, thinking feverishly about what could be done.

Finally, Minerva said, "I will contact the ministry. Her parents are her legal guardians, but if they prevent her from getting her education in the wizarding world, maybe the ministry will be able to do something for her, which, for example, could be the assignation of a magical guardian. If she had a guardian in the magical world, he or she could

decide over the heads of her muggle guardians. I don't know if something like that is possible, but I will contact the ministry tonight. If this doesn't work, we will indeed do something with magic. I'll tell you as soon as I know more."

On the next day, when he was talking to one of the children in his office at the Primary school, Minerva entered the office, and while she was waiting for Harry to finish his talk, she sat down at his side of the desk and continued to grade the unfinished parchments, which were lying on the desk. Harry had a hard time trying to concentrate on his talk with the pupil, as he wanted to know what the ministry had to say as fast as possible.

## Chapter 29 – Summer Courses

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“And? What did they say?” he asked, as soon as the boy had left the room.

Minerva sighed and answered, “They don’t want to interfere except for in emergencies; This means they want us to solve the problem in any other possible way, and only if we really cannot manage to do anything, they will assign her a magical guardian and fight with the muggles.” She sighed and continued, “Albus will go and change her parents’ memories in a way that they will be happy with her being a witch and going to Hogwarts. Hopefully this will work.”

Harry threw her an astonished glance and asked, “Will granddad manage? Won’t it be dangerous for him? I would like to accompany him, as... I mean... you know I have lots of experiences with these kinds of muggles.”

Minerva laughed and said pensively, “Yes, maybe it would be good if you went with him. Maybe you can even do it with your wish magic. Afterwards you give her a sign; maybe a tickling charm or something, and she can try to talk about Hogwarts in order for you to know if it worked. If not, Albus can try the second time.”

Harry nodded eagerly and stated, “Alright, Granny; when she phones me tomorrow, I will make an appointment with her for one of the next evenings; we will ring their bell in order for her to let us in, but we will be invisible and just do our magic.” He glanced at his watch and excused himself. “Sorry, Granny, but I have to run; the lesson starts in a minute.”

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When Judith called him the next evening, he told her the plan, and they agreed to implement the plan at about 8 o’clock the next evening.

Their job in Judith’s house was efficient to say the least. Everything went as it should, and when Judith timidly asked her parents if they would allow the nice teachers, who visited them nearly two months ago, to visit them again, so that she could ask them more questions,

they agreed immediately. And when Judith told them, that she had heard they were even planning a summer's course before the start of the school year, and asked if she might attend it, her father said,

"Why not; if you want to go, you may go," and her mother nodded approvingly. Judith was the only one to hear a whispered 'Merlin's home', when Harry activated the portkey, which took the two wizards home.

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The rest of the school year passed too fast, and everyone was very busy with the preparation for the end of year tests. Harry of course had known that they were approaching fast and had started quite early, but with all the other arrangements he had to do, it was well into the week before the test week, when he finally finished his preparations.

Besides his classes at both schools, homework grading, Head of House duties, Quidditch and Yakkitch practise, full moon nights, visits with the Roonspoor at Hagrid's hut, little sister duties, fiancée duties and hospital visits, he had organized several single events. A Saturday night dance ball for the whole school had taken place at the end of May as well as a few Saturday entertainment programs for the first and second years. Harry had just organized an early summer feast for the Primary school, which many Hogwarts students had joined as well; and finally he had invested much time to arrange the two summer courses for the soon-to-be sixth years and the muggleborn students. His yellow mobile phone never remained quiet; some of the ten new muggleborn students called him every week, others once a month either to ask questions or just to talk about the wizarding world.

Now Harry was looking forward to the test week; there would be no homework to grade, and except for the two lessons at the Primary school he did not have to teach but he just had to watch a few tests, as the OWLs and NEWTs would be supervised by ministry personnel, so he gained many free periods. Of course, he was sorry for the students, but nevertheless he would enjoy some quiet time. However, as so often, everything was different to his expectations.

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On the first day of the tests, Violet came down with wizards' flu and did not calm down with anyone near her but kept crying for Harry. As Poppy and Ginny could not manage to sedate her and she was too small for dreamless sleep potions, Poppy desperately asked Minerva to watch over Harry's classes, so that he could spend some time with Violet in the Hospital Wing. He stayed with her three days and nights, until she was better and could return to her room she shared with Marina. Unfortunately, the potion Poppy had given Harry, so that he would not catch the disease from Violet, did not work for Harry, and he just managed to attend the last classes and the leaving feast, before he fell ill as well. Ginny had realized that he was feverish and not feeling well and while she tucked him into his bed teased him,

"You really seem to hate holidays, Harry, that you become sick every time they start." Noticing how unwell he felt, she checked on him but apart from 41 degrees of fever, she couldn't find anything wrong. "Sorry, sweetie, I don't know what is wrong, I have to get Poppy." She ran out of the room and fetched the healer, who could not diagnose anything either, until she called Severus, who asked,

"Could it be that he caught the flu from Violet?"

Poppy thought for a moment and contradicted, "No, he should not have; I gave him the Bania Potion, which should prevent it." But when she checked on Harry again, her wand flared red – both times she waved it. She sighed, and turned to Severus again. "Yes, that's it; the potion did not work on him. Can you please check why? Does it have anything in common with the Pepper-up Potion? Oh yes," she answered the question immediately by herself, "it must be birch bark, mustn't it? That's the only ingredient, which you use for both potions, right?"

Severus nodded pensively and said, "Yes, that's it. Harry, I am very sorry for you being ill again, but I think it's a good thing because we have found the reason why the Pepper-up Potion does not work for you, and I will probably be able to brew a new, similarly efficient potion for you to prevent you from getting colds." Harry only managed to throw him a tired smile.

Ginny stayed with him and cared for him nearly around the clock, and after the first week of the holidays, he was finally allowed to get up under the condition that he must rest as much as possible. However, as before, Poppy forbade him to do any work; he was not even allowed to enter his office and had to hand his mobile phone over to his mother. In spite of a temper tantrum and many fights and discussions with Poppy and Ginny, Harry also missed the 'Career course week', which he had organized, and which took place during the second week of the holidays. His father had taken over for him and had taken turns with Minerva attending the event. At least Harry was able to attend the personal career advice hours, which took place during the next week.

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On the evening of the full moon, just before they left their quarters, Severus handed Harry a phial and gave him an encouraging glance.

Harry threw a confused glance back and asked, "What is this, Dad?"

Severus laughed and told him, "It is a new type of Pepper-up Potion, which I invented for you. It is nearly the same as the normal one, but I have exchanged birch bark with palm tree bark, and I hope it will work this time." Harry gave him a hopeful look and downed the potion, which had the same effect as Pepper-up: Smoke was coming out of his ears, and Harry noticed that he was feeling much better than before, so maybe the potion would also work preventively as it should. This time, even Anna spent the night outside with the Marauders, Amelia and Ginny, as she was able to transform into a cute, white rabbit. 'Would be cute if she were pink,' Harry thought and giggled inwardly.

Unfortunately, Hermione had not managed to transform so far, but Harry had promised to continue teaching her during the holidays. Minerva had assigned her teachers' quarters near Harry's office, so that she would be able to join the Snapes anytime and did not have to stay alone in her quarters during the evening. Until the start of school, Harry intended to let the castle make a connecting door from her office to the second floor hall in the Primary school, so that she would be able to access her classroom quickly.



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Fortunately, with the course for the muggleborn students he was luckier than with the first summer course, as he had volunteered to take over the students every afternoon, and he would have felt too bad if he needed someone to cover for him for such an amount of time. Ginny, Anna and Hermione had promised their help if he needed any, and they would join him and the students for lunch and if needed take turns staying in the school with him during the afternoons.

On July 1, when the day the summer course started, Harry flashed over to the first student and brought him back to the multipurpose room of the Primary school by portkey. Leaving him with Minerva, he flashed to the next student's house. After about two hours, all students had safely arrived at the school.

Harry conjured comfortable cushions for the students and made them sit down on the Tatami mat floor. Then he threw a questioning glance at his grandmother and, receiving a nod, proceeded to greet the students.

"Hello and a very great welcome to Hogwarts. As you all know, you are here for a special summer course for muggleborn students, which means magical students whose parents are both non-magical. This course is intended to help you adapt to the magical world; it will last six weeks and will take place here in the building of the Hogwarts Primary school." At this moment, he was interrupted by the entrance of Ginny, Hermione and Anna. He thought for a moment and continued with his speech.

"Alright, as three of my colleagues have just arrived, I will introduce them first. You already know Professor McGonagall; she is the Headmistress of Hogwarts, which means of the main castle as well as of the Primary school. This here is Professor Granger; she is muggleborn too. She has just finished Hogwarts and is going to teach here at the Primary school from September onwards. Next to her, you see Professor Lupin; she has just finished her last year at Hogwarts too, and will also start teaching here at the Primary school. And here on my other side is Healer Weasley, soon to be my wife. She is an

apprentice at the Hospital Wing at Hogwarts. And finally, as you probably all know, I am Harry Snape-Dumbledore. I teach Transfiguration at Hogwarts and also for the last year at the Primary school." He stopped for a moment and before he could continue to speak about the course, Professor McGonagall interrupted him and said,

"And Professor Snape-Dumbledore is Head of Merlin, one of the five houses of Hogwarts and also my Deputy Headmaster of the Primary school." Harry glared at her and continued,

"Never mind. During this six-week course, you will have two lessons in the morning, which will be held by several Hogwarts teachers. Then we will have lunch together, and afterwards you have one hour of your own to spend either reviewing the notes you took in the morning or reading a book, which you may borrow at the Hogwarts library. Finally, you will spend the rest of the afternoon with me or one of my three friends; maybe we will even split the group sometimes. During this time, we will speak about questions you have about the lessons, about what you have read, or sometimes I will take you over to Hogwarts or other places within the magical world. When we have finished our class for the day, you will return home by a portkey, which I will provide for you today. Your portkey will also bring you back here the next morning." Judith timidly pointed a finger into the air and Harry nodded at her enquiringly,

"Yes, Judith?" She sat upright, threw an uncertain glance at the teachers and asked,

"Um... Professor? Would it also be possible to just stay here during the night?" Harry was slightly shocked by this question but made sure that his face remained straight and did not show his emotions. Ignoring the gasps he heard from Anna and Hermione, he answered,

"I have to discuss this with Professor McGonagall. Maybe we can arrange something." He turned to his grandmother. "Granny, what do you think? Maybe if Ginny and I stayed with them..." Minerva interrupted him and said pensively,

"From my side it is no problem. You could stay here in the multipurpose-room in sleeping bags, which would be provided by our

house elves. And Harry, you don't have to stay here; you could just arrange a connecting door from your room to this room, just for the six weeks. However, the decision about whether you may stay here lies with your parents, as they are your guardians. We will provide you with a parchment before you go home today, and when you bring the parchment back signed by at least one of your parents, you may stay here over the six weeks." Judith nodded and said,

"Thank you very much, Professors." Harry gave her a comforting smile and continued to talk,

"Today you will not have any classes. We will have lunch shortly, and afterwards talk for a while to make sure you get to know each other a bit. I want you to at least remember the names of your classmates. Later, I will take you for a walk around the grounds and into the castle, where we will have tea in the Great Hall, so that I can introduce you to the other teachers. Now, as it is already lunchtime, I am sure that our house elves will have prepared lunch for us; let's go over to the dining room."

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During their introduction hour, Harry got to know that three of the students had younger siblings, who were an adequate age for attending the Primary school. *If they would be magical too?* He memorized their names in order to consult the huge book in his grandmother's office, but then decided to check this immediately. Leaving the students to Ginny, Anna and Hermione, he excused himself for ten minutes and went through his office on the upper floor into Minerva's office at Hogwarts. Together they checked the book and found two of the names. Both children seemed to be seven years old and thus belonged to the year of Marina and Violet. Harry went back and addressed the three students,

"I have just checked with the Hogwarts book of magical children born in Great Britain, and your siblings are listed there, Peter and Brian. However, I could not find the name of your sister, William. Either she is not magical, or she has not displayed any magic so far. I don't know if you or your parents have noticed anything about her, but we can talk about this later if you want to. Peter and Brian, your sisters

are both magical and will be able to attend Hogwarts at any time. If your sisters were interested and your parents agreed of course, they could start to visit the Hogwarts Primary school from September onwards, where they would be in the second year together with Professor Lupin's and my little sisters. When you return home today, please talk to your parents about this, and if they were interested, I would visit them and explain everything to them." Both students nodded eagerly, and Harry addressed all students,

"Alright, let's enjoy the fine summer weather and go for a walk around the Hogwarts grounds. Please remember, what I tell you now: The huge forest you can see here through this wall is called 'The forbidden forest'. It doesn't have this name just for fun, but because it is very dangerous. There are more animals than you could ever imagine, many of them very poisonous and perilous. The forest is also a magnet for people wanting to hide from civilization because of their not too good intentions. Anyway, keep away from the forest; you are not allowed to even set a foot behind the first row of trees. Is this clear to all of you?" he asked sternly. The students, who were astonished to hear the nice professor speak in such a stern voice, answered immediately,

"Yes, Professor." Harry gave them an encouraging nod and led the way out of the building. He showed the students the gate and told them that it was the end of the Hogwarts grounds and that nobody was to leave the grounds during their stay at Hogwarts, before he took Ginny's arm and the two walked ahead in the direction of the lake. Half around the lake he gathered the students and warned them about swimming in the lake, explaining a little about Grindylows and other creatures that could be found in the lake. At 3 o'clock, he led the students into the Great Hall, where Hermione told them,

"The ceiling is charmed so that it reflects the sky above the castle; I know it is the same in the Primary school, I just think because of the size of the hall, it is even more impressive here." They approached the Teachers' table, where the teachers and their family members had already taken a seat leaving every second seat empty for the new students to sit between them. Harry proceeded to introducing the teachers and told the stunned students,

"I know that it must be very confusing to have three Professor Lupins, three Snapes and three Dumbledores here. To explain it shortly, Professor Bones-Lupin is Professor Lupin's wife and Anna Lupin's mother. Professor Snape is my father, Professor Evans-Snape my mother, and Professors Dumbledore and McGonagall-Dumbledore are my great grandparents. And in two months time Healer Weasley-Snape will be my wife," he added grinning at Ginny. "We have several more teachers here at Hogwarts, but they do not stay here at the castle during the summer months," he finished his introduction.

"Now," Albus interrupted him, "during the school year, around 1000 people live in the castle, but as you can see, during the summer months we are reduced to about twenty. You cannot imagine how bored the house elves are during this time. Therefore they have been more than happy to have guests here today; so please enjoy tea and cake." He clapped his hands, and the table was so full of delicacies that Harry had to try hard not to laugh too loud when he looked in the faces of the stunned students.

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When everyone had finished tea, Hermione took the students on a tour through the library. In the meantime, Harry arranged for a letter to their parents, which explained that the students had voiced that they would like to stay at the Primary school during the six weeks of the course together with the parchment for approval the students had to let their parents sign if they wanted to stay. He met them at the library, gave each student an envelope containing the two parchments as well as a portkey, and advised them to use the portkey at 8:30 in the morning.

"It will take you to the multipurpose-room, where we met this morning. I will be there for you, and we can discuss if you are allowed to stay here during the six weeks and other questions if there are any. Your lessons begin at 9 o'clock, and I will hand you a timetable tomorrow morning. Now please take your portkey and activate it by saying 'back home'. Tomorrow morning you activate your portkey with saying 'to Hogwarts primary home'." Within five minutes, the students were gone. Harry let out a deep sigh and turned to his three friends.

“Thank you, all of you, for your help. It would be great if you could take turns during the next days, so that always one of you would be with me and I didn’t have to leave the students alone in case I have to go somewhere to arrange something.” His three friends smiled at him, and Hermione said,

“Of course, Harry. We already promised you that, and we don’t have anything to do anyway. Preparing lessons for the children is not so much work.” Anna nodded eagerly, and Ginny gave him a smile and suggested,

“Let us go to your room for a while, you look tired. We’ll meet you at dinner at the Snapes’,” she told the others and pulled Harry out of the library, while Hermione went over to the restricted section to look for an interesting book.

During the evening, Harry’s mobile phone rang exactly ten times. All students rang him to tell the happy news that their parents had signed the approval sheet. Harry congratulated them and tried again to concentrate on the preparation of his lessons for the next school year. Finally, he gave up and joined his family in the living room, where once again most of the residents of Hogwarts had stayed after dinner for several rounds of tea. It only took him ten minutes to doze off, however the phone brought him back to reality two minutes later.

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The summer course seemed to be very successful. All ten students seemed to be very interested in their lessons, and Harry had the impression they were more than happy to be together and to be at Hogwarts. The teachers were apparently very content with the eagerness of their students, as they were so interested and willing to learn. And as they only had to teach one and a half hours a week, they didn’t mind teaching during the holidays too much.

Harry had asked the castle to provide a permanent connecting door from one of the side passages to the Entrance hall in the castle to the Entrance hall at the Primary school. He put a notice-me-not charm on it, so that only people who knew about it could see it.

This door was not only for the teachers to be able to access the primary school quickly after breakfast in the Great Hall, but also for the ten students, whom Harry had invited to have breakfast in the Great Hall together with the teachers and their families. Lunch would take place over at the dining room of the primary school together with Harry and his three friends, and sometimes even the teacher of the second morning lesson joined them; dinner however the students had to eat in the dining room on their own. They also had to spend the evenings and weekends on their own, however Harry had arranged a connecting door from the multipurpose-room to his own room – of course at the school's side under a notice-me-not charm – and Harry and Ginny often went over to the school in the evening to look after the students. They also tried to take the students on excursions on Saturdays whenever they had the time.

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As the weeks passed, Ginny was getting more and more excited because of their fast approaching wedding. When she worried,

"I hope the twins won't arrange something too crazy," for the umpteenth time, Harry embraced her and said calmly,

"Look Ginny, the main point for the wedding is that you and I are there, and that there is someone to wed us. The only thing I have asked the twins is that we have Granddad wed us. Therefore, I am sure he will be there. Nothing else is so important that we couldn't rely on your brothers. Um..." *He didn't know how to ask this, but he had to, hadn't he?* "Um..., Ginny, about your wedding robes. I think we should visit Madame Malkins on one of the next weekends. However, as I don't think I am the best to advise you, we should take someone with us. Whom do you want to join us, your mother, or my mom, Hermione, Anna...?" Ginny thought for a moment, before she asked,

"Eh... Do you think your mother would mind coming with me?" Harry smiled at her and said,

"No, I don't think so, but let's go and ask her." Lily was astonished but agreed immediately. However, she asked Ginny,

“Ginny, are you sure that your mother would not mind? Perhaps we should take her as well. As you are her only daughter, she will have been looking forward to this moment for years. However, we don’t have to take Harry with us I think.” Harry nodded and added,

“I have already sent Madame Malkins an owl to tell her from which vault she should take the money for your wedding robes, so if you feel better going without me, it is no problem.” With Ginny’s approval, Lily went over to the fireplace and agreed with Molly Weasley to meet at Diagon Alley on Saturday morning to buy wedding robes for Ginny. To avoid any discussions in the shop, she told her immediately that Harry was going to pay for whatever Ginny would choose.

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One day, Harry woke up and noticed immediately that he had overslept. ‘Oh no! Why didn’t the alarm clock ring? And why didn’t anybody wake me up?’ He groaned and went over to the living room, where Ginny and Lily were talking to each other.

“Oh, somebody is awake,” Lily said teasingly and earned an angry glare from her son.

“Could you please tell me why none of you was kind enough to wake me up? I should have looked after my students, and you know that,” Harry spat throwing angry looks at them. Ginny pulled him over to the sofa and said,

“You have been so tired for a while now, and I was worried about you; therefore, I told everyone to let you sleep in today. I have made sure that your students were fine and went to breakfast, don’t worry.” Oh yes, he now remembered that she had said something very late in the evening, when he was already dozing off.

Harry gave her a tiny bit of a smile and replied, “Sorry for yelling at you, and thanks for letting me sleep. It was just a shock when I woke up, because I feared I had missed something I should have done. But it really feels good to have slept so much.” He went back to his room, took a shower and was just ready in time to head over to the Primary school for lunch.



Ginny was still talking to his mother, but Harry interrupted them and asked, "Ginny, it's time for lunch. Are you coming with me?"

However, Lily answered for Ginny and said, "Sorry, Harry, but I have to take Ginny with me to the Great Hall today, as we have something to discuss with Poppy and Granny. We'll see you later." Harry frowned. Something was strange today, but anyhow he had to go and see his students.

However, when he arrived at the school, nobody was there. He looked in every room on both floors, even the dining room, where the students were supposed to be, but they were all empty.

## Chapter 30 – The Wedding

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Harry headed back to the Headmaster's office and looked at the timetable to see what the students' last class had been. It was Minerva's class 'Wizarding Etiquette'. And Minerva always had lunch together with them after their classes. But nobody was here, even Hermione and Anna, who always joined them for lunch in the Primary school, were missing. *That was strange. What happened? What **could** have happened? He had no idea.* Should he go through to his grandmother's office? But... no, she would not be there; if she had returned to Hogwarts, she would be in the Great Hall having lunch. He thought about just going back to bed but dismissed the thought, when he recalled that it was his job to entertain the students during the afternoon. He went back downstairs and stepped through the door into the castle heading for the Great Hall.

When he opened the door to the Great Hall and entered, all those he had missed a few minutes before, were standing about two meters in front of him shouting,

"Happy Birthday, Harry!" Harry was much too shocked to react in any way. Of course, it was not the first time that he had forgotten his birthday, but what shocked him most was the way in which everyone had worked together to... His father's voice brought him out of his thoughts. Harry shivered a bit and looked up into his father's face, and Severus could see the betrayal Harry had felt in his green eyes and pulled him close to himself.

"I am sorry, Harry, we didn't want to upset you, we only wanted to surprise you and have a proper birthday party for you. Are you feeling alright?" he asked concerned. Harry sighed and answered,

"Yes, Dad. But could none of you imagine how worried I was when I couldn't find anyone in the school?" Tears started to well in his eyes, and Harry felt he couldn't longer suppress them. Severus pulled him into a hug, so that nobody could see Harry's face, put a cold hand on his forehead and turned to the others, who were watching them closely, telling them in a calming voice,

"I think Harry doesn't feel too well. Maybe you should go and sit down, and we will be there in a few minutes." He pulled a phial out of his robes and handed it to Harry. "Drink Harry, it's a calming draught," he said soothingly and held the phial to his son's lips. Harry gulped it down and relaxed seemingly. "Don't let yourself get so upset, son, you only make yourself sick," Severus advised him. "Harry, your mother and I have something we want to talk about with you and Ginny later in the afternoon. Please make time for it before dinner, while we are undisturbed. Now, shall we go and join the others?" Harry stood back, gave his father a short nod and walked with him over to the Head table, where the others were waiting for them.

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"Sorry to have kept you waiting," Harry apologized and sat down between Ginny and his Mom. Minerva clapped her hands, and food appeared on the tables. Everything looked delicious, but Harry was still much too upset and felt too groggy to eat anything, however fortunately neither his mother nor Ginny reminded him not to push his food around the plate. Finally, everyone had finished the main course and a huge white cake, decorated with many fruits and candles on it approached the table. It sailed down onto the table and settled down just in front of Harry. Albus stood up from his seat, and with a flick of his hand, the candles were lit and everyone sang 'Happy Birthday' for him, before they proceeded to look at him expectantly. Harry glanced back and said jokingly but with a stern face,

"Alright, thank you. I think it is much too pretty to be eaten, so let's save it for the wedding." He could feel a wave of disappointment running over the table and grinned for the first time on this day. With a little wish magic, all candles were extinguished. A little more wish magic cut the cake in small pieces. When Harry did not move to distribute the cake, Lily started to put pieces on little plates and handed them to Hermione to pass them along the table. Ginny leaned over to Harry and whispered,

"Harry, I know you are tired and not hungry, but you have to eat a whole piece of cake, otherwise I will take you to Poppy and let her keep you in the Hospital Wing." Harry growled at her angrily, but as he knew, his fiancée would not joke about such things, obliged and

ate the whole piece of cake. Fortunately, Dobby had prepared his favourite yoghurt cake with fruits, the only cake Harry could always eat. When everyone had finished their cake, Minerva stood and said,

“Alright, happy birthday, Harry.” Harry smiled gratefully at his grandmother, and she continued, “It is time for our first present for the birthday boy. As Harry has cared for the students not only every afternoon but also every Saturday and Sunday, I think it is really time that he gets a rest, even if it is only for a few hours. Therefore, today, Harry, you are free from all duties. We expect you back here at 3 o’clock for another piece of cake and for your other presents; furthermore, we expect you at 6 o’clock for dinner in your quarters. Apart from that you and Ginny are free to spend the afternoon as you like.” She threw a confirming nod at Harry and received a thankful smile.

“Now, for the students we have decided to organize a game afternoon here in the Great Hall. All our teachers are going to do magical games with those who are interested. We will do the games one after another, so that everyone can participate in any game. For example, at first, we will play – and all of us are willing to play, so that every one of you has the chance to play if you want to – wizard chess. Afterwards we will go out and play Quidditch, and when we still have time until teatime, we will read you a few wizard stories, which every child who has grown up in the wizarding world knows.”

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Harry and Ginny went for a walk around the lake and sat down on Harry’s favourite spot under the tree half the way around the lake. They talked for a while until Harry dozed off, cuddled into her arms. He was woken up by shouting voices and laughter that could be heard from the Quidditch pitch, and both of them had a great time watching the teachers and the new muggleborn students playing Quidditch together. It was just too funny, and Harry was not only refreshed after his nap but also in a much better mood than before, when they had to return to the castle for tea and another piece of cake.

Afterwards Harry had to open a huge amount of presents. Most of them were books or sweets; one package however contained a tiny travel bag Harry eyed suspiciously. Severus and Lily laughed at his expression, and Lily said,

“Harry, don’t open this now. This bag contains everything the two of you will need for your honeymoon. You only have to enlarge it when you arrive at your destiny.” Harry threw Ginny an amused glance and looked back to his parents.

“Thank you, Mom and Dad; that’s a really good idea, and we appreciate it very much.” There was one more present from his parents; however when he started to open it, Lily whispered to him,

“Harry, don’t open this now. It contains your wedding robes. Ginny and I have chosen them together. Open them later.” After two hours of unwrapping presents, Ginny and Harry retreated to Harry’s room to await the talk with his parents. They arrived shortly after and called them out in the living room, where Julia was playing with Marina and Violet. Severus spoke first.

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“Alright, Ginny and Harry, we would like to tell you something. Please let us speak first and wait, before you ask questions, alright?” When Harry and Ginny nodded, he threw Lily an enquiring look, but when she nodded, continued, “We, that means not only your mom and me, but all the teachers, have noticed that you are very much overworked, Harry. Not only during the school year are you doing too much work, but also during the holidays. And this goes so far that it is influencing your already poor health. As Ginny is checking you every evening on Poppy’s orders, we know that nearly every third day you have at least a slight fever, and Poppy warned us that if you continue like this, you will probably not be able to endure the school year until the Christmas holidays but will collapse before. Therefore, we have thought about something.” He glanced at Lily and mouthed, “Do you want to continue?”

She nodded and went on, “We know, that you have entrusted the Weasley twins with the organization of your wedding. However, we have talked to them and asked them to leave the organization of your

honeymoon to us. As Poppy insists that you should leave the castle for at least two weeks, together with Minerva and Albus we have planned a two weeks trip for you. We won't tell you more about it, we just wanted you to know that you will be away from the evening of your wedding day until August 30 in case you have any urgent preparations for the new school year you wish to finish before. You are not allowed to take any work with you; in fact you must not take anything with you apart from the bag we gave you and your wands of course. If there is need to take anything else, you have to ask us if you may take it with you." Harry glanced at Ginny and saw that she seemed to be delighted. He felt a little unsure; he had never been away from home for two weeks. Where would they be going?

He was pulled out of his thoughts, when Ginny said, "Thank you very much. I am looking forward to travelling with Harry very much, and I promise I will keep an eye on him."

Harry pulled her into a hug and said quietly, "We will both look after each other, right?" Ginny threw him a huge smile and nodded eagerly. Severus knew his son well enough to know that he was not content with the lack of information.

Therefore, he said comforting, "Harry, you know that we only want your best. We are sure that you will like the place we are going to send you; otherwise, we wouldn't send you there. Please have so much confidence in us." In Harry's head, a thought popped up for a moment: 'Grandfather was the one who sent me to the Dursleys in my old time line'. However, he managed to push the thought away and gave his father a grateful nod.

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While everyone was having dinner in the Snape quarters, Harry's mobile phone rang. Very confused who this might be, as all students who had his number were sitting just across the table, he answered the phone and nearly dropped it. It was Fred and George.

"Hi, Harrykins, happy birthday! We hope you are still awake, as we are going to start fireworks over the lake at 10 o'clock this evening. Please tell everyone to come outside then. Alright, bye-bye." And they were gone, before Harry even could say a word. He held the

phone away from his head and looked at it with a very strange expression.

“Harry?” Several people asked at the same time, and Harry was back to reality.

“Oh, sorry,” he excused himself, still glaring at his mobile phone. “That was Fred and George. Everyone is to come down to the lake shortly before 10 o’clock because they will launch fireworks over the lake at 10.”

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Time just flew away, and before Harry could realize it, the next week had passed and the students of his summer course had to leave for the remaining three weeks of the holidays. In the evening, Harry was sitting in his office, feverishly working on the preparations for the new school year as he had done for the last week since his parents had told him and Ginny about the planned holiday. Suddenly his glance fell on the calendar Violet had painted for him for Christmas, and he noticed that August 9 had just passed. And on the 11th was Ginny’s birthday! *How could he have not thought about that?* His thoughts had been so wrapped about his wedding present and marriage ring for her, that he had forgotten her birthday completely.

With a sigh, he pushed his work away and sat back to think intensely about a present for his soon-to-be wife. Finally, an idea flashed up in his head and he quickly left his office to search for his mother. Fortunately, Ginny was still working in the hospital wing. As Poppy had given her so much free time to be around Harry during the summer, and as she soon would leave for two weeks of Holidays, she was now working as hard as possible to help Poppy get ready for the new school year. His parents and grandparents, together with a few other teachers, were still sitting in the living room having tea.

“Mom,” Harry tried to get Lily’s attention, and she turned to him, smiling,

“Yes, my son. Come, sit down and have some tea.” Harry frowned. He had no time for that, but...

“Alright,” he sat down on his favourite spot, “however I came to ask you something. I have just remembered that it will be Ginny’s birthday on Sunday, so I have to go into town to buy a present for her. May I go alone, tomorrow morning?” Lily sighed and threw an unsure glance to Severus, who frowned and replied sternly,

“Harry, I would prefer if you took someone with you, just one person, it doesn’t matter whom – except for the kids of course.” Harry laughed and said,

“Oh, don’t worry, I don’t want to take Marina in order to have her sitting at lunch tomorrow telling Ginny ‘Oh, I know what Harry bought for you, it’s pink and has two ears, and...’ definitely not.” He turned to Lily and Julia, “Mom or Julia, does one of you have time to accompany me? It will take about one to two hours.” Both of them nodded and agreed, that they would both accompany Harry. Harry let out a deep sigh and said, “Thank you, both of you. Um...,” he turned to Poppy, “Aunt Poppy, sorry, but could you perhaps take Ginny up to the Hospital Wing after breakfast and keep her busy for about two hours?” Everyone laughed now, and Poppy replied amused,

“Don’t worry; she won’t miss you tomorrow morning.”

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Ginny’s birthday was a huge party from breakfast onward until late into the night. The youngest Weasley becoming 17 was nothing the large family could ignore. Minerva had invited her parents and brothers to breakfast, and early in the morning, it was already clear that they would be staying until the fireworks her favourite brothers would be launching in the evening. In the afternoon, her cousins and their parents joined the party. Could the house elves be happier during the holidays with so many parties?

It was late in the afternoon, until she had managed to open the huge pile of presents, and when she sighed happily and turned away from the table, Harry came over saying,

“Not yet, my dear,” handing her two more presents. She opened the smaller one first and gasped. It was pink, just pink! And it was...



“A mobile phone?” she asked excitedly, and Harry nodded, took his yellow ‘toy’ in his hand, pushed one button, and Ginny’s phone rang. He showed her which button to push in order to take the phone call, and when she complied, she could hear Harry say,

“Happy birthday, my sunshine!” Wow, Ginny couldn’t believe it. She had always looked in awe at Harry’s phone, and now she had her own one. It was just too cool. Deep lost in thoughts she noticed that Harry was still talking to her. “As I have charmed my mobile phone only to ring when I am not in classes or in the Great Hall, I have charmed yours not to ring when you are together with patients or in the Great Hall. If you want to phone me, you can either insert my number or just press this button here.”

Before she could reply, he pushed the other present into her hands. It was much bigger, and when she opened it, she found a pile of clothes. On the top were robes in a very light pink, no, not really pink, but just matching her red hair (Harry had been glad that Lily had exactly the same hair colour as Ginny, when they went to Madame Malkins to buy her presents), and it had a pattern of flying phoenixes in the same colour woven into the fabric. Ginny could only stare at the robes – they were beautiful. She looked through the rest of the pile, which contained shirts in white and others in the same colour as the robes each with the same pattern woven into the fabric.

Harry, who had watched silently, stated a bit unsurely, “I thought they would look well under your Hospital apron,” and Ginny pulled him into a bear’s hug, kissed him on the cheek and said,

“Thank you, sweetie, for all the nice presents. They are pretty, and they will just look great under my apron. That’s exactly what I wanted, because so far I didn’t have anything that really fit.” Harry let out a relieved sigh, before he was pulled into another bear hug by Mrs. Weasley. He could hardly breathe, but Mrs. Weasley released him immediately, when his mobile phone rang. It was Ginny, giggling, “Do you think it is right to let you be pulled into hugs by other women? I am going to be your wife in four days.”

Harry just laughed and switched his phone off, before he went over to his fiancée and whispered into her ear, “Thanks for saving me.”

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A moment later, Ron approached Harry, and Ginny proceeded to standing in front of her fiancée, while Ron started a conversation,

“Harry...err...,” he trailed off unsurely, “um... mate, I just want to apologize for being a git and so I’m sorry.” Harry threw him a questioning look and asked softly,

“I am sorry, but could you please repeat that once, I didn’t get it,” and Ron replied,

“I just wanted to say I’m sorry for...”

“for being a real git?” his sister interrupted him sternly, and he unsurely replied,

“Yes.” Harry let the air out that he had not noticed that he was holding it, and said,

“Alright, Ron, thank you.” He was more than glad not to be in a war with his in-four-days-to-be-his wife’s favourite brother and went over to give him a hug. Ginny followed, hugged her brother and said,

“Thanks god you came to reason. That’s the best birthday present you could give me.”

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During the next three days, Harry only appeared at meals. The rest of the time, he spent working on his lesson plan, already preparing tests and parchments for homework, as he knew he would not be able to keep up with all the work during the school year. His grandmother and Madam Pomfrey had made that clear to him. With the new Primary school, his workload had even grown compared to the start of the previous year. However, when he returned to his office after dinner on the 14th, the door wouldn’t open for him. When he threw a very annoyed glance to the people who were still sitting at the table in the living room, Minerva told him,

“Come here and have tea with us, Harry. You won’t manage to get into your office anyway, Albus and I have charmed it together to stay closed until tomorrow evening. You will have tea with us, and then you will go to bed in order to have slept properly on your wedding day.” Harry nodded agreeably. Of course, he knew she was right; he was so tired that he could hardly keep his eyes open, and he knew that Ginny was already very angry with him.

“At least you have to be lucid enough to decide if you want to say ‘yes’ or ‘no’,” Severus sneered, and Harry threw him an annoyed glance, before he replied,

“Alright, thanks for your advice, I am going to bed. Good night,” and went over to his room, fell onto his bed and was already asleep. He didn’t even wake up when Ginny joined him a few minutes later, but just pulled his arm around her and slept on.

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The big day dawned bright and sunny. Lily entered their room quite early and led Ginny into her own room, where Minerva and Poppy were already waiting in order to help Ginny get dressed appropriately. In the meantime, Julia went over to Harry’s room to keep him entertained and to help if necessary.

“Don’t forget the rings,” she advised him, and Harry threw her an exasperated glance – of course he had forgotten them; this was not his day – he was much too excited. Julia eyed him worriedly and told him to sit down and wait, while she looked for her father. Maybe he could make him drink a calming draught. Severus entered Harry’s room and talked to him for a few minutes, before he said,

“No, I can’t give him a calming draught, he is too sleep deprived; he would sleep through his wedding if I did. But Harry,” he turned to his son, “Everything is alright. Wait until you see your pretty wife,” and Harry nodded. And Severus was right: All the excitement vanished the instant Harry saw his Ginny, when she entered the living room. She was beautiful, and Harry could hardly take his eyes from her.

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When they arrived at the Great Hall, only one-half of the main entrance doors opened, while all other doors remained closed. 'Oh no,' Harry thought. *Had it been right to leave the organization for their big day to the Weasley twins?* Anyway, it was too late. He was pushed through the door and found himself on a footbridge that led to a small island in the middle of the Great Hall. The island was surrounded by a lake... no, it obviously had to be the sea as there were waves as well. The whole Hall was the sea – now he got it. And around the centre island were smaller islands, which were not connected by bridges, but Harry noticed small boats commuting between the islands. On the centre island, which they had reached now, were enough chairs for everyone to sit on, while on the other islands Harry could recognize small houses with tables in them, and the houses were surrounded by smaller tables and chairs or in some cases only chairs. Small birds were flying along the sky.

'No, that's not a bird, that's mine!' Harry thought and accio-ed the snitch that was cruising together with the birds, but immediately one of the twins was standing in front of him shouting 'Protego', and the snitch drifted away again. Harry suddenly saw both twins towering in front of him, and mumbled,

"Sorry, I just wanted to catch it in order to give it to Ginny," and the twins laughed and said in a singsong melody,

"We know that..."

"... and you can do that..."

"...but not now..."

"...and not by 'accio'..."

"...but on a broomstick..."

"...and only when we tell you..."

"...'cause it is too early," they finished their tirade together.

"Alright, alright, I'm sorry," Harry mumbled, blushing because of the attention he had attracted. Now his mother came over and took his

arm to guide him to the front chair as soon as everyone else was seated. He saw that Mr. Weasley was standing on the other side with his beautiful Ginny, and he suddenly felt very happy. Finally, he came to sit next to Ginny, his mom on his other side, and Albus appeared in front of them and began the ceremony, which was – from time to time – commentated by Fawkes. However, Harry could only hear him, he could not see him, and before he could nurse too murderous thoughts against the bird, he reminded himself that Ginny, Albus and his mom were the only other ones who could understand Fawkes.

When Albus asked Harry, if he was sure that he wanted to take Ginny as his wife, Fawkes trilled,

#You ought to think about it; I mean she is only a parrot and not a phoenix like you and me, and you know how old wizards get, look at my old one,# Harry was so upset that he jumped up and said,

“Sorry, Granddad,” and everyone gasped, before he continued, “I just have to say that: ‘SHUT UP FAWKES!’ Sorry for the interruption, Granddad, of course I WILL.” He sat back, everyone let out a relieved laugh and Albus continued asking Ginny, who replied immediately,

“Yes, I will.” From the moment, he had to pull Ginny’s ring over her finger, which was a very simple golden ring just with their bird forms on it and their names engraved on the inside, he could not help crying, and Ginny joined him for the rest of the ceremony.

When the ceremony was over, Severus joined them and sneered,

“I thought it was only the girls who cried at their weddings... Anyway, congratulations, Harry and Ginny!” He led both of them to a boat, which took them to one of the other islands, where a breakfast buffet was waiting on a table inside the house. Everyone else followed quickly now, and they hurried to grab plates and put some of the delicacies on them before they headed out to sit at one of the tables on the beach.

They spent the whole day taking turns between eating and opening presents. The twins had asked the house elves who were too glad to comply to prepare a beautiful cake for them. It had the form of a – huge – snitch, on top of which a miniature version of Hogwarts was

situated, and on one side of the up and down moving wings a parrot was sitting, on the other a phoenix. It was Harry's favourite yoghurt cake with fresh berries in it – it was so light and delicious that even Harry managed to eat a second piece of it.

Now it was already after dinner, and as Harry had consumed most part of Merlin House for dessert, he was so full and tired that he just stretched out on the beach next to his wife. But suddenly the twins ushered them into a boat and Fred explained,

"You have to go and change, as you are going to play Quidditch now." Harry gave him an incredulous look and answered,

"You don't believe that now, do you? I am definitely not going to play Quidditch with my belly full with cake. I have just eaten Merlin House; how could I play Quidditch like that?" Everyone laughed, and Minerva told him,

"It's alright Harry, you just have to change and then sit on a broom and catch the snitch. However, you have to take your wife with you on your broom." Harry sighed and obliged tiredly. Couldn't they tell him that before he had his dessert? Minerva led them to a small room next to the Great Hall, where changing clothes were already laid out for them. They changed into shorts and T-shirts, unbelievably glancing at each other, and exited the room laughing in order to do what they were told. Harry made Ginny sit in front of him on the broom and embraced her fiercely with the other hand on his broom, before he realized,

"No, Ginny, that won't work. If I have to catch the snitch, I have to release either you or the broom. You have to sit behind me and cling to me, alright?" Ginny nodded and mounted the broom just behind Harry, and they took off. It was not easier to catch the snitch here than on the Quidditch pitch as it was hiding behind the little birds and even in front of the clouds that were visible around the ceiling and had exactly the same colour. After about an hour, Harry told Ginny,

"Let's go down for a short break, alright? I am getting tired, and I want to drink something. They landed on the island where the drinks were waiting on a table and were handed ice-cold pumpkin juice. "Oh,

that's good," Harry sighed and positioned himself on the broom again, followed immediately by Ginny, who asked him worriedly,

"Are you alright? I don't think we HAVE to do this," but Harry only nodded and continued to look for the snitch. This time it only took him twenty minutes, and he put his right hand around the struggling ball – and they were gone with a whoosh.

## Chapter 31 – Honeymoon

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They felt a familiar pull behind their navels and found themselves back on the beach. But when Harry glanced at Ginny, he noticed that the sea was wide, much wider in fact, and that there were no walls surrounding it. He looked around at the unfamiliar place, and turned to his wife,

“Ginny? Do you have a clue where we are?” Ginny shook her head, and nearly jumped when suddenly her mobile phone rang. While she pushed a button and listened to a voice talking to her at the other side, Harry checked out the pockets of his shorts and noticed that he as well had his mobile phone with him. It was in the same pocket as his wand. In the other pocket, he found the small bag his parents had given him for his birthday. Finally, Ginny put the phone back into the pocket of her shorts. She frowned and said,

“That was George. He told me just to wait here until someone comes for us.” Harry snorted and replied,

“Who should come for us here? This seems like an inhabited island. But wait. Look, it is getting light; I thought it was getting dark. That means that we have to be far in the east,” he voiced his thoughts and heard a voice saying,

“Exactly, you are in Japan, which is eight hours ahead of Great Britain.” They nearly jumped and when they turned around saw an old man who must be about the same age as Dumbledore and had a similar white beard. “Hello my children, congratulations on your wedding. And sorry for giving you a fright; that was not my intention. I am Julian Dumbledore, a nephew of Albus.” Harry stared at the man. He remembered vaguely that his grandfather had told them something about a nephew living in Japan last year. He threw an unsure glance over to Ginny, who smiled at him encouragingly and asked,

“Sorry, Mr. Dumbledore, they didn’t tell us anything; where are we?” Dumbledore laughed and replied,



“First of all, as you are my grandnephew, don’t call me that please. Just call me Uncle Julian, and you too please,” he turned to Ginny. “As to where we are... we are on an island called Yubu-jima, which is a very small island with only twenty inhabitants near the island Iriomote, belonging to the islands of Okinawa in the very south of Japan. However, my wife and I own a house here with a huge beach mostly just for ourselves, especially as the only muggle way to come to this island is by riding a coach, which is pulled through the sea by a bull, we never have many visitors on this island. However, as we can apparate, the isolation is no problem for us, and we really enjoy the quiet.”

He motioned them to follow him and went over to a house located directly on the seashore. Suddenly a woman who seemed to be Japanese but strongly reminded Harry of Minerva McGonagall came out of the house and greeted them,

“Ah, yatto tsukimashita. Yokoso Yubujima e.” (Ah, you finally arrived; welcome to Yubu-jima island). Harry frowned and replied,

“Hello, I am sorry, but I don’t speak Japanese; do you speak English?” Dumbledore laughed and answered for his wife,

“This is my wife Mariko. You may call her ‘Aunt Mariko’ or just ‘Mariko-san’. And no, she understands English but cannot speak it, but maybe you can learn Japanese.” He handed Harry a book, however it consisted mainly of front and back cover with only two pages in between, which Harry started to read immediately. He frowned and read on only to say,

“Wow; will that really work?” Dumbledore laughed and said,

“Probably yes.” He turned to Ginny and explained, “It is a spell to learn a new language in an instant, however in order for this to work, you have to sacrifice one language you are capable of. And you have to be very powerful in order for the spell to work.” Harry thought for a moment before he decided to try. What was the problem of giving Parseltongue up? Would his father be angry with him? Very pensively, he asked,

“Is it possible to reverse it later onwards? Could I give Japanese up to retrieve Parseltongue again?” Dumbledore laughed and nodded affirmatively.

“Yes, my dear boy, that should be possible; you only have to remember that the spell takes a lot of magic, and maybe you wouldn’t be able to reverse it after just a week or such.” Harry had made up his mind. He looked intensely into the book, memorized everything, but in fact did not use the spell but wish magic as usual. Not knowing how to wish not to be able to speak to snakes anymore – he was much too excited for details – he just wished to be able to communicate with Dumbledore’s wife and pushed all his magic into the wish. Ginny, noticing what he was trying, rushed over to him and held him in a fierce embrace – fortunately, as he nearly passed out when his magic started to weaken.

“Thank you, Ginny,” he finally said, still holding onto her arm. Now he tried to address Dumbledore’s wife in Japanese,

“Konnichi wa. Ginny to Harry desu. Dozo yoroshiku onegai shimasu (Hello. We are Ginny and Harry. Thanks for having us here).” He turned to the others, “wow, it worked. Ginny, do you want to try as well?” Ginny hesitated; she had no other language to spare. Giving up English would be too dangerous, and neither could she give up the Birds language, as she had to be able to communicate in her animagus form. “Wait.” Harry said suddenly and explained, “I am not sure if my ability to speak Parseltongue has really gone. Could someone conjure a small snake please? Just for a moment?” Dumbledore waved his hand and a small snake was wiggling its way in the sand. Harry approached it and asked,

&Hello, what are you doing here?& only to smile, when the snake answered,

&I don’t really know, it doesn’t seem to be interesting here,& and disappeared in the direction of the sea. He turned back to the others, who were watching him amazedly and stated,

“It still works. Could it be that because I didn’t use the spell and only used my wish magic – only asking for Japanese language abilities –

that I only gained that without losing anything?" Dumbledore gave him a piercing look and very pensively answered,

"That must indeed be the reason. Do you think you can use it on others too?" Harry shrugged and closed his eyes for a moment, imagining Ginny being able to talk Japanese as well, and sent all his wish magic into the thought. He felt his vision fail and quickly managed to sit down before he fell. This really took a lot of magic. But did it work? A few minutes later, he was conscious enough to open his eyes again and looked straight into his wife's worried brown eyes.

"Harry, what are you doing?" Ginny scolded him in a very upset voice, but Harry only said,

"Try to see if you are able to speak Japanese, Ginny." It worked, and Mariko-san thanked him and said she was indeed very happy to be able to talk to his beautiful wife. Harry turned to his uncle and told him he could also try on his wife in order for her to speak English; however, he would have to do that on a different day, as the wish took a lot of magic out of him.

His uncle replied, "We would be more than happy if you were able to do that, but not today. I know that Albus and Minerva sent you here in order to improve your poor health condition and not to do just the contrary. Therefore, I will show you to your room and suggest that you rest for a while." He assigned them a room upstairs with a tatami mat floor, where two futons were laid out next to each other. The room also had a small table and two comfortable looking chairs as well as a cupboard, and the best of all was the view over the beautiful, emerald green sea.

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When Harry woke up, it was already late in the afternoon. He noticed that it was very hot, but that a refreshing breeze came from the sea. When he sat up, he saw that Ginny was sitting on the floor, unpacking the bag his parents had given to them and realized that he had a bad headache. He groaned and carefully lay back closing his eyes on the way. He was so stupid. Why had he used that much magic? He should have used his magic on Ginny tomorrow or the day after. Soon he felt Ginny climbing in next to him, but before he could

even kiss her, he heard a knock at the door and Dumbledore's voice calling them,

"It's time for dinner, and we would appreciate if you came down now."

Ginny, who in the meantime had got up and opened the door, replied, "Thank you very much, Uncle Julian. We will be downstairs in a few minutes." Dumbledore nodded contently and left. "Harry, are you feeling well enough to get up?" Ginny asked her husband concerned, and Harry nodded and sat up, before he groaned again and enquired,

"Ginny, do you have a headache potion?" She nodded and placed two phials next to his futon on the floor, but Harry only took the headache potion and relaxed immediately. He mouthed a 'thanks', got up and quickly undressed and took the clean shorts and T-shirt Ginny handed to him. Harry giggled, "Now I know why Mom said we shouldn't open the bag at home. We would have wondered what to do with this inappropriate muggle clothing." Ginny now laughed as well and nodded eagerly.

"However," she asked, "Don't you think it would be more appropriate to wear the robes over this attire? Here are robes for each of us in the bag as well." Harry's face darkened a little and he replied,

"Oh yes, then we will have to wear them, although I think it is much too hot to wear robes." They put on their robes and finally went downstairs for dinner.

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Fortunately, the living room was air-conditioned and the air felt even cold to Harry's skin, so that they could relax and enjoy the meal. Otherwise, Harry would not have thought to be able to eat anything of the delicious dinner. Everyone had about a dozen small bowls in front of him, and except from rice, Harry and Ginny had never even tasted one of the delicacies before. The Dumbledores seemingly enjoyed their company and asked many questions about Hogwarts, Great Britain and the wizarding world in general, as well as private questions about the two newly weds and their families.

“Has your uncle ever visited you here?” Harry asked curiously, and his uncle explained,

“He has visited us several times, together with Minerva, because nobody in Great Britain was to know that they were married, and it was only here that they could really relax. However, about twenty years ago, suddenly they were able to openly show their connection, moreover they could show their connection to their grandchild, and shortly afterwards you arrived, and from that point onwards, they didn’t want to leave you even for a short holiday. They only came here once last summer and once a few weeks ago just for a few hours to discuss your stay here.” ‘Oh no,’ Harry thought and just managed to guiltily voice,

“Oh.” Mariko-san who had watched him intensely, shook her head and told him that it was not his fault at all to be such a nice baby that the great grandparents didn’t want to leave it for a few days. He gave her a grateful smile and proceeded to ask more questions.

“So, err... what are the two of you doing here?” Uncle Julian laughed and told him,

“In the Okinawa area, we have about 50 wizards and witches, many more than anywhere else in Japan. A few of them live on the main island, but most of them are living on small islands as ours. If you go out on the beach, you will see a small building just on the edge; this is a classroom. Mariko teaches the children over there; Wizarding etiquette and Wizarding history to the younger children and Transfiguration to the older children and on request to adults.” Ignoring Harry’s gasp he continued, “And I am inventing new spells, writing books about them and teach Charms.” Ginny, who had noticed her husband’s eyes brighten, said sternly,

“Now, Harry, don’t even think about it. You will not teach any single lesson here!” Harry tried to hide his blush behind a laugh, and earned a very stern glance from Mariko-san, which could have made Minerva proud. ‘How similar they are,’ Harry thought amazed, while Ginny explained to her that Harry was teaching Transfiguration at Hogwarts. Uncle Julian replied,

“Yes, they have told us and they also told us, that you, Ginny, are the Healer’s apprentice at Hogwarts. We have one healer here in our group in Okinawa; she went to your place twice last year to look after Harry; I don’t know if you met her. But if you would like to meet her, I certainly would be able to arrange something.” Ginny’s eyes brightened and she replied eagerly,

“That is a good idea. She knew the illness Harry had at that time, which nobody in Great Britain knew about. Maybe they have other methods here or know more about other illnesses we don’t have a cure for at our place.” Dumbledore doubtfully tilted his head and said,

“I don’t think so, as we are using the same books here. But anyhow, I will arrange something for you, Ginny. And Harry, don’t look at me like that; you are definitely not allowed to do anything while you are here; if you would like to do something that is anyhow connected to your work, you will have to come another time. Both of you are always welcome here...” Here his wife interrupted him,

“okosama o nannin tsurete kite mo ii kara ne.” (and bring as many children as you have.) Harry laughed at this, threw a fond look at his Ginny and said,

“Alright, we’ll work on it, won’t we, Ginny?” She smiled back and nodded eagerly.

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Dumbledore took over the conversation again, “I would like to put up a few rules for our common life here.” Confirming that he had the attention of both of them, he continued, “Breakfast will be at 7:00, lunch at 12:00 and dinner at 6:00 in the evening, and we expect you to show up for every meal. If you are not able to attend a meal, please inform us beforehand. During the day, you are completely free to do as you like, except you can’t do anything connected to your work, as I told you before. We would like you to be in the house by 10:00 p.m. each night. If you leave this island, which you should do sometimes, and we will advise you where to go or even take you here and there by ourselves if you don’t mind; anyway if you intend to leave the island, we want to know about it. If you are ill or have any other problems, we want to know about it. If you have any questions

or wishes, just come and ask. Is everything clear, my children?" Ginny and Harry nodded, and Ginny said,

"Yes, Uncle Julian and Aunt Mariko, everything is clear. Thank you." Mariko-san gave her an approving look and Julian continued,

"It will be getting dark in an hour, but as you have slept through the whole day, maybe you should go for a walk. If you go onto the beach and turn either left or right and walk straight on along the shore, it will take you about an hour to be back here, if you walk slowly." Harry and Ginny glanced at each other, and Harry answered,

"Yes, thank you, Uncle Julian, I think that is a good idea. Um... We should leave our robes here, right?" His uncle nodded, and Mariko-san added,

"Itsumo oite oite kudasai. Uchi no naka mo, kono mama de ii desu yo. Atsui desho." (Always leave them; even in the house, you don't have to wear them; it is too hot). Ginny and Harry gave her a very grateful smile, before Ginny told Harry,

"You stay put and rest for a while, I will just help with the washing up, and then we can go." Mariko-san threw her an amused glance, and with a few waves of her wand, everything was clean and back into the shelves. Harry could not hide his laugh at Ginny's stunned face. Ginny quickly went upstairs to put their robes into their room, hid the phial with the blue potion Harry had abandoned before in the pocket of her shorts thanking her father-in-law for filling all potions in unbreakable phials and went back downstairs, so that they could head to the beach.

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They went outside and just sat down where they were, leaning into each other and watching the sea in the evening sun. Not getting tired of watching the sun fading behind the ocean and many stars appearing on the sky, they continued to just sit there cuddling each other.

“Look, Ginny,” Harry suddenly exclaimed, “The moon is lying on its back; I have never seen that at home.” Ginny gasped and said amazed,

“You’re right, I haven’t either. Now, do you feel up to walking a bit?” Harry nodded and they proceeded to walk around the small island, hand in hand. Suddenly Harry asked worriedly,

“Ginny, are you alright? Your hands are cold; are you warm enough?” Ginny snorted and told him,

“Harry, it is about 35 degrees here, it is hot. My hands seem only cold to you, because you have a fever again, which is your own fault for not taking the fever-reducer I gave you before dinner.” Worriedly noticing how fast he had quieted down, she ordered him to drink the potion now and made him sit down for a rest. Finally, after watching the moon for a long while, they managed to arrive back home just before their 10 o’clock ‘curfew’.

When they entered the house, Uncle Julian explained that Mariko-san had already prepared the bath, and as soon as she emerged Ginny had to go in and Harry after her, before everyone would be having tea. Mariko-san showed them the bathroom with the washing room in the front and the room with the bathtub behind the changing room. Ginny gasped when they entered the room with the bathtub and told Mariko-san, Harry was having a fever and could definitely not have such a hot bath. Mariko-san eyed him worriedly, taking in his flushed but pale cheeks, and said,

“So nara, ofuro wa dame desu yo. Tsumetai shawa o abiru ka, sono mama de neru ka, raku na yo ni shite kudasai.” (In this case, you may not take a bath. Either take a cold shower or just go to bed, whichever is more comfortable for you.) Harry gave her an uncomfortable smile. Why did Ginny have to tell her? He finally took a cold shower and felt very refreshed afterwards.

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During the first four days, they did nothing but relax on the beach, in the sea and during daytime, when it was too hot, in front of the ventilator or the air conditioner in the house. So far, they had only



seen the jungle island Iriomote, which was a fifteen minutes ride by the coach that was pulled by a bull. Mariko-san and Julian had taken them there for an afternoon, and both of them had liked the trip very much.

However, for the fifth day, Julian had arranged for them to go the mainland of Okinawa to meet their daughter, who would take them on a tour around the island. He handed Harry a silver necklace with a small pendant of a 'shisa', which Harry knew was one of the guardian lions standing in the entrance of on the roof of every traditional house in Okinawa.

"Please put this around you neck, Harry. This is your portkey to come home. Even if you return to Hogwarts, you can come here with it anytime. It activates on 'Yubu-jima jikka' (home on Yubu island)." He turned to Ginny and handed her a similar necklace telling her that the password was the same as Harry's. "Alright," he continued, "to go to Okinawa you use this here," he handed them a small bottle of water for them to drink, which he had just turned into a portkey. "You will arrive in the garden of our daughter; her name is Yoko, and she speaks English in case you prefer this to Japanese. She will take you around the island by car, so it will not be too strenuous. If you get lost or are in any kind of trouble, just use your portkeys and come home immediately." Mariko-san threw Harry a stern glare and told him,

"Taicho ga warukattara, Yoko ni iu ka sugu ni kaette kite kudasai." (If you don't feel well, tell Yoko or come back immediately.) Harry threw her an annoyed glance and said,

"Yes, Aunt Mariko, but don't worry, I'll be fine." They took the portkey immediately after breakfast in order to be able to spend much time on the main island. As soon as they arrived in a garden, they were greeted by a friendly voice.

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"Hello; you must be Ginny and Harry. Welcome to Okinawa, and congratulations on your wedding." They thanked her and eyed her curiously. Yoko-san was exactly a younger version of Mariko-san, and Ginny and Harry liked her immediately. Just like his older aunt, she reminded Harry of Minerva, although she seemed to be about

twenty years younger. Yoko-san took them to Shuri to visit the castle and showed them around for a while, until Harry pointed to two parallel rails a few meters above the street and asked,

“What’s that?” Yoko-san laughed and told him,

“That is the monorail. It is still new, has only been built about six years ago. Do you want a ride in it?” Seeing the excited faces in the rear, she parked the car near the station of Shuri and guided them up to the monorail. They travelled to Naha, enjoying the landscape on their way and went to see the old market. Never had they seen so many fish in a market, and suddenly Ginny let out a small cry – the fish were still moving. Yoko-san laughed at their surprised expressions and took them back to the monorail. When they got back to the car, she drove them to her home and made them eat lunch. When she could not convince Harry to eat anything, as he was not hungry because it was too hot, she made him take a nap while they finished their meal, before they got into the car again for a longer drive.

“Wow, this is so beautiful,” Ginny cheered when she watched the pretty landscape of the seashore fly by while they were heading northwards. Yoko-san took them to a huge park housing the world’s biggest aquarium. After visiting a dolphin show, which both of them had never had the opportunity to watch before, they drove back to have dinner in a small bar in Naha. Then it was already time to take the portkey back, and after Yoko-san invited them to visit her once more during the following week and even stay the night if her parents didn’t mind, Harry asked Ginny to grip his necklace and activated the portkey.

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While Harry was taking his shower, Julian asked Ginny, “Would you still like to meet the Healer, Ginny? She told me, you could go over to her place tomorrow if you would like to. Or if you don’t want to travel via portkey again so soon, she could come here.” Ginny thought for a moment and replied,

“I would like to meet her very much. In fact, I am very worried about Harry. He has been having a fever now since we have been here,

although we are not doing anything except from resting, sleeping and eating.” Mariko-san interrupted her,

“Koko ni kite moraimasho ne. Ima denwa shite kimasu,” (Let’s ask her to come here. I am going to phone her now,) and fetched a mobile phone already dialling a number. Ginny gasped and asked Julian astonished,

“Do wizards have mobile phones here?” He laughed and said,

“Yes, Ginny. I know you have a floo network in Great Britain; we don’t have such a thing. We move around with portkeys or apparate, and we also use owls for mail, but for fast communication we have mobile phones.” Harry, who had just emerged from the bathroom, came just in time to hear what Julius said and was exactly as stunned as his wife was. Mariko-san, who had just finished talking on the phone, came over and poured each a glass of cold mugi-cha (wheat tea), before she sat down.

“Juppun go gurai ni kimasu. (She will be here in about ten minutes.) Harry threw Ginny an astonished look and enquired,

“Who will be here? Sorry I’m curious.” Everyone laughed and Julian explained,

“The healer Ginny wanted to meet.” Harry gasped and asked her softly,

“I thought you wanted to talk about several things in general, so wouldn’t it be better to meet her sometime in the morning instead of nearly 10 o’clock in the evening?” Ginny sighed and told him that she wanted to ask the Healer about his immune system and that Mariko-san had phoned her and asked her to come now, because everyone was worried about him. Harry groaned and said,

“I am fine; I don’t need a Healer,” however, a stern glance from Mariko-san made him quiet down quickly. When the Healer arrived, Mariko-san introduced Ginny to her, and Ginny told her about her worries, while Harry shifted uncomfortably in his seat. *Why couldn’t they just leave him in peace?*

After a while, the Healer turned to him and checked his immune system thoroughly, only to say, "His immune system is healing itself nicely. Don't tell me he caught a cold or anything else recently."

Ginny confirmed, "No, nothing for two months now; this is actually very rare for him for such a long time."

Uehara nodded contently, and explained further, "It's just that it has to recover its strength and this will take a few months or even years, as I told you last summer. During this time, he has to be very careful not to do anything strenuous; otherwise, he will get fevers and weaken his condition further. Therefore, everything is developing nicely, he just has to be more careful, and you have to look out for him and keep him resting if it is necessary, and if he has to spend two days a week in bed, it cannot be helped at the moment. However, he will become much better; no need to worry, just to be careful in the near future."

She took a parchment and wrote a few sentences, sealed it and handed it to Ginny. "Please give this to Healer Pomfrey directly after your return to Hogwarts," turned to Harry to say good-bye and tell him once more to be careful, before she excused herself. On her way to the door, she suddenly threw a piercing glance at Ginny and asked softly, "Ginny, would you mind me checking on you for a moment?"

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The Healer looked piercingly at Ginny and asked softly, "Ginny, would you mind me checking on you for a moment?"

Ginny threw her an astonished glance but replied, "No, no problem, although I don't know why; I am fine." The Healer laughed and made her sit down, before she waved her wand over Ginny a few times only to get a pink flare with two small lines each time. Then she grinned mischievously and said,

"The next time you will be able to come will be next summer, not before. Congratulations, you two. You are pregnant on the 7th day, Ginny... and obviously with twins." The two gasps that could be heard were so loud that Mariko-san rushed into the room and asked,

"Do shimashita ka?" (What's wrong?) Ginny and Harry were still too stunned to talk, so the healer said,

"May they come again next summer? I want to check on Harry again in a year, and I am sure they want to introduce two more family members to you." It took Mariko-san a few seconds to grasp the meaning, and then she asked,

"You mean, they are pregnant? Congratulations, you two; that's really good news today. And twins? Of course, you can come in the summer. We'd love to have you here, and if you wish, you can stay here for the whole summer, two or three months, as long as they let you go."

Harry laughed and said, "I will have to teach the summer classes first, before we can come here," but Ginny contradicted immediately,

"No, you will definitely not teach any summer courses. You overworked yourself too much this year, and I can promise I will not let this happen again. Fortunately, I know that everyone at Hogwarts is on my side and that they won't let you either. And moreover, you will be a father in a few months, therefore, you are not only responsible for yourself but also for me and our children and have to take better care of yourself or at least do what I tell you. I will ask Minerva and Poppy to let us come here for the whole holidays, so that you will not even be tempted to do anything but rest and take

care of your family.” Harry had listened to what Ginny said, but suddenly he had an idea, concentrated and sent all his wish magic into his idea, until he knew he had to stop in order not to lose consciousness.

“Harry!” Ginny’s voice pulled him back to reality. “What are you doing? Have you even listened to what I told you?”

Harry suddenly was very tired and mumbled, “Yes, Gin, sorry; try to speak English to Mariko-san,” before he closed his eyes for a moment. Ginny, who had now grasped what he had done, gave the healer an explanation, and a quick test showed that Harry had been efficient.

Mariko-san was stunned and pulled the astonished Harry into a fierce hug, before Healer Uehara told him, “Harry, I appreciate what you have done for my friend, but as a healer I must forbid you to do such things when your condition is not so good anyway.”

Harry contradicted immediately, “You just told me a few minutes ago that I could do what I wanted during the next days, and this was what I wanted, because I thought it might be helpful if she were able to communicate with our family at Hogwarts in order to come and visit us some time.”

Suddenly he was pulled into a bear’s hug, and Mariko-san told him in English, “Thank you very much, Harry. I really appreciate it.”

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Very late on Sunday night, exactly a day later than planned, Ginny and Harry took the portkey back to Hogwarts. They arrived in the Snapes’ living room, when everyone was just having dinner and jumped when the two suddenly appeared. They sat down on the sofa to have a cup of tea, until an hour later, Ginny excused them saying,

“I am sorry, but in Japan it is already 3 o’clock in the morning, and we just want to sleep.” Glancing at Harry, she noticed that he was already fast asleep and decided to just leave him on the sofa. She pulled his feet onto the sofa, fetched a cover for him and tucked him in, before she headed for their room.

Lily followed her hesitantly and asked, "Sorry, Ginny, only one question: how is he?"

Ginny frowned and replied, "Fortunately a little better, and he has been resting the whole time. We also had Healer Uehara check on him, and she said his immune system was healing nicely but he must not overwork himself and be very careful." In the morning, Ginny and Harry were awake very early and managed to tell their good news to Severus and Lily even before breakfast. At breakfast, Harry handed Minerva his mobile phone and said,

"Here is the number of Mariko-san; I don't know if you are still able to speak Japanese, but she can speak English now." Minerva let out a gasp and immediately called her good friend, whom she had not seen in so many years. After talking to Mariko-san, she decided, she would find the time next summer to join Harry and Ginny in Okinawa if only for a week.

After breakfast, Ginny dragged Harry up to the Hospital Wing to tell Poppy the good news of her pregnancy and give her the parchment from Healer Uehara.

Poppy gave her a happy smile and said excitedly, "First of all, congratulations to you two. Ginny, I will check on you once a week, I'd say whenever we have time on Mondays." She sighed and looked at the soon-to-become-a-father,

"Harry, concerning you it is more difficult and I expect you to oblige completely. Ginny will check on you every evening and morning, and if she tells you to spend a day in bed, you have to oblige, otherwise you will come here for a check-up once a day. Additionally you will come to see me every Friday evening directly after the staff meeting. I will speak to Minerva about this, so that she will be warned that she might have to take your lessons from time to time. I suppose Healer Uehara has told you how important it is to be careful for a few years for your immune system to be able to repair itself."

Ginny nodded affirmatively and Harry said, "Yes, Aunt Poppy. I will be careful. May I go now? The students will arrive tonight, and I have not been able to do any work for three weeks." Poppy and Ginny exchanged an exasperated glance, and Harry was allowed to go.

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As soon as Harry was out of their sight, he transformed into Icicle and flashed into their quarters in search for Julia, but only his parents were there. Harry had just asked his mom, where his sister was, when she came out of their father's potions lab. Harry called her over immediately,

"Julia, do you have time to help me with Merlin House?"

Julia smiled at her big brother and said eagerly, "Of course, Harry, you know, that I always have time to help you." Together they went over to the common room, checked all dormitories and put a chocolate phoenix onto each bedside table."

"That's all, Julia, thank you very much," he told his sister gratefully.

"Is there anything else I can help with?" she asked, but he declined and said,

"No, I only have to go to my office and go over my lesson plan for the next weeks." Julia told him Minerva had decided that all teachers of the Primary school, who had the status of Hogwarts teachers, had been assigned to a teacher of the main subjects in order to lessen their workload. They had been instructed to grade homework and tests of the three lower classes as well as to take over detentions and other duties from time to time. Minerva had also spoken to her and asked her to do the same for Harry, although she would not be a teacher until in two years time.

Harry smiled at her and said, "Yes, Julia, I know that. I have asked her to assign you to me, because it is easy for me to work together with you. However, you have to learn for your NEWTs; learning for them is more important than helping me with my work." Harry made a free space on his desk, put a chair in front of it and told Julia, "Here is your working space; as soon as I return from classes, I will put everything from the first to the third class here on your space. Then you can come whenever you want and do the grading, also when I am still in classes or in the staff meeting. If anything is unclear to you, please ask me."

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Too soon, it was time to head for the Great Hall for the Welcoming feast. Harry was glad that he didn't have to bring the first years to school like last year and sat down at the Head table between his mother and his great grandmother relatively early. Minerva immediately involved him into a talk about his honeymoon and asked questions about what she had heard from Mariko-san. She also told him that it was no problem for her to take over his classes anytime. Harry groaned; he did not intend to let anybody take over his classes. Fortunately, the students arrived quite early, and the sorting began.

Half through the sorting, Harry exploded. "Is the Sorting hat ill or crazy or what? He just can't sort half of the firsties into the same house!" So far, the Sorting hat had sorted 19 students of 50 into Merlin House, Hufflepuff had none, Ravenclaw three students. And there were only twenty more to sort. Minerva shook her head unbelievably and threw a helpless glance at Albus, whose eyes twinkled none the less. When the Sorting hat had finished, Merlin House had gained 21 new students, Gryffindor 11, Ravenclaw 6, Slytherin 12 and Hufflepuff none. Harry groaned and hissed to the Hat, "Are you crazy or what?" However the Hat completely ignored him, and when Severus put the Hat away, Harry turned to Minerva,

"Will the castle automatically prepare two more dormitories or at least enlarge the ones we have, or do I have to talk to her? And will the house elves automatically make everything ready for the students in the additional rooms?" Minerva frowned and consulted Albus, who was sitting on her other side, but he didn't know either. Harry snorted and said, "Then, Granny, please excuse me from dinner tonight. I will go to Merlin house and see to it; I will come back as soon as everything is cleared up. May I take Julia with me if she wants to?" Minerva frowned but gave him an approving nod, before she stood and addressed the students.

Julia eagerly followed Harry into Merlin House, where they saw that nothing had been changed yet. A few house elves were transporting the trunks of the students into the dormitories, while others were having a discussion. One of them immediately turned to Harry,

"Professor Snape-Dumbledore, sir, we is discussing whether we should enlarge the dormitory of the first years, or whether we should

make another room on each side, one for the boys and one for the girls?" Harry sighed. Now he had to decide. Which would be better? He asked Julia, and she suggested,

"Maybe it would be the best to have them all in one big room. Imagine someone looks for a first year and has to look through several dormitories. I mean the elves could make the room really big and put plants or something in the middle, so that the students are a bit separated." Harry nodded and turned to the elves,

"Do you know how many boys and how many girls there are?" One of them answered,

"Yes, sir, ten girls and eleven boys." Harry sighed; at least it was even. The house elf spoke again: "We could make a temporary arrangement and you could talk to the students about it tonight, and if necessary we can change it very quickly."

"Alright," Harry answered, "thank you very much. That's very comforting. Then please enlarge the two dormitories, and I will talk to the students immediately after dinner." He went over to his room to fetch eleven more chocolate phoenixes and handed them to the elves. "Please put them on the additional night tables. Thank you. Come on Julia, let's see if we still can get some dinner." They hurried back to the Great Hall and sat down on their seats, although dinner was nearly finished. He turned to Minerva again,

"Granny, we have to adjust the timetables, right?" When she nodded, he went on, "and we will have to pair Merlin with Ravenclaw for this year, right?" Minerva nodded and said,

"Yes, Harry, but we will have a staff meeting at," she sighed and looked at her watch, "let's say an hour after dinner is finished. And we will discuss this then. Now you have to eat." In the meantime, Lily had filled Harry's plate, and Harry started to eat a little, but was mainly playing with his food thinking about what he had to organize differently now. When Minerva stood to dismiss the students, Harry winced under her disapproving glance. He went over to Merlin table and asked Julia to help the two fifth years' prefects to lead the many first years to the tower and to gather everyone for a house family meeting in ten minutes.

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Ten minutes later, all students of Merlin house were gathered in the common room, when Harry entered through the portrait hole.

“Welcome back to the older students, welcome to the new ones,” he greeted them. “Now,” he continued, “first of all, I want to know what you did to the Sorting Hat. Normally, the Sorting Hat sorts about ten students in each of the five houses, however today, Hufflepuff did not gain a single student and Ravenclaw only six, while we have 21. So please tell me – don’t worry, you will stay here, all of you – who of you talked the Hat into putting you into this house?” Five students raised their hands immediately, and Harry recognized each of them from the summer course for the muggleborns. He sighed; of course – they knew him and wanted to be in his house. “Alright,” he said, “Who else?” Five more hands went up hesitantly, and Harry turned to them and asked, “Why?” One of the students timidly said,

“Because I have heard that Merlin house is the one, which has the best community and the nicest Head of house.” The other four students agreed and everyone laughed. Harry smirked and said,

“Alright; thank you for the compliment. I don’t mind, however for you it might be a bit uncomfortable. As I had to decide nearly instantly where to put you, I have asked the house elves to enlarge your dormitories, so that ten or eleven of you will share a dormitory. We will keep this for a week, and on Friday evening at our family meeting, we will discuss if this solution is alright for you, or if you want me to divide you and arrange for a second dormitory for you.

As you probably know by now, I am your Head of House, and my name is Harry Snape-Dumbledore. While we are here in Merlin House, you may call me Harry; however, outside the house you have to address me as Professor Snape-Dumbledore, otherwise I have to take points. And I do not wish you to speak about this to students of other houses. Your house is special, and I am leading this house in a very different way from how the other houses are lead. As you have heard from Professor Snape tonight, your house is your family while you are at Hogwarts.

Apart from the fact that you can come to my office anytime, which is just opposite your portrait hole, I will be here in the common room nearly every evening during the last half hour before curfew, which starts at 10 o'clock, and you are welcome to speak to me about anything you wish to talk about.

In the last year, I have introduced a system with the upper classes helping the younger students with homework and studying if needed, while the younger students take over small chores for the elders who have to prepare for their exams. The 5th year's students provide homework help for 1st to 4th years, always two students are on duty from Monday to Friday between dinner and curfew; and on the weekends, two 6th year's students take over. In return, the 5th and 7th years may ask second years and third years for little chores (for example taking books back to the library etc.) and fourth years for small shopping chores in Hogsmeade.

Like last year, I want two second or third year's students on duty every evening between dinner and curfew, and two fourth year's students for each Hogsmeade visit. I have prepared a new calendar," he pointed to the calendar he had pinned to the wall, and continued, "and I want you all to put your names in. Everyone, who is not on the Quidditch team, please take preferably Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, as these are the days of our Quidditch practise. If you have any problems with the calendar, please call me and I will help you to arrange everything.

A short word concerning Quidditch: As Anna has finished her seventh year, Julia will be the new captain of the Quidditch team. Julia, I want you to decide on a new deputy-captain and give me the name within the week; also please make a plan concerning tryouts and talk to me within the week." He glanced around and asked the first years to introduce themselves, who complied immediately and had just finished their introductions, when a glance at his watch showed him that the staff meeting had just started.

He groaned and said, "I'm sorry, but our staff meeting has just began; I must leave. I would like the older students to quickly introduce themselves to the first years; then you are all dismissed to your dormitories. I will look after you once more directly before curfew;

therefore, first years, when you have any problems, either ask your prefects or come out here into the common room shortly before curfew.” He transformed into Icicle and was gone in a flash of ice, leaving many stunned students behind.

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Although he flashed directly into the staff room, he was still late for the staff meeting and apologized to Minerva,

“I am sorry, but with so many new students, our house meeting took some time; in fact it is not finished yet.”

Minerva sighed and said, “In the meantime, I have talked to the Sorting Hat and he told me that the students insisted on being put into Merlin house.”

Ignoring the gasps from all sides, Harry asked in a very upset voice, “But does the Sorting hat have to do what the students tell him? I know that the students told him, because I asked them; but if this was right, then we could just ask all students to choose their own house.”

Minerva sighed again and said calmly, “Yes, Harry, I know, and I am sorry for you having extra work again, but it is already too late to do anything about it. Next year I will talk to the Sorting Hat beforehand and will forbid him to listen to the students.”

Severus began to speak pensively. “Maybe we should once ask Harry what is so different about his house. He has experienced Gryffindor under Minerva and Merlin under Lily, so he should be able to tell us what he is doing differently. And I think it is obvious that the students chose Merlin because of its last year’s reputation as well as the reputation of its Head of House of course.”

The others agreed immediately, but Harry asked, “I am sorry, but do we have to discuss this tonight, or would it be possible to talk about it tomorrow?”

Lily laughed and told the others, “As you know, Ginny and Harry just came back from Japan yesterday with a time difference of eight hours

I think, and when you look at them, you see that they obviously have a jetlag and can hardly keep their eyes open.”

Everyone laughed now, and Minerva said, “Alright, Harry, we will ask you in our staff meeting tomorrow. For the Heads of House: We have to change the timetables for the firsties; we need to put Merlin together with Ravenclaw, and Gryffindor with Slytherin. My suggestion: We leave Merlin and Slytherin where they are and change Gryffindor and Ravenclaw; sorry Lily and Filius for the extra work. Now let’s adjourn this meeting. Good night.” Harry quickly excused himself and flashed back directly into Merlin’s common room.

“Sorry for giving you a fright,” he apologized to the students who had nearly jumped when he arrived. He motioned Julia to join him and went until the door of the first years’ girls dormitory. “Julia, please go in and ask if I may come in for a moment.” She entered the dormitory and returned after half a minute motioning him to come in. After talking to the girls for a few minutes, he went into the first year boy’s dormitory, talked to them, gave some advice and finally left Merlin house heading for his and Ginny’s room.

Ginny was still sitting in the living room having tea with his parents, grandparents, Amelia, Pomona and Poppy. But when Harry arrived and immediately said good night, she followed him into their rooms. She was still doing her check-ups on Harry, when she noticed that he was already asleep. After a quick, silent chat with Poppy, Ginny climbed into the bed and lay down next to Harry, who unconsciously pulled her into his arms.

## Chapter 33 – A normal first term

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The first weeks into the next school year passed relatively uneventfully; everything went well, and according to Minerva, the Merlin firsties again were adapting to the school very quickly. And Poppy confirmed that she had to deal with less homesick students than in other years. Harry was nearly as busy as in the last year, although Julia was helping a great deal by doing a lot of the grading work for him.

Harry was still attending Quidditch practise on Fridays as well as Yakkitch practise on Sundays, while Anna had replaced Ginny on both teams. Harry had asked Ginny to stop flying completely until the babies were born, and Ginny had agreed immediately. However she attended every practise watching them playing from the stands.

Ginny's condition was good; amazingly, she didn't have any problems with her pregnancy, and according to Poppy, the twins were growing and developing well. Poppy had already told them that it would be a girl and a boy, so that they could already think about names, which proved to be very difficult. It was easier to decide on the godfathers; Harry had suggested, Fred and Julia for one, George and Anna for the other, and Ginny had agreed immediately, and all four soon-to-be godparents had taken their decision very happily.

Harry and Ginny had got used to living together, although in fact not so much changed as Ginny had already nearly been living with Harry for a few months. But it was a bit different, and both of them were enjoying it very much.

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As soon as Harry had the opportunity, he asked his parents and grandparents, "I would like to invite Uncle Julian and Aunt Mariko for Christmas. Would you mind?"

Albus sighed and told him, "We have tried to invite them several times, but they have always declined. Probably the problem is that she doesn't speak English."

Harry laughed and said, "She speaks English, I am sure." Noticing his curious glance, he added, "I have made her speak with my wish magic."

Everyone looked at him in awe, and Ginny said proudly, "That's my Harry," and everyone laughed.

Finally, Minerva suggested, "Why don't you phone them and ask, Harry? We would all love to have them here."

Harry waited until late in the night in order not to wake them up and phoned them. He talked to Mariko-san for more than three hours – there was so much to talk about, and he noticed that Mariko-san and Julian were missing him as much as he missed them. Therefore, it was not too difficult to talk them into visiting Hogwarts for Christmas, and finally they agreed to come over for a whole month. It was already 4 o'clock in the morning, when he finished the conversation, and when he thought about Ginny's upset face when she would check on him after only two hours of sleep, he felt a magnet pulling him into his office, where he could peacefully grade some tests and probably escape her clutches until breakfast.

Finally, he arrived five minutes late for breakfast, went over to his wife, apologized to her for being up early, gave her a kiss and sat down on his usual seat between his mother and grandmother. Then he told everyone that Julian and Mariko would come in the middle of December and stay for a whole month. Everyone seemed to be happy about it, but Minerva whispered to him,

"How did you manage that, Harry?"

And Harry giggled and whispered back, "I talked to her on the phone this morning... for more than three hours."

Minerva gasped and asked immediately, "And when did you sleep?" Harry only laughed and turned to his mother, quickly pulling her into a talk about his sisters.

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One day, while he was grading homework, an idea popped up in his head. He had still not forgotten the fright the other teachers had given him on his birthday. And he decided that the next time Poppy kept him over the weekend, he would play a prank on all the teachers. Of course, he hoped to never have the chance to play the prank, but as he knew his wife and Poppy, he was sure to be able to do it before Christmas.

A few weeks later, the opportunity arrived. Poppy had just told him the fever he had was spiking again was too high and she had to keep him over the weekend, simply ignoring his protests and excuses. Then she talked to Ginny and asked her to stay with Harry while she would attend Quidditch practise. To Poppy's astonishment, he asked her for a sleeping potion just before she left. 'Maybe he feels worse than I thought,' she thought and put the requested potion on his night table, excused herself and left Harry's old room.

As soon as she was gone, Harry got up, and when Ginny asked in a very upset voice, "What do you think you are doing?" he grinned and said,

"Sorry, Ginny, but I am going to have a little talk to the castle. However, you may sleep in my bed here." He put both hands on the wall and asked the castle if she could hear him.

"Of course I can hear you. What can I do for you, Harry?"

Harry now whispered, "I know that what I wish today is not very nice. However, the other teachers frightened me very much on my birthday, and I want to play a prank as revenge. Can you please, just for tonight, seal all doors to the teachers' quarters and rooms and tell the portraits to tell the teachers to write fifty times, 'I will no more give anyone a fright on his birthday?'"

The voice giggled and said, "Alright, I will do it for you. It will be valid until breakfast time tomorrow morning. Do you agree?"

"Yes. Thank you very much, however until dawn will be enough," Harry answered and went back into bed, where Ginny was watching him suspiciously. He smiled at Ginny and used his wish magic to enlarge the bed, before he invited Ginny to lie down next to him.

However, Ginny declined and said smilingly, "I will, later. Now I am still on duty and have to watch you, which I will do, my sweetie. Who knows what you would be doing if I was asleep before you?"

Harry laughed and said, "I won't do anything. I will take this sleeping potion and try to sleep, nothing else. Ginny still eyed him suspiciously, when he downed the potion, lay back and was asleep within seconds.

An hour later, Poppy returned from the practise, thanked Ginny and dismissed her, but Ginny showed her that Harry had enlarged the bed for her and wanted her to stay with him.

Poppy sighed and said, "No problem, you can of course stay here with him, however, he should know not to use wish magic when he has a fever." She checked on him once more and shook her head in annoyance. Disapprovingly clucking her tongue, she returned to her office in order to retire for the night, but soon noticed that the door to her private chambers would not open. When she asked the portrait, what was wrong, it relayed the message from the castle. She knew immediately that only Harry could have done this, and rushed back to his room to ask Ginny a few questions.

"What has Harry done while I was away? Has he left his bed?" Ginny frowned. *What was this about?*

"Yes," she replied. "When you were gone, he got up for maybe two minutes, put his hands unto the wall and talked to the castle, but I could not understand what he told her." Poppy frowned and told Ginny, what he had done. "Ah," Ginny realized. "That's why he told me twice, I could sleep in his bed. So I assume he did that to everyone."

Poppy growled and said, "So they will probably all turn up here and want to talk to him; that's why he wanted a sleeping potion. I should have known that he would never ask for one. How could I have been so stupid? And how can he be in bed with nearly 40 degrees of fever and have energy enough to think about pranks?" She shook her head unbelievably. Within the next hour, all teachers showed up in her office in order to speak to Harry. However, Poppy told everyone that he was asleep with a high fever and that nobody was allowed to

disturb him, before she assigned all teachers beds in the Hospital wing.

In the morning, Harry was awake but not well enough to have visitors, so Poppy decided after checking on him. Early in the morning, she had noticed that her personal quarters opened for her, but she had not told anyone so far. Very quietly, because Ginny was still asleep, she sat down on the edge of Harry's bed and asked softly, "How did you manage to get such a fever? I cannot find anything wrong, so I assume you just overdid yourself as usual, right?"

Harry nodded tiredly and closed his eyes. Until he was finally allowed out of bed on Monday morning in time for classes, everyone had already forgotten about the prank – everyone except for Harry, who was still giggling inwardly.

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As Harry had more regular work than most of the other teachers, he normally was exempt from chaperoning on the Hogsmeade weekends. He only had to help when the teacher on duty was ill or too busy; however, this year he volunteered to chaperone one of the Hogsmeade visits at the beginning of December. He fully intended to buy all Christmas presents on time this year. First, he guided his wife to the jeweller's shop. Knowing that he could not spend a lot of time off the main street, he told her to have a look first and then tell him what she would like. It took Ginny nearly two hours and Harry was already internally debating whether to enter the shop or to wait, until she finally showed off.

"Oh, Harry, it is so difficult to decide. But I can show you a few things I would like, and then the decision is up to you." Harry gave her a smile. That was exactly what he wanted. She showed him three completely different items, and he made her watch the street outside, while he bought them all, thinking about Valentine's day and other events on which he would need a present for his wife. While they were in Hogsmeade, he managed to get into all the interesting shops and ask for a catalogue in order to owl-order the other presents as soon as possible, which he somehow managed to do during the same weekend. While they were standing in front of The three

Broomsticks, waiting for the last students to return to Hogwarts, Jack, the second year Gryffindor student Harry had helped last year, approached him and asked,

“Professor, do you think it will again be possible for me to stay in Merlin house over Christmas?”

Harry frowned and asked, “Are you staying here again?” Jack nodded eagerly, and Harry sighed, before he answered, “I am sorry, but I cannot promise that. It depends on who else is staying for Christmas. If any of your classmates stayed, I couldn’t just pull you out, right?”

Jack nodded and stated, “But no other second years will stay. They are already talking about their parents and Christmas every day.” Harry was appalled to notice the tears that were welling in the boy’s eyes.

“Alright,” he promised. “If no other second years are staying, then you will be allowed to spend the holidays in Merlin house. I will speak to your Head of House about it, and I am sure she will agree.” Suddenly he felt himself hugged, before the student shouted,

“Thank you, Professor,” and ran up the street towards the castle.

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Harry did not waste time to talk about the matter and talked to his mother about Jack at dinnertime. After getting her agreement, he approached Minerva and asked her to distribute the ‘Presence during Christmas holidays’ parchments to the Head of Houses as soon as possible, and his grandmother assured him, he could accompany her after dinner and get them immediately. This time, apart from Jack in Gryffindor, one first year Gryffindor and two first year Slytherins, as well as eighteen Merlin students, four of them first years and the others all the same students who had stayed over Christmas last year, put their names onto the list. Everyone gasped, when Minerva stated these dates at the staff meeting a week later. Harry groaned. Why was it always him to get all the work?

Minerva threw him a worried glance and suggested, “As Jack has already approached Harry about staying in Merlin, I suggest we invite

the three first years as well and let them all stay in Merlin, which does not mean, Harry, that you have to care for all of them alone. I am sure your parents are willing to take turns with you watching for them.”

Harry nodded and replied, “It’s alright, three students more or less doesn’t make a difference. What is worrying me is the fact that so many Merlin students are staying. I have checked their families, and I even went to watch a few of them during the summer, when the students were at home, in an invisible form of course, but they seemed relatively normal to me. Therefore, I just can’t understand why they won’t go home for Christmas. I mean, in my old time line, when I only had relatives who were abusing and starving me, of course I always stayed here, but if I was a student and my parents were not at Hogwarts but were living at Snape Manor, I would not be anywhere else but there.”

The confusion was clearly written in his face, and the others had to try hard not to laugh, until Severus said in his soft, silky voice Harry loved so much, “Probably, Harry, they just like it too much here. You are providing them with their own family here with older and younger siblings, with you as a father, and you are closer to them than their real family, as you are living here together for the most part of the year. You are acting like a father to them. None of us has ever gone to check on the students’ families during summer. It becomes clear when you look at the fact that they are mostly first and second years, which means students who have started Hogwarts with you as Head of House. The other houses don’t have this kind of family binding. We have talked about this here in the staff meeting, while you were ill last Thursday I think.”

Harry growled at Ginny for a short moment, before he threw his father an enquiring glance. Severus sighed and explained, “The point of the discussion was that your system of having the younger students do chores for the older ones and the older students help the younger ones, does not work with the other houses.”

Noticing Harry’s confused expression, he explained, “Your mother brought up the topic, because two Gryffindor second years had played a prank on two sixth years, because they thought they gave them too many chores. And the effect was that the two sixth years

had to do their whole potions homework again, because it had been turned in unreadable.” Putting a calming hand on Harry’s shoulder, he continued, “and this is not a single case, Harry. I must admit that in Slytherin the system seems to work so far, but the three other houses have already cancelled it.”

Pomona continued, “And it is the same with the family meetings on Friday evenings. We have tried several times, but only a handful of students are coming to the meetings. Therefore, I have cancelled them as well. It just does not work in my house, I don’t know why.”

Severus went on, “They also work in Slytherin only.” Harry was surprised. What was it about Slytherin and Merlin?

Then he remembered something. “Do you spend regular times in your common rooms, for example a few minutes before curfew, to talk to the students?”

Lily, Pomona and Filius shook their heads, while Severus answered, “As you know, I have always made a round through the house around curfew. And many students use these times for a small talk.”

Harry nodded and said pensively, “I think that this time is very important and valuable for the students. I often wanted Mom to come and tell me good night, but I knew that the Head of houses didn’t do such things, so I didn’t really mind, but this was the first thing I thought to change when I became Head of House.”

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On Saturday, Mariko-san and Julian would be coming, and everyone, especially Ginny, Harry, Minerva and Albus were looking forward to having them there for a month. A week before, Albus had flashed over to his nephew’s and given them a portkey, which would take them directly into their rooms at Hogwarts. Everyone had accepted Harry’s suggestion to let them use the guest bedroom in the Snape quarters.

On Friday morning before breakfast, after spending an hour in the Primary school’s potions lab to brew a certain potion, Harry had inspected the guest room and had asked the castle to add a small

bathroom to the room permanently. Then he had put a few chocolate phoenixes on the table and had left two identical copies of a book he thought they should read on the two night tables. Making a note in his head to take Marina and Violet to the grounds after the lessons to put up some fresh flowers for the room, he left for breakfast.

In the afternoon, he again took the two energetic seven-year olds to the grounds and let them pick up flowers for everyone.

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On Saturday morning, he didn't feel really well, and Ginny told him to stay in bed and sleep some more. When he woke up, Minerva was sitting next to him... no, he realized, that was not Minerva, it was.... "Aunt Mariko?" he mumbled surprised.

"Yes, Harry, it's me," she replied softly and carefully stroked his head. Harry tiredly sat up and excused himself,

"Aunt Mariko, I am so sorry, I wanted to wait for you, but somehow I slept so long, but..." he trailed off.

Mariko-san laughed and told him, "That's no problem, Harry." They talked for about an hour, until Minerva entered the room and saw that Harry was awake. She motioned him to come over to the living room, where he sat on his favourite place on the sofa next to Mariko-san. Harry just listened to the two talking about anything imaginable, wondering where all the others might be.

---

Suddenly Mariko-san addressed him, "Harry, while you have been asleep, I have started to read the book someone placed so kindly beside my bed." Harry glanced at her as innocently as possible, and she continued, "Do you think I should learn to become an Animagus?"

Harry threw an unsure glance at Minerva, before he answered, "Yes, Aunt Mariko, I think so. And in case you are interested, I have already brewed the potion for you to know which animal you would become."

Minerva gasped and asked exasperatedly, "Harry, one question: When did you have the time to brew that?"

Harry thought for a moment, before he answered, "Yesterday morning, very early before breakfast; I brewed it in the potions lab at the Primary school. You know, it is an easy potion, and it only takes about an hour to brew, so it was no problem." Minerva and Mariko exchanged a glance, which clearly showed that they agreed fully with each other. "Do you want to try it out now?" Harry asked smirking, and Mariko-san started to question him,

"Will it hurt? How long will it take? What will exactly happen?"

Harry grinned and stood up from the sofa, before he answered, "It might hurt a bit, but not necessarily. It will take probably about ten minutes. What will happen is that you will transform into the animal you will become in case you manage the transformation on your own. You will stay in the form of the animal for a few minutes in order to exactly know what it looks like. It will make the transformation much easier, when you know as much as possible about your animal."

Mariko glanced at Minerva and asked, "Do we have so much time? I would like to," and Minerva laughed and said,

"I don't know, but you can try anyhow." She turned to Harry and explained, "They have gone for a walk into Hogsmeade after lunch – everyone who would be here now, normally."

Harry gave her a grateful nod – he had already wondered where everyone was – and said, "Aunt Mariko, you better lie down for the transformation, as it really could be uncomfortable." He went over to his room, fetched the potion, handed it to Mariko and made her sit down on the sofa. "Now drink the potion and lie down please." She did as she was told handing the phial back to Harry, who sat down in the chair next to Minerva.

She eyed him worriedly and put a cold hand on his forehead, before she shook her head and said, "You are warm again. By the way, you have not eaten anything today, have you?"



Before Harry could answer, Mariko had transformed, and their attention was drawn to the sofa.

## Chapter 34 – Visitors from Japan

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Mariko had transformed into a dark green crocodile.

"Wow," Harry said excitedly, "that's just too cool. Oh, Mariko-san, I am very happy for you. In this form, you are predestined to live as near to the sea as you do. This is just the right form for you. Congratulations. Now I will try to teach you how to transform, alright?" It took another ten minutes until Mariko-san was back to her normal self. "Are you alright, Aunt Mariko? Are you in a lot of pain?" he asked worriedly, but she answered,

"No, it doesn't hurt very much, I'm fine. So, how do we proceed now?" she asked, and Minerva answered, before Harry could say anything,

"We will arrange a lesson for you every day. Harry can teach you when he is well enough; otherwise, I will take over for him. Let us start tomorrow after breakfast, however by then Julian should have taken the potion too, so that you can start together."

Mariko nodded affirmatively, before she asked quietly, "What is Harry's problem, overwork because his immune system is still too weak?" Minerva nodded solemnly and told her how often he was sick.

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On Sunday morning, Mariko-san, Julian, Julia and Marina were having breakfast together in the Snape living room. Hoping that Harry would eat properly, Lily had not called Dobby but prepared all of Harry's favourite dishes for breakfast. Afterwards Mariko ushered him to the sofa where Ginny and Poppy had ordered him to spend the day. Shortly after, Minerva arrived and enquired if Julian had already taken the potion. Harry grinned and told her where she could find it, before he got up and lay down on the floor in front of the fireplace, so that Julian could use the sofa.

Julian took the potion, and everyone waited curiously, what would happen. After a few minutes, he had transformed into a chameleon. Just at this moment, everyone else came back from breakfast and Lily frowned having a chameleon lying on her sofa. Seeing his

mother's confused look, Harry could not help but exploded with laughter.

Lily frowned at him and said, "You seem to be much better today, that's good, then I can ask you to make lunch today." Harry inwardly groaned, but just turned around and closed his eyes. In front of the fireplace, it was so comfortable and warm, that he slept not only through Mariko's and Julian's first animagus lesson but through lunch as well.

---

The last week of classes passed quickly. Whenever Harry returned to their quarters, either Aunt Mariko and his grandmother or his grandfather and Uncle Julian, who was very funny, were there. As he was still busy with staff meetings after dinner and house meetings before curfew, he had agreed with his two animagus students to have their lessons just before dinner and if this was not enough in between the staff meeting and his house meeting. As he knew that they were both very powerful, he was not astonished when they both managed to change their left hands after only a few days of practising.

Thursday was the last day of classes, and on Friday, the students went home for the Christmas holidays. This year, Minerva had made a timetable for the teachers, who had to take turns eating lunch and dinner together with the students in the Great Hall. Harry was lucky, as Minerva had exempted him from all duties. During the last staff meeting on Thursday evening, Hagrid had approached Harry and asked if he wanted to have a Christmas tree for Merlin house, and when Harry entered Merlin house on Friday evening, the remaining students were all sitting in front of the bare tree discussing how they could decorate it.

Harry took his time to show them how to create their own decorations with a more or less simple spell, which was however a bit difficult for the first years. While the students were experimenting, he took a clean tissue out of his robes and wandlessly transfigured it into a golden bauble, before he wished a white owl, a golden-red phoenix and a white-green phoenix on it. Finally, he added a few branches of palm trees, and arranged letters saying 'Merlin House' on it. He

showed the bauble around and told the awestruck students that it was for Merlin House in order to be used in the common room every year.

Finished with his own creation, he proceeded to help the students and did not notice how fast the time passed. Suddenly the Headmistress climbed through the portrait hole, which Harry could not see as he was just helping a student to finish her work, however the common room suddenly fell so silent, that Harry noticed and looked up, shocked to see his grandmother throwing a stern glance at him. A short look at his watch showed him that it was nearly midnight.

Julia was the first to speak, "Sorry, Granny, we completely forgot the time. Harry showed us how to make Christmas ornaments, and we just kept him busy and lost track of time."

Harry interrupted her and said, "No, Julia, you are very nice and I really appreciate your loyalty, but this is not your fault. It is me who forgot the time. I'm sorry, Granny." He turned to the others and said, "Sorry, but it is late and we should all go to bed. We will continue this tomorrow. Good night." Then he followed his grandmother out of the portrait hole with Julia in tow. Together they went through his office into their quarters and he apologized again, "I am sorry, Granny, this was not planned."

He explained the situation and Minerva said calmly, "Harry, it's alright, I am not angry. I was only worried about you. I am glad everything is alright. Maybe you should try to sleep in tomorrow morning. Good night." Harry gave his grandmother a slight hug and wished her, Julia and his parents a good night, before he and Ginny entered their room, where he again apologized – this time to his wife, who promised she would ground him, if it happened again.

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On Saturday morning, he really slept in, and when he entered the living room, everyone was already busily fussing around to decorate the tree. Harry took two tissues and quietly sat down on his favourite spot on the sofa, then he noticed that it was too cold and moved just in front of the fireplace where he lay down on his stomach. Nobody seemed to have noticed him at all.

He transfigured the first tissue in a golden bauble like the one's that decorated the Snapes' Christmas tree every year. Then, again with wish magic – as he was still wearing pyjamas, he didn't have his wand anyway – he put a beautiful pattern with a dark green crocodile in connection with pretty white flowers onto the bauble. Having a good look at the finished bauble, he noticed how beautiful it was. Hopefully, Aunt Mariko would like it as well. He carefully laid it aside and transfigured the other tissue into another similar bauble, which he decorated with several small chameleons, all of them in different colours, which looked beautiful on the golden back. Watching the bauble closely, he was very content with himself but now very tired, laid the bauble aside, just next to the other, curled up in front of the fireplace and was asleep within seconds.

Suddenly Severus noticed him and said, "Harry!" Everyone now looked into the direction and noticed Harry as well as the two golden baubles he had made. Minerva carefully picked the first one up, gave it a piercing look and handed it to Mariko saying,

"I would say he made this for you, Mariko-san." Then she carefully picked the other one up, looked it over and handed it to Julian. "Look, it has your chameleon on it." Both of them were very happy and proceeded to putting the beautiful baubles onto the tree.

---

Harry, Ginny and Julia spent the whole afternoon in the common room teaching and helping the students to decorate the tree, before they returned for Christmas Eve dinner to their quarters. Harry had told them he wouldn't come again in the evening, but they would open presents together after lunch on Christmas. This time he had bought parchment for his students from WWW, which they could spell to only show the writing after the use of a certain password, nothing special but very useful.

For the first time in years, Harry could really relax on Christmas Eve. Not only had he bought all presents early enough, he had also asked Dobby to wrap them for him and put them under the tree around midnight. Sitting on his favourite spot on the sofa next to Ginny and more or less listening into the conversation between Mariko-san,

Julian and his great grandparents, which Severus joined sometimes, he didn't notice how fast the time passed. Soon it was after midnight, and suddenly Julia gasped.

"Wow, Harry, look how many presents are under the tree! Mom, Dad, may we start opening presents now?" Lily and Severus exchanged a glance, and Severus answered,

"All right, Julia; you may open one present each, the rest we will leave for Christmas morning." Julia immediately turned to Harry and asked,

"Harry, do you have a present for me?" Harry laughed and replied,

"Yes, of course I have a present for you, but it's under the tree, so you will have to search for it on your own." She frowned but went over to the tree digging into the pile of presents. In the meantime, Mariko-san leaned over to Ginny and Harry and handed them an envelope. It was decorated by fine writing in Japanese, which Harry could interpret as 'to Ginny and Harry', and contained a voucher for two nights of accommodation at the 'Sparkling Hat', the equivalent to the Leaky Cauldron, in Tokyo. Mariko-san told them that the date was not fixed yet and that they just had to reserve the room by phone, when they were in Okinawa next summer.

"Thank you, Aunt Mariko and Uncle Julian, we would like to see more of Japan when we visit you in summer," Ginny said with a happy glance at her husband's twinkling eyes.

At this instant, Julia came over and pulled Harry into a bear hug, shouting, "Thank you, Harry, that's too great." Noticing the astonished expressions on nearly every face in the room, she grinned and explained, "Harry gave me a book on the animagus transformation, a potion's phial and a voucher for private lessons on the same topic."

Harry laughed and commented, "Yes; you know that I normally don't teach students apart from the normal animagus class in seventh year, because I don't want to be told I would favour certain students, but as Julia is my sister it is of nobody's concern if and what I teach her. Therefore, I have decided to start teaching her to become an animagus, presuming that she wants me to." Julia laughed and asked,

“Is that a question? Of course, I want you to teach me. When can we start?”

“Tomorrow morning,” Harry answered stifling a yawn, which did not go unnoticed by his wife, who stood up and, having said good night to everyone, pulled Harry into their room.

When Harry woke up, it was already nearly lunchtime, and when he entered the living room after a quick shower, his parents and grandparents were playing with the colourful mobile phones Harry had given them for Christmas. After struggling inefficiently through the catalogues of the shops, he had flashed over into muggle London and bought a dozen mobile phones in different colours to give to all his friends. During the last days he had spend many hours in his office charming each single mobile phone according to the needs of the person who would receive it. As soon as Julia noticed Harry, she came over and pulled him into a hug.

“Happy Christmas, my dear brother! Can we use my potion now?” Harry laughed at his enthusiastic sister and gave her an approving nod, before he got up from where he has just sat down.

“Here, sit down on the sofa, drink the potion and lie down. It might be slightly uncomfortable,” he advised her, sitting down on a near-by chair. Everyone was watching, when Julia complied and a minute later transformed into a pretty, white unicorn.

“Wow,” Ginny said in awe. “You’re the only one except for Albus and Harry to have the form of a magical animal, that’s great!”

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During the following week, Julia joined Aunt Mariko and Uncle Julius with their animagus lessons; however, while the two guests were able to proceed very fast, it took Julia much more time. Harry said soothingly,

“It’s clear that they are much faster than you, because they are more powerful. The age of sixteen is a turning point in the life of a wizard or a witch concerning their magic. Surely Mom and Dad have told you that, haven’t they?” When Julia nodded, he continued, “and as you

are still fifteen, your magic is not as powerful as it will be in a year. But as everyone in our family is very powerful and able to become an animagus, I believe that you will be able too. The fact that your animagus form is a magical animal, which is very rare, shows that you will be a very powerful witch.” Severus added,

“Take it easy, Julia. Aunt Mariko and Uncle Julius have to hurry, because they will be going back to Japan in a few weeks and can’t take any more lessons with Harry until the summer, but you have Harry here every day, and as long as he is in the same room with you, you can practise anytime.” Julia nodded relieved,

“Thank you, Dad, thank you, Harry.”

Harry and Ginny took turns with Albus and Minerva as well as Lily and Severus to show their guests around places within the wizarding world and within the muggle world. Ginny and Harry also tried to spend as much time as possible with Marina and Violet, because Harry knew he wouldn’t have much time when school started again the next week.

When Mariko and Julian had to leave on January 15, everyone was sad, and Harry urged them to promise that they would come back next Christmas.

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The next few months were uneventful. Harry was as busy as usual with lessons, homework, animagus classes, Primary school lessons and Deputy Headmaster duties, Head of House duties, Quidditch practise with the teachers and with his house team, Yakkitch practise, staff meetings and meals in the Great Hall. However, Julia assisted him with grading and supervision of detentions, which Harry did not give out very often anyway, and Harry tried to be back in his quarters around curfew in order to keep Ginny company, who was always very tired in the evening.

The result of more rest in the evening was that Harry’s health was slowly improving, although it was still not very good.



Minerva and Harry had decided to arrange the summer course for the muggleborn students for the last three weeks of the holidays. Several people had suggested to hold the summer course during the first three weeks of the holidays, so that Harry and Ginny could leave for Okinawa after the course and come back just in time for the new school year. However, Harry preferred to come back from Japan at least a week before the start of the new school year to be able to get rid of the jetlag during the holidays and to prepare his lessons for the new school year. Therefore, Ginny and Harry would leave at the beginning of the holidays and come back at the beginning of August.

Harry and his grandmother had agreed to contact the parents of the muggleborn students for the next school year during the Easter holidays as they had done in the previous year. During the first week of the holidays, Harry had been told to rest and do nothing, and in the second week, Minerva and he were quite busy visiting twelve muggle families. This time, they had trouble with two families, who just didn't want to accept that their children were magical, however the 'therapy' Harry had performed on the troublemakers last year worked with these families as well. During the next few weeks, all twelve students called him on his mobile phone and confirmed their participation in the summer course.

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As Harry was not allowed to do any work during these holidays apart from accompanying his grandmother to the muggles, Julia and he used the time for their animagus lessons. On the last day of the holidays, Julia finally managed the transformation, and a beautiful white unicorn was standing in front of Harry. He immediately took his mobile phone and called Minerva,

"Could you please come over to my room for a moment, Granny?" Minerva thought it had to be about the muggleborn students but replied,

"Yes, Harry, I will be there in five minutes." Entering Harry's room, she was stunned, when she saw the beautiful magical animal. She sat down on the edge of Harry's bed and looked at the unicorn in awe. Finally, she managed to say,

"Oh Julia, this is beautiful. Congratulations to both of you!" The unicorn nodded its head, before it tilted its head looking at Harry. He thought for a moment and asked his sister,

"You are asking me if you should transform back, right?" When she nodded, he continued, "On one hand I would like to show it to Mom and Dad, but on the other hand we will have our animagus night next Saturday, and maybe you could just join us without them knowing before." Minerva laughed and agreed immediately,

"Yes, Harry, I think that's a very good idea. Now, Julia, maybe you should try to change back now, so that we can see that everything is all right with the transformation both ways." She had just transformed back, when the door opened and Lily entered the room, glancing suspiciously at the three of them, when they immediately burst into laughter. Lily gave them a stern look and said,

"My son is supposed to rest and not to be taught pranks by his granny and his sister." Minerva snorted and returned,

"Do you think your son is such a good boy that he needs someone to teach him pranks?" Now everyone had to laugh just more, before Harry managed to ask innocently,

"I take it you came to call us for dinner, is that correct?" Lily nodded and left the room.

---

When curfew arrived on Saturday evening, Harry and Julia were still in the common room. They had agreed with their grandmother that Minerva, who was watching Marina and Violet and keeping Ginny company in the Snape's quarters, would tell Lily and Severus that they should go out without Harry and that Albus would accompany Harry to the forest when he came back. As soon as Lily and Severus had left their quarters, Ginny came to fetch her husband and sister-in-law, and Albus accompanied the two of them to the entrance hall, where Julia transformed into the pretty unicorn.

"Julia, may Granddad and I ride on your back please," Harry asked his sister, who nodded immediately, and the two phoenix animagi

transformed into their animagus forms and flew onto the unicorn's back. Then the unicorn left the castle and headed for the forest directed by Harry to where they were going to meet the others.

The others were stunned to say the least when a beautiful unicorn with two phoenixes on the back arrived at their meeting place.

"Julia!" Severus was the first to recognise his daughter's animagus form. James was happy – finally, there was an animal, to which he could talk! He tried it out immediately, and Julia was not only astonished but very happy too. She already had envied Harry, because he was able to talk to his mom, wife and granddad, when he was in his animagus form. Now, at least she had someone to talk as well. She spent the whole evening until their picnic with James and Sirius and was very happy.

---

Ginny's belly was like a ball with the growing twins in it, and one day at the beginning of April, when Poppy had kept Harry for a weekend after several weeks of 'peace' for him, Poppy told him he better quickly prepare an additional room with cots and everything for the twins. On his astonished look, she said,

"Although the predicted birth date is May 5, I am relatively sure that they will not wait for the next month to come. My prediction would be between April 15 and April 20."

How correct she was! Harry was just in the middle of a first years' class on April 18, when Minerva entered his classroom and told him,

"Poppy just called me; your twins seem to be troublemakers as their father and seem to cause problems. You better go and look after your wife; I will take your lessons for the whole day."

Harry, who had turned white hearing her words, could only nod and mumble, "Thank you, Granny," before he transformed and flashed out of the classroom.

## Chapter 35 – The Twins

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He flashed into his old room, which in fact was still his room, as Poppy always used to send him there when he had to stay with her, transformed back and dashed out of the room feverishly looking for his wife. He found Ginny together with Poppy in the next room, where Ginny had lived until their wedding. As soon as Poppy noticed him, she motioned him to sit down beside Ginny, went to a small cot at the side of the room and handed Harry a baby.

“Congratulations, Harry! This is your first son, and your daughter is just driving your wife crazy.” Harry stared unbelievably at the baby; the thought that this was Ginny’s and his baby was hardly able to penetrate his seemingly frozen mind.

“Gin?” he asked softly. “Is everything all right? Are you all right? Can I do anything for you?” Ginny gave him a loving smile and answered,

“No, Harry, just take care of our son. I hope our daughter will hurry on now too.” Harry laughed and unconsciously started to play with the baby’s tiny fingers. Twenty minutes later, he held a second baby in his arms, while his wife was fast asleep.

“Congratulations, Harry,” Poppy said after making sure that Ginny was alright. “Your children are in a good health, and although they are a few weeks early, which is not uncommon with twins, everything is fully developed. Therefore, you can take your children with you to your quarters, if you feel comfortable enough to be with them on your own. Ginny will sleep for a few hours, so if you want to stay here, you are welcome to do so, but maybe it would be more comfortable for you to put the children into their beds as long as they are asleep. You will have to carry them around more than enough during the next weeks. If you have any problems or are unsure, just call me; we can leave the connecting door open, so that I can hear you.”

---

“Thank you, Aunt Poppy,” Harry replied and threw her a grateful glance. “Then I will take them with me.” Poppy nodded and told him,

“Alright, let me take one of them now, I will accompany you. By the way, do they already have names?” Harry laughed and handed her his daughter.

“May I introduce my daughter to you, Aunt Poppy? This is Annette, and my son is called Cian.” Together they carried the babies through the Snape’s living room into Harry’s room, where Poppy showed him the bag she had brought with her.

“Now, Harry, this is fennel tea. Whenever they wake up during the next few hours, you try to make them drink a bit of tea.” She handed him two small baby bottles and continued, “Later we will see if Ginny can breastfeed them, otherwise you have to ask Dobby for milk bottles for them. Now, when one of them wakes up, call me please, and then I will show you how to care for them.”

An hour later, Cian woke up, and Poppy showed Harry how to feed him a little tea and how to change his nappy without using magic. When Annette cried shortly afterwards, Poppy showed Harry how to change her nappy with a spell and said,

“On one hand, it is very convenient to use magic, on the other hand babies need and love body contact with their parents; therefore I would suggest to change them without magic when you have time to do so and only use magic when you are in a hurry or have to change both at the same time.”

At least on their birthday, the twins could not complain that they didn’t get enough body contact, as the Snapes, the Weasleys, the twins’ godparents and nearly the whole Hogwarts staff had a huge party in the Snape living room, and Annette and Cian were being cuddled by many hands for the whole evening.

The next weeks were very strenuous for the young family, as the twins woke their parents up at least twice during the night; sometimes they woke up at the same time, but sometimes the parents had to get up four times during one night. Ginny and Harry had agreed that Ginny should only feed one at a time and that Harry would feed the other with milk that Dobby brought for them. However, both children were developing nicely, and at the beginning of the summer holidays, Poppy told them they were ready to make the portkey travel to Japan

without problems. However, she advised them to take Dobby with them, so that he could help them preparing milk and watching the twins.

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Although Harry's condition had improved a lot, Poppy and Minerva forbid him to participate in the summer course for career advice, which would take place during the second week of the summer holidays. On one hand, Harry was a bit upset, because the whole course had originally been his idea, and therefore he wanted to at least participate if not be responsible for the course. However, on the other hand, the last weeks had been very strenuous for him, and he was looking forward to their holiday. So Ginny, Harry and the twins left for Okinawa on the first day of the summer holidays. They spent two months with Mariko and Julian, mostly resting and enjoying the fine weather, cuddling with the twins on the beach. Sometimes they went for day-trips to the main island of Okinawa. Harry had not been allowed to bring any work or even books with him, so he really could not do anything apart from enjoying the free time with his children.

However, after a month of rest, he felt so well and fit that he conjured parchments and quills and started to work on a book about wand- and wordless magic, the combination of both as well as wish magic. As he only worked on the book during his naptime after lunch, on which Ginny and Mariko-san had insisted, nobody knew about this except for Julian, with whom he had talked about the topic – and he would never give his secret away.

Finally, it was Minerva, who discovered his secret. Ginny and Harry had spent three days in Tokyo, using the voucher they had received from Mariko-san and Julian for Christmas. Each of them carrying one of the twins, they had walked around Tokyo, trying to see as much as they could during these days. However, in the morning after their return to Yubu Island Ginny noticed that Harry had a fever again and confined him to bed rest for the day. Of course, this had to happen on the day when his great grandparents were coming with Marina and Violet to visit them. When Minerva, worried about her grandson, went to his room to look after him, she saw him lying on his stomach in his bed, feverishly writing lines on a parchment.

“Harry, what are you doing?” she asked sternly, and Harry nearly jumped; he had not noticed that she had entered his room. But now it was too late and he sighed and told her,

“Hello Granny, nice to see you too. I am writing a book.” Ignoring her gasp, he continued, “about wand- and wordless magic and wish magic.” Of course, she was too angry with him, because he had been working although he was not allowed to do so, to keep it to herself but told Ginny and Mariko in a very upset voice, and a few minutes later Harry had three angry women to deal with. During the next days, however, Harry had several conversations with Albus, who was very interested in Harry’s book and was able to help and encourage him a lot.

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Minerva and Albus stayed for two weeks until the day after Harry’s birthday, which they celebrated in a beach party during the evening. Marina and Violet had much fun with the little twins, who during this time were very busy trying to turn from a position, in which they were lying on their back, into a position lying on their stomachs.

Harry watched his sister and his little ward. She had changed so much during the two years since she came to the Snape family, and if he didn’t know her very well, he wouldn’t be able to imagine what kind of childhood she had experienced as a little girl. The two girls matched so well that one could assume they were twins.

“She is a huge success, Harry,” his great grandmother suddenly said. “She has developed nicely.”

“Yes,” Harry agreed immediately and added, “I really have to thank Grandfather and Marina – I mean they are the ones who are always together with her.” Minerva shook her head.

“No, Harry. They are together with her all day, but the person, which has the greatest influence on her, is someone else. You, Harry. You are giving her the confidence to act like she acts, to behave like Marina’s twin sister and to forget her past.”

“Yes!” Ginny jumped into the conversation. “She absolutely adores Harry.”

“By the way,” Harry tried to change the topic, “Have you seen Grandfather talking to the twins? The small ones I mean. He is trying to teach them to say ‘Albus’.”

“Really?” Ginny asked giggling, and Minerva could not help laughing loud.

“Now, Harry, what do you think he did when you were a baby? He tried exactly the same thing – and let me tell you: One of your first words was ‘Abu’.”

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On the day after Ginny’s birthday, Ginny and Harry had to return to Hogwarts as well, because Harry insisted of taking over the course for the muggleborn students, which started on the next day.

The last three weeks of the holidays passed very quickly. Like in the previous year, it was fun to teach the young muggleborn students, and Harry enjoyed the summer course very much. However, as he also had to prepare his lessons for the coming school year and had to help his wife with the children, he was too busy to spend a thought on the book he was writing. Fortunately, the twins were just about to start to sleep through the nights – a fact, which Ginny and Harry appreciated very much.

Soon it was time for the Welcoming Feast. Harry couldn’t believe how fast the holidays had passed. Albus and Minerva had conducted a serious talk with the Sorting Hat, who however had insisted that it was his decision how many people he would place in which house and not the decision of the teachers or the Headmistress. Harry was not even astonished to notice that again twenty first-years entered his house.

As the students arrived, Ginny had to go back to work, and Ginny, Poppy, Minerva and Harry had decided to add a nursery to the Hospital Wing, where the twins could spend the day near Ginny and Poppy, who would both look after them during their work. After Harry



had talked to the castle, Hogwarts had provided a very nice room directly connecting to Poppy's office and to the Snape quarters. Harry had also installed playpens in his classroom and in his office, and sometimes he took the twins to his classroom, for example on Tuesdays, when Ginny had her lessons at St. Mungos, and whenever he had a free period, he spent it in his office working, while the twins were sitting in their playpen.

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The school year was relatively normal and uneventful and too soon, it was nearly Christmas. Ginny and Harry were very excited because it was their children's first Christmas and because Harry had arranged for Mariko and Julian to join them again during the holidays.

When the whole family came together in the morning of Christmas Eve, the twins were fascinated by the pretty baubles Harry had made before. Fortunately, the twins still could not walk – and therefore were not able to reach up to the baubles, which were hanging on the tree; however Cian crawled beneath the tree, gripped a branch and efficiently pulled himself up in order to catch one of the baubles; his sister followed immediately, staring in awe at the baubles. Severus held onto the tree just in time; otherwise, everything would have fallen down onto the little troublemakers. Finally, Harry decided to conjure a few soft plastic baubles for them to play with, and the twins were so happy with the new toys that they played silently for hours and nobody even noticed that they were in the same room.

"Harry," Lily asked her son sceptically, "What are they doing? What is so special about the baubles that your children are playing with just one toy for hours?" Harry could not help laughing and told his mother,

"You see, Mom," he laughed again, "each of the baubles has two wings like the snitch, and they move, so the twins have to hold them close, otherwise they will be gone. But they only move in a radius of 50 centimetres around them, so that they can easily catch them again. Um... No! It's not easy, but it keeps them occupied," he corrected himself. "That's why they are so busy."

Unwrapping presents on Christmas morning was much fun, too. To prevent the twins from crawling under the tree and tearing all the

presents, Ginny and Harry had decided to give them one present directly after breakfast, before they had even noticed the presents that were piled under the tree. The present it was: a blue rocking elephant, like a rocking horse, on which two children could sit and rock together. Annette and Cian happily tried to climb on it, which Cian managed after ten minutes, while Annette had to struggle a bit longer. Having finally succeeded in climbing onto the elephant, both children stayed on it for hours – it was a great success, and everyone could unwrap their presents in peace.

As usual, about twenty students from Merlin House and a few students from the other houses had remained at Hogwarts over the holidays. Therefore, Harry had again arranged for the other students to stay at Merlin House during this time. When Harry, Ginny and Julia joined the students in the afternoon of Christmas Eve to decorate the tree in the common room, they took the twins with them, and two dozen students happily fawned over them.

“Do you think it is good for them to get so much attention?” Harry asked Ginny worriedly, but she only laughed and told him,

“You just have to take them here more often, and then the students will get used to them and won’t pay so much attention to them anymore.”

For Harry, this Christmas was the best Christmas he could remember. During the last years, he had always been ill during the holidays, but this year, he felt well, he was together with his huge family, his children and his pretty wife were with him, and even Mariko and Julian had come to join them for a few weeks. Due to Ginny’s reminding, he had even owl-ordered the presents for everyone early enough – he really could enjoy Christmas this time.

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On a cold, snowy Sunday in February, Harry and Ginny had a conversation with his great grandparents.

“You know that it is Ginny’s last year as an apprentice,” Harry started to speak, and Ginny eyed him curiously. “What will she be able to do afterwards?”

"We have to think about it. Actually, I would like to keep her, not only because she is your wife, but also because I think we need a second person in the Hospital wing, as Poppy often has to be up during the night as well, and it would be good if there were two people who could take turns. On the other hand does this not rectify a second full time staff in the wing," Minerva replied pensively before she asked, "Would you be interested at all in remaining here to work at the Hospital Wing, Ginny?"

"Oh, yes, of course, I would like that very much," Ginny replied eagerly.

"Would it rectify the second staff, if she had another task a few hours a week? I mean, Poppy could for example teach a new healing class for seventh years, which could consist of simple healing for home use," Harry suggested.

Minerva stood up and straightened her robes. "Let me go and get Poppy. That's a brilliant idea," she said and stepped through the connection door into the healer's office only to return with Poppy in tow a minute later. "Poppy, Harry had an idea," she started and explained Harry's idea.

"However, this class will either only be accessible in combination with seventh year potions, or I will have to teach them healing potions as well," was Poppy's comment on the matter.

Minerva thought for a moment and replied, "Let us discuss this together with Severus, Poppy. Thanks for accepting this teaching position anyway. Under this condition, I can offer Ginny a post as second healer in the wing, and the two of you can share the work, as you like." Harry's eyes started to twinkle. He had thought about the matter for quite a time, but he had been so busy that he just didn't have the opportunity to talk to his grandmother alone. This was too great. He had already feared that she would have to go to St. Mungo's every day to work there, or that she would have to stay in their quarters only with the twins as company for the whole day, but now the headmistress would be able to arrange everything so that Ginny could stay and work at Hogwarts.

“Thank you, Minerva, Poppy, Harry. I am very happy with this decision. Thank you very much,” Ginny jumped into the conversation.

“Thank you Granny. I am very glad that Ginny will be able to work here; I know that she likes working with Aunt Poppy very much,” Harry stated, and his wife smiled fondly at him.

“In fact, I enjoy working with Ginny very much, too, and as I like teaching, I appreciate your solution very much,” Poppy said, throwing a grateful glance at Harry.

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The rest of the school year passed uneventfully. The only memorable event was the twins’ birthday. As their birthday fell in the Easter holidays, their twin godparents had arranged with Minerva that they could use the Great Hall in order to arrange a huge birthday party for the little ones.

When Harry and Ginny with Harry’s parents, sisters and the twins in tow entered the Great Hall for breakfast, they were stunned. The single table that remained in the Great Hall during the holidays had been confined to one of the corners, while the remaining parts of the hall had been transformed into a huge playground with all sorts of toys one-year-olds could enjoy. There was even an area with large, thick mattresses on the ground and two children’s brooms hovering above them.

Together with the remaining teachers and the students – mainly of Merlin House – who were staying over the holidays, they had breakfast, which consisted of soft ‘one-portion’ cakes in the form of a ‘1’.

“Carrots and apple flavour,” Harry decided after a few bites. “Whose idea was this? Even if it’s my children’s birthday, I would have preferred toast and eggs.” Ginny laughed and called Dobby.

“Dobby, could you please bring some proper breakfast for my poor starved husband and maybe for some others too.” Dobby bowed deeply and answered,

“Yes, of course, Mistress Weasley-Snape,” and within a minute, a normal Hogwarts breakfast appeared on the table. A few of the students applauded and hungrily started to eat.

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As soon as the twins had finished eating, they hand-in-hand toddled over to the brooms they had seen when they entered the hall. The week before, Harry had taken them for a small flight on his broom, and they remembered very well how much fun it had been. The big twins went after their godchildren immediately and sat them on their brooms.

“Will they be alright?” Ginny asked Harry worriedly.

“You know your brothers – do you think they would do anything to harm our children?” His wife glared at him, and Minerva jumped into the conversation.

“They would not harm them on purpose of course, but I don’t think that they are very responsible. Let’s go over there and watch the little ones a bit closer.”

Harry glanced over to where his children were flying. The brooms were charmed according to the age of the flyer; therefore, they would not go above a certain height and would only fly in a fixed speed. Seeing that Minerva and Harry were approaching them, the twins both looked over to their Daddy and Granny and waved a hand at them. Fred and George also saw Harry coming over and returned to the breakfast table to finish their breakfast.

However, being inattentive for a few seconds caused Annette and Cian to crash into each other, losing the grip on their brooms. Everyone watched in horror when they tumbled down – Harry was still too far away to catch his children.

## Chapter 36 – The Future

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Everyone watched in horror when the twins fell off their brooms – but their fall stopped at a height of a metre above the ground, where they were hovering next to each other, which caused everyone to let out a relieved sigh.

When Albus said, “Thanks Merlin that my grandchildren are such powerful wizards and know when it is time for accidental magic!” everyone laughed with relieved expressions on their faces.

With the huge family they had, the twins received many presents for their birthday, but the best present apparently were the brooms. Although Annette still could not walk properly and always had to grasp either her brother or the furniture to toddle after Cian, after a few days, they were able to fly perfectly on their little brooms.

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Nearly two years later, the twins’ baby brother Aidan was born, and as the twins were nearly three years old, Harry and Ginny had to think about what to do with the twins during the daytime. Troublemakers like their godfathers as they were, it would not be safe to leave them alone in the playpen with Baby Aiden.

“Granny, I have an idea,” Harry told his grandmother, who threw an amused glance at her great grandchild. “What?” Harry asked confused.

“Oh, it’s nothing. I just had to laugh, because normally you get your good ideas when you are ill and confined to bed, but you haven’t been ill now for at least two years, therefore I did not expect you to have an idea,” Minerva teased him, and Harry scowled.

“Anyway, what do you think of founding a kindergarten at the Primary School? We could take our twins there, and I am sure there will be more people with small children between the age of three and six who would like to bring their children. Let alone at Hogwarts, the son of Anna and Neville will be two next month, and in a short time, she

won't be able to take him to her lessons, because he won't be quiet enough. Hermione and Ron are expecting twins in a few weeks, and Julia told me that she and Brian would probably get engaged shortly. We only need one teacher to look after the little ones while we are teaching."

Immediately after the summer holidays, the Hogwarts kindergarten started to take place at the Primary school, where the castle had added a third floor, on which Harry had organized everything the kindergarten would need. He had asked one of his favourite seventh years' students before she finished Hogwarts in June if she would like to become the teacher for the small ones, and she had happily agreed.

Only a year later, he had to hire another student, because the children's number already exceeded the capacity of only one teacher. Minerva had asked Bobby, Dobby's little brother, to care for the kindergarten, and he happily complied, making the kindergarten into a paradise for the little ones.

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By the time, the twins were old enough to attend Hogwarts, they had three more younger siblings apart from Aidan: Patrick, who was five, and the two-year-old twins Niamh and Evelyn. Julia's child Harold completed the children's Quidditch team.

Although Julia's husband Brian, who had been Harry's best friend in the new time line, was working at the ministry and had to floo there every day, the little family was living at the Snape quarters. Therefore, Harold practically grew up as a sibling to Harry's children, especially as he was at the same age as Patrick, and the two boys were bosom friends.

Harry was anxiously watching the sorting of his two oldest children. During the last years, Minerva and he had talked to the Sorting Hat several times, but without much success, and in the meantime, Merlin House was twice the size of the other houses. Where would his children be sorted? Of course, Ginny and he had both been in Merlin House, but in his old time they had both be in Gryffindor, and as he was the heir of all four founders, theoretically his children could be

sorted into any house. Finally, both were sorted into Merlin, and when Harry asked them later what the hat said, Cian confided,

“The hat told me I would fit in every house and I could choose my house.”

“Yes, it said the same to me. Therefore, I chose Merlin,” Annette agreed, and Harry laughed.

“It let you choose! This hat is incredible. Maybe we should abandon it and let the students choose,” Harry said a little upset and shook his head.

Of course they did not abandon the hat, and Harry’s other children were all sorted in the same way. Fortunate for Patrick, his ‘twin-like’ best friend and cousin Harold was sorted into the same house.

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By the time Harry’s children finished Hogwarts, Harry had invented so many new classes and courses at the Primary School as well as at the Hogwarts main school that all of his children stayed at the castle to teach one or the other subject – just like Julia, Marina and Violet had already been teaching for a few years. They all had their own quarters, which they accessed through the Snape living room – the centre of the large family’s life.

Harry remained very busy, but his health had become quite good and he didn’t fall sick anymore just because of being tired. Moreover, he was very content with his life. The time he had lived in his old time line still had an influence on him, and he remembered well that at that time, he had wanted nothing more than having one family member of his own. Far away in his mind, he still could see his own eleven-year-old self, standing in front of the mirror of Erised. Therefore, he appreciated it very much to have such a huge, loving family and was really happy.

Albus retired on his 200th birthday, when Patrick had just finished Hogwarts and was able to follow in his footsteps as teacher of the Primary School. In the future, Albus would stay at their quarters, watching his many ‘grandchildren’ until they became of age to go to



the Kindergarten. Fifty years later, Minerva decided to join her husband. On Harry's 100th birthday, she approached Harry.

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"Harry, I would like to speak to the 'birthday boy' for a few minutes." Harry laughed and threw her an inquiring glance until she continued, "You know how old I am, and you know how old Albus is. I would like to retire as headmistress and spend the remaining years together with Albus and Poppy, who retired two months ago, when your great granddaughter Lily finished her healer's apprenticeship. All three of us will of course stay here at Hogwarts if you don't mind and will look after the many little ones in the castle."

"Of course you can stay at Hogwarts forever. It is your home, just as it is mine – although it is not for me to decide this, but I don't think anyone could refuse you this." Minerva threw him a grateful glance and continued.

"Harry, I want you to become the new headmaster." Harry was so surprised that he jumped out of his seat and said,

"No! Definitely not. You know that Dad has been your Deputy Headmaster for many years, and he should take this position." Minerva sighed.

"I thought you would say that, Harry, but in fact, your father turned me down and suggested you as headmaster. He loves his potions too much to give them up in order to take this position. I know that you love your work as well, but as headmaster, you will find your own ways to work together with your students, and I am well aware of the fact that you will handle this position very differently from how Albus and I did. You are free to do as you like." When Harry looked at her with a very indifferent expression on his face, she added,

"Instead of being a father to the Merlin students, you would be the grandfather of all Hogwarts students – is this so bad?"

"No, of course not," Harry answered, laughing. "All right, Granny, if you think I will be able to fill in this position properly, then I will do it. Who will be my deputy headmaster here and at the Primary?"

Minerva let out the air she had not even noticed that she was holding it. She had wanted her favourite grandchild to agree so badly that she was very happy she had been able to convince him.

“The deputy headmaster is for the headmaster to choose of course. You have to choose someone you are able to work together with. However, I would suggest you let your father continue as your deputy, as he has the experience you are still lacking. Concerning the Primary school, it is up to you of course, but if you ask me, I would recommend either your sister Julia, your friend Hermione or your grandchild Mary.”

“Alright; of course I would appreciate having Dad as deputy here, and I will ask Julia to become my deputy at the Primary school,” Harry said immediately. “Maybe I should ask little Albus, my other great grandchild, to take the position of Transfiguration professor and Head of Merlin; he will still be a seventh year this year, but I can continue to do my normal work for a year, can’t I?” he added pensively, and his grandmother agreed immediately.

“Yes, Harry. I will not leave you alone immediately. You can teach your normal classes and ask little Albus to help you with the grading – provided that he agrees to take over from you – and join me as much as you can in order to take over my position as smoothly as possible.”

When Harry agreed, Minerva called Twinkle and asked him to bring Severus, Julia, and little Albus to her office, so that Harry could make his suggestions to the three people he chose to take the three positions that had to be covered. Fortunately, all three of them agreed immediately.

“Now,” Minerva continued, “as this is all settled, I suggest that we go to the Great Hall. I believe a huge birthday cake is waiting for us on the Head Table.”

As soon as they entered the Great Hall, a big firework sparkled from 100 candles, which were placed on a huge cake in the form of Hogwarts. At the same instant, about 100 voices shouted,

“Happy Birthday Harry!”

*THE END*

*Many thanks to Captain Len for correcting my mistakes! Thanks to my readers for reading this story + sequel to the end - and to the few persons who always told me what they liked and what not - thanks:-)*

*Please check out my new story 'Harry and the elixir of time' :-)*